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The Horn of the Moon

By Herbert Trench

I stood by the oak at the full of the Moon
When all the far country was clear, O!
And the bird of the forest kept singing a tune,
The word I would say to my dear, O!

And I roofed my roof-tree at the wane of the Moon
That nothing might warp him or burn him,
And I wished a deep wish at the new of the Moon
And sealed him where no man should learn him.

But she branded my heart at the new of the Moon
And my wound it grew deep beyond measure,
Till I sent her soft gallant, that begged for a boon,
A blade that was red, for his pleasure.

O bright my love's tresses at full o' the Moon,
And nothing in beauty shone rarer,
Sleeping her fill in the face of the Moon—
Never a footfall to scare her!

And these hands that slew her at rise of the Moon
Did mix him with night everlasting:
But the bird of the forest keeps singing a tune
That mine is a care there's no casting.

Hang my powder-horn on the horn o' the Moon!
The deer of the bracken may flout me,
The hunt shall be up at the pale of the Moon
And the lordings go hunting without me!

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Two Poems

By Richard Middleton

THE LAST SERENADE

Courage, my song, and like a lover climb
  To her high balcony; this is the night
When in a star-lit valley where old Time
  Pauses to latch his way-worn shoe, delight
Shall blossom like a flower; though she rest
  Within her highest turret, this my song
Shall bring her down to my insurgent breast
  Where the blood burns that has been cool too long.

Be silent now, oh moon, and be you dumb,
  Oh too importunate stars! I will not hear
Your dulcet tales that make my senses numb
  With easeless longing, for the hour is near
When I will go, who with my love abide,
  Dreaming across your luminous seas no more
To the far gates of heaven, where the tide
  Flings wrack of worlds upon the reverberate shore.

Nay, though my eyes grieve for the way we went,
  Peace shall attend my heart and love shall steep
My passionate soul in waters of content;
  No more enamoured of my lady Sleep
I shall explore in tranquil wakefulness
  My love's own universe; her little hands,
Her eyes, her lips, are all my loveliness,
  And these are all my heritable lands.

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TWO POEMS

This is the end of all things, thou shalt cease,
  Oh heart, thy timeless journey followed far,
For all thy days shall be inviolate peace
  And all thy starry nights shall know one star
Irradiant and serene; and thou, oh mind,
  Weary of thy long questionings, shalt prove
Servant of my enchanted life and find
  In all thy ways the wisdom that is love.

The world is drunk with night, there gather slow
  From some remoter heaven to tempt my blood
The mutable stars processional, and lo!
  On all the hills the moonlight is in flood;
But I am wakeful yet. Oh song, ascend
  Swift to her ears and bid her dreams depart.
To-night the sombre years shall have an end,
  To-night, to-night shall bring her to my heart!

THE ASCETIC'S LOVE-SONG

In a long valley of the wakeful night
  I found her first who leaves me nevermore,
She only being constant; in my sight
  Many have stood and made mine eyelids sore
    With sorrow of brief loving; as the tides
    Triumph the dreams of love, but Pain abides.

She doth not call me old; in her embrace
  My body is made lovely, intricate
With throbbing veins and nerves that interlace
  My bones with threads of fire; more passionate
    Than any mortal love, she stirs in me
    Splendour of life beyond mortality.

For at her kiss my senses wake, mine eyes
  Win braver colours than our sunsets fold,

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My ears achieve the deathless melodies
Our songs but faintly echo, I behold
My soul, a timid human thing, a-nod
In the vast body of a drunken god.

And my ambitious earth that would not rest
Cold in the grave, but sought imperfect form,
Climbs to divinity upon her breast
And takes the Kingdom of the gods by storm;
I am beloved of Pain, and she doth make
My flesh immortal for her welcome's sake.

Cleansing the mortal part of me with fire
Of her consuming love, I am made pure;
I am the singing child of her desire,
The blossom of her passion, I endure
A million lives, yet ever by my side
There stays the burning body of my bride.

And this is life indeed; by sleep forsworn
I feel the anguish of my rotting clay
That yearns for godhead, dying to be born
A thousand times to die, and night and day
I droop with life's excess, who once would plan
That at the last I might be more than man.

But serving her, our souls seem nothing worth
Fashioned by idle apes for apes to wear;
There's never a creeping thing upon the earth
But knows itself immortal, but we dare
To make our frail humanity our pride,
And by our senses we are crucified.

Her love exalteth us like new-pressed wine;
Nightlong I see great limbs that writhe and sprawl
Upon a shrunken world, and they are mine;
I taste the torment of the buds that fall
Spoil of the frantic seasons, and forlorn
I share the anguish of the pregnant corn.

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And o'er my aching consciousness there sways
The poisèd image of incarnate pain,
With ruddy hair and cheek, and eyes that blaze
Despotic in desire; I bid her reign
Empress of my aspiring dust, and kill
My rebel soul that would be master still.

For love is sorrow's sublimate, and tears
Are the last words of lovers; there survives
After the brilliant frenzy of our years,
Our memory of these; our little lives
Make but a sorry tale, until we go
Invulnerable with remembered woe.

Once when the pallid shadows of the day
Achieved the shape of women, I was fain
To prove my manhood, now I take my way
Wearing the token of my mistress Pain;
For she is constant, round me she doth fold
Closer her arms, though I am passing old.

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Three Poems

By F. S. Flint

I

O MY love,
I am at your window singing; I am a bird.
Look not on me in body; think of me
Only as the music you have heard.
It is my heart, this melody.

O my love,
In little trills
The song goes forth; the roots hear and they quiver;
New buds break from the trees, and daffodils
Make gold along the river.
It is the song that spins them, all the flowers
And all the golden hours,
Into the stuff of April's new year dream,—
It is my song, and I
Am Earth, and Earth is I.

Come, we will dance to it along the stream
Of days, you your side and I mine;
We who have tasted bitterness on earth
Shall drink its mirth like wine;
The choiring stars will hush behind the veils
Of light and hear our laughter,
Until the finity between us fails,
This stream of days ends, and the night comes after.

Hark!
Within the murmur of its mortal leaves
The soul of the wood sings and jubilates;

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The soul of the earth through a lonely flute
Knows its own depth and silence.
Is it my heart a-breaking there—
. . . ?
Listen, my love.

II

I was making melody of my love,
Knowing what it was to be
A nightingale
In the dead stillness of the night
Among the apple boughs.

I was making melody of my love,
Even though the organ of my voice
Could scarcely follow.
Yet it was melody
That leaped and soared,
Gliding from note to note.

It trembled in her ears,
And she was moved
To cling to me more closely.

And then she raised her golden head
And laughed,
Not knowing how to take the day and hour
—The sun shone and the birds were singing
In the new-budded trees—
Nor why it gave relief.

III

Let us be calm, for Death is on the wing,
And where his shadow falls a man must die;
We shall not fear, my love, although the sky
Is anxious with foreboding of this thing.

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Men playing in the gardens, men who toil,
Men striving with the waters do not see
The little shadow moving in the coil
Of labyrinthine life so quietly.

And only we, the dreamers, mark the flight
High up in heaven, we the burning tears
And torches of the world, the depth and height
Of life's unfurled and its still folded years.

Let us be calm; does not the Death-bird rest
Upon our shoulders? . . .

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Paris Nights

By Arnold Bennett

ARTISTIC EVENING

The first invitation I ever received into a purely Parisian interior might have been copied out of a novel by Paul Bourget. Its lure was thus phrased: "*Un peu de musique et d'agréables femmes.*" It answered to my inward vision of Paris. My experiences in London, which fifteen years earlier I had entered with my mouth open as I might have entered some city of Oriental romance, had, of course, done little to destroy my illusions about Paris, for the ingenuousness of the artist is happily indestructible. Hence, my inward vision of Paris was romantic, based on the belief that Paris was essentially "different." Nothing more banal in London than a "little music," or even "some agreeable women"! But what a difference between a little music and *un peu de musique!* What an exciting difference between agreeable women and *agréables femmes!* After all, this difference remains nearly intact to this day. Nobody who has not lived intimately in and with Paris can appreciate the unique savour of that word *femmes.* "Women," is a fine word, a word which, breathed in a certain tone, will make all men—even bishops, misogynists, and political propagandists—fall to dreaming! But *femmes* is yet more potent. There cling to it the associations of a thousand years of dalliance in a land where dalliance is passionately understood.

The usual Paris flat, high up, like the top drawer of a chest of drawers! No passages, but multitudinous doors. In order to arrive at any given room it is necessary to pass through all the others. I passed through the dining-room, where a servant with a marked geometrical gift had arranged a number of very small plates round the rim of a vast circular table. In the drawing-room my host was seated at a grand piano with a couple of candles

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in front of him and a couple of women behind him. See the light glinting on bits of the ebon piano, and on his face, and on their chins and jewels, and on the corner of a distant picture frame; and all the rest of the room obscure! He wore a jacket, negligently; the interest of his attire was dramatically centred in his large, limp necktie; necktie such as none but a hero could unfurl in London. A man with a very intelligent face, eager, melancholy (with a sadness acquired in the Divorce Court), wistful, appealing. An idealist! He called himself a publicist. One of the women, a musical composer, had a black skirt and a white blouse; she was ugly but provocative. The other, all in white, was pretty and sprightly, but her charm lacked the perverseness which is expected and usually found in Paris; she painted, she versified, she recited. With the eye of a man who had sat for years in the editorial chair of a ladies' paper, I looked instinctively at the hang of the skirts. It was not good. Those vague frocks were such as had previously been something else, and would soon be transformed by discreet modifications into something still else. Candlelight was best for them. But what grace of demeanour, what naturalness, what candid ease and appositeness of greeting, what absence of self-consciousness! Paris is the self-unconscious.

I was presented as *le romancier anglais*. It sounded romantic. I thought: "What a false impression they are getting, as of some vocation exotic and delightful! If only they knew the prose of it!" I thought of their conception of England, a mysterious isle. When Balzac desired to make a woman exquisitely strange, he caused her to be born in Lancashire.

My host begged permission to go on playing. In the intervals of being a publicist, he composed music, and he was now deciphering a manuscript freshly written. I bent over between the two women, and read the title:

"Ygdrasil: rêverie."

* * * *

When there were a dozen or fifteen people in the room, and as many candles irregularly disposed like lighthouses over a complex archipelago, I formed one of a group consisting of those two women and another, a young dramatist who concealed his expressive hands in a pair of bright yellow gloves, and a middle-

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aged man whose constitution was obviously ruined. This last was librarian of some public library—I forget which—and was stated to be monstrously erudite in all literatures. I asked him whether he had of late encountered anything new and good in English.

"I have read nothing later than Swinburne," he replied in a thin, pinched voice—like his features, like his wary and suffering eyes. Speaking with an icy, glittering pessimism, he quoted Stendhal to the effect that a man does not change after twenty-five. He supported the theory bitterly and joyously, and seemed to taste the notion of his own intellectual rigidity, of his perfect inability to receive new ideas and sensations, as one tastes an olive. The young dramatist, in a beautifully curved phrase, began to argue that certain emotional and purely intellectual experiences did not come under the axiom, but the librarian would have none of such a reservation. Then the women joined in, and it was just as if they had all five learnt off by heart one of Landor's lighter imaginary conversations, and were performing it. Well convinced that they were all five absurdly wrong, fanciful, and sentimental either in optimism or pessimism, I nevertheless stood silent and barbaric. Could I cut across that lacework of shapely elegant sentences and apposite gestures with the jagged edge of what in England passes for a remark? The librarian was serious in his eternal frost. The dramatist had the air of being genuinely concerned about the matter; he spoke with deference to the librarian, with chivalrous respect to the women, and to me with glances of appeal for help; possibly the reason was that he was himself approaching the dreadful limit of twenty-five. But the women's eyes were always contradicting the polite seriousness of their tones. Their eyes seemed to be always mysteriously talking about something else; to be always saying: "All this that you are discussing is trivial, but I am brooding for ever on what alone is important." This, while true of nearly all women, is disturbingly true of Parisians. The aging librarian, by dint of freezing harder, won the altercation: it was as though he stabbed them one by one with a dagger of ice. And presently he was lecturing them. The women were now admiring him. There was something in his face worn by maladies, in his frail physical unpleasantness, and in his frigid and total disgust with life, that

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responded to their secret dream. Their gaze caressed him, and he felt it falling on him like snow. That he intensely enjoyed his existence was certain.

They began talking low among themselves, the women, and there was an outburst of laughter; pretty giggling laughter. The two who had been at the piano stood aside and whispered and laughed with a more intimate intimacy, struggling to suppress the laughter, and yet every now and then letting it escape from sheer naughtiness. They cried. It was the *fou rire*. Impossible to believe that a moment before they had been performing in one of Landor's imaginary conversations, and that they were passionately serious about art and life and so on. They might have been schoolgirls.

"*Farceuses, toutes les deux!*" said the host, coming up, delightfully indulgent, but shocked that women to whom he had just played "Ygdrasil" should be able so soon to throw off the spell of it.

The pretty and sprightly woman, all in white, despairing, whisked impulsively out of the room, in order to recall to herself amid darkness and cloaks and hats that she was not a giddy child, but an experienced creature of thirty if she was a day. She came back demure, her eyes liquid, brooding.

* * * *

"By the way," said the young dramatist to the host, "your People's Concert scheme—doesn't it move?"

"By the way," said the host, suddenly excited, "shall we hold a meeting of the committee now?"

He had a project for giving performances of the finest music to the populace at a charge of five sous per head. It was the latest activity of the publicist in him. The committee appeared to consist of everybody who was standing near. He drew me into it, because, coming from London, I was of course assumed to be a complete encyclopædia of London, and to be capable of furnishing detailed statistics about all twopence-halfpenny enterprises in London for placing the finest music before the people. The women, especially the late laughers, were touched by the beauty of the idea underlying the enterprise, and their eyes showed that at instants they were thinking sympathetically of

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the far-off " people." The librarian remained somewhat apart, as it were with a rifle, and maintained a desolating fire of questions: " Was the scheme meant to improve the people or to divert them? Would they come? Would they like the finest music? Why five sous? Why not seven, or three? Was the enterprise to be self-supporting?" The host, with his glance fixed in appeal on me (it seemed to me that he was entreating me to accept him as a serious publicist, warning me not to be misled by appearances) —the host replied to all these questions with the sweetest, politest, wistful patience, as well as he could. Certainly the people would like the finest music! The people had a taste naturally distinguished and correct. It was *we* who were the degenerates. The enterprise must be and would be self-supporting. No charity! No, he had learnt the folly of charity! But naturally the artists would give their services. They would be paid in terms of pleasure. The financial difficulty was that, whereas he would not charge more than five sous a head for admission, he could not hire a hall at a rent which worked out to less than a franc a head. Such was the problem before the committee meeting! Dufayel, the great shopkeeper, had offered to assist him. . . . The librarian frigidly exposed the anti-social nature of Dufayel's business methods, and the host hurriedly made him a present of Dufayel. Dufayel's help could not be conscientiously accepted. The problem then remained! . . . London? London, so practical? As an encyclopædia of London I was not a success. Politeness hid a general astonishment that, freshly arrived from London, I could not suggest a solution, could not say what London would do in a like quandary, nor even what London had done!

" We will adjourn it to our next meeting," said the host, and named day, hour, and place. And the committee smoothed business out of its brow and dissolved itself, while the host performed some Japanese music on the Pleyel. When it was finished, the librarian, who had listened to Japanese music at an embassy, said that this was not Japanese music. " And thou knowest it well," he added. The host admitted that it was not really Japanese music, but he insisted with his plaintive smile that the whole subject of Japanese music was very interesting and enigmatic.

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Then the pretty sprightly woman, all in white, went and stood behind an arm-chair and recited a poem, admirably, and with every sign of emotion. Difficult to believe that she had ever laughed, that she did not exist continually at these heights! She bowed modestly, a priestess of the poet, and came out from behind the chair.

"By whom?" demanded the librarian.

And a voice answered, throbbing: "Henri de Régnier."

"Indeed," said the librarian with cold, careless approval. "It is pretty enough."

But I knew, from the tone alone of the answering voice, that the name of Henri de Régnier was a sacred name, and that when it had been uttered the proper thing was to bow the head mutely, as before a Botticelli.

"I have something here," said the host, producing one of those portfolios which hurried men of affairs carry under their arms in the streets of Paris, and which are called serviettes; this one, however, was of red morocco. The pretty, sprightly woman sprang forward blushing to obstruct his purpose, but other hands led her gently away. The host, using the back of the arm-chair for a lectern, read alternately poems of hers and poems of his own. And he, too, spoke with every sign of emotion. I had to conquer my instinctive British scorn for these people because they would not at any rate pretend that they were ashamed of the emotion of poetry. Their candour appeared to me, then, weak, if not actually indecent. The librarian admitted occasionally that something was pretty enough. The rest of the company maintained a steady fervency of enthusiasm. The reader himself forgot all else in his increasing ardour, and thus we heard about a score of poems—all, as we were told, unpublished—together with the discussion of a score of poems.

* * * *

We all sat round the rim of an immense circle of white tablecloth. Each on a little plate had a portion of pineapple ice and in a little glass a draught of Asti. Far away, in the centre of the diaper desert, withdrawn and beyond reach, lay a dish containing the remains of the ice. Except fans and cigarette-cases, there was nothing else on the table whatever. Some one across

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the table asked me what I had recently finished, and I said a play. Everybody agreed that it must be translated into French. The Paris theatres simply could not get good plays. In a few moments it was as if the entire company was beseeching me to allow my comedy to be translated and produced with dazzling success at one of the principal theatres on the boulevard. But I would not. I said my play was unsuitable for the French stage.

"Because?"

"Because it is too pure."

I had meant to be mildly jocular. But this joke excited mirth that surpassed mildness. "Thou hearest that? He says his play is too pure for us!" My belief is that they had never heard one of these strange, naïve, puzzling barbarians make a joke before, and that they regarded the thing in its novelty as really too monstrously and exotically funny, in some manner which they could not explain to themselves. Beneath their politeness I could detect them watching me, after that, in expectation of another outbreak of insular humour. I might have been tempted to commit follies, had not a new guest arrived. This was a tall, large-boned, ugly, coquettish woman, with a strong physical attractiveness and a voice that caused vibrations in your soul. She was in white, with a powerful leather waistband which suited her. She was intimate with everybody except me, and by a natural gift and force she held the attention of everybody from the moment of her entrance. You could see she was used to that. The time was a quarter to midnight, and she explained that she had been trying to arrive for hours, but could not have succeeded a second sooner. She said she must recount her *journée*, and she recounted her *journée*, which, after being a vague prehistoric nebulosity up to midday, seemed to begin to take a definite shape about that hour. It was the *journée* of a Parisienne who is also an amateur actress and a dog-fancier. And undoubtedly all her days were the same: battles waged against clocks and destiny. She had no sense of order or of time. She had no exact knowledge of anything; she had no purpose in life: she was perfectly futile and useless. But she was acquainted with the secret nature of men and women; she could judge them shrewdly; she was the very opposite of the *ingénue;* and

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by her physical attractiveness, and that deep, thrilling voice, and her distinction of gesture and tone, she created in you the illusion that she was a capable and efficient woman, absorbed in the most important ends. She sat down negligently behind the host, waving away all ice and Asti, and busily fanning both him and herself. She flattered him by laying her ringed and fluffy arm along the back of his chair.

"Do you know," she said, smiling at him mysteriously, "I have made a strange discovery to-day. Paris gives more towards the saving of lost dogs than towards the saving of lost women. Very curious, is it not?"

The host seemed to be thunderstruck by this piece of information. The whole table was agitated by it, and a tremendous discussion was set on foot. I then witnessed for the first time the spectacle of a fairly large mixed company talking freely about scabrous facts. Then for the first time was I eased from the strain of pretending in a mixed company that things are not what they in fact are. To listen to those women, and to watch them listening, was as staggering as it would have been to see them pick up red-hot irons in their feverish delicate hands. Their admission that they knew everything, that no corner of existence was dark enough to frighten them into speechlessness, was the chief of their charms, then. It intensified their acute femininity. And while they were thus gravely talking, ironical, sympathetic, amused, or indignant, they even yet had the air of secretly thinking about something else.

Discussions of such subjects never formally end, for the talkers never tire of them. This subject was discussed in knots all the way down six flights of stairs by the light of tapers and matches. I left the last, because I wanted to get some general information from my host about one of his guests.

"She is divorcing her husband," he said, with the simple sad pride of a man who had been a petitioner in the matrimonial courts. "For the rest, you never meet any but divorced women at any place. It saves complications. So have no fear."

We shook hands warmly.

"Au revoir, mon ami."

"Au revoir, mon cher."

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VARIÉTÉS

The filth and the paltry shabbiness of the entrance to the theatre amounted to cynicism. Instead of uplifting by a foretaste of light and magnificence, as the entrance to a theatre should, it depressed by its neglected squalor. Twenty years earlier it might have cried urgently for cleansing and redecoration, but now it was long past crying. It had become vile. In the centre at the back sat a row of three or four officials in evening dress, prosperous clubmen with glittering rakish hats, at a distance of twenty feet, but changing as we approached them to indigent, fustian-clad ticket-clerks penned in a rickety rostrum and condemned like sandwich-men to be ridiculous in order to live. (Their appearance recalled to my mind the fact that a "front-of-the-house" inspector at the principal music-hall in France and in Europe is paid thirty sous a night.) They regarded our tickets with gestures of scorn, weariness, and cupidity. None knew better than they that these coloured scraps represented a large lovely gold coin, rare and yet plentiful, reassuring and yet transient, the price of coals, boots, nectar, and love.

We came to a very narrow, low, foul, semicircular tunnel, which was occupied by hags and harpies with pink bows in their hair, and by marauding men, and by hats and cloaks and overcoats, and by a double odour of dirt and disinfectants. Along the convex side of the tunnel were a number of little doors like the doors of cells. We bought a programme from a man, yielded our wraps to two harpies, and were led away by another man. All these beings looked hungrily apprehensive, like dogs nosing along a gutter. The auditorium, which was nearly full, had the same characteristics as the porch and the *couloir*. It was filthy, fetid, uncomfortable, and dangerous. It had the carpets of a lodging-house of the 'seventies, the seats of an old omnibus, the gilt and the decorated sculpture of a circus at a fair. And it was dingy! It was encrusted with dinginess!

Something seemed to be afoot on the stage: from the embittered resignation of the audience and the perfunctory nonchalance of the players, we knew that this could only be the

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curtain-raiser. The hour was ten minutes past nine. The principal piece was advertised to commence at nine o'clock. But the curtain-raiser was not yet finished, and after it was finished there would be the *entr'acte*—one of the renowned, interminable *entr'actes* of the Théâtre des Variétés.

* * * *

The Variétés is still one of the most "truly Parisian" of theatres, and has been so since long before Zola described it fully in *Nana*. The young bloods of Buenos Ayres and St. Petersburg still have visions of an evening at the Variétés as the superlative of intense living. Every theatre with a reputation has its "note," and the note of the Variétés is to make a fool of its public. Its attitude to the public is that of an English provincial hotel or an English bank: "Come, and be d—d to you! Above all, do not imagine that I exist for your convenience. You exist for mine." At the Variétés bad management is good management; slackness is a virtuous *coquetterie*. It would never do, there, to be prompt, clean, or honest. To make the theatre passably habitable would be ruin. Its *chic* would be lost if it ceased to be a Hades of discomfort and a menace to health. There is a small troupe of notorious artistes, some of whom show great talent when it occurs to them to show it; the vogue of the rest is one of the innumerable mysteries which abound in theatrical life. It is axiomatic that they are all witty, and that whatever lines they enunciate thereby become witty. They are simply side-splitting as Sydney Smith was simply side-splitting when he asked for the potatoes to be passed. Also the manager of the theatre always wears an old straw hat, summer and winter. He is the wearer of an eternal battered straw hat, who incidentally manages a theatre. You go along the boulevard, and you happen to see that straw hat emerging from the theatre. And by the strange potency of the hat you will be obliged to say to the next acquaintance you meet: "I've just seen Samuel in his straw hat." And the thought in your mind and in the mind of your acquaintance will be that you are getting very near the heart of Paris.

Beyond question the troupe of favourites considers itself to be the real centre of Paris, and, therefore, of civilisation. Practically the entire Press, either by good nature, stupidity, snobbishness, or

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simple cash transactions, takes part in the vast make-believe that the troupe is conferring a favour on civilisation by consenting to be alive. And the troupe of course behaves accordingly. It puts its back into the evening when it thinks it will, and when it thinks it won't, it doesn't. "*Aux Variétés on travaille quand on a le temps.*" The rise of the curtain awaits the caprice of a convivial green-room. "Don't hurry—the public is getting impatient." Naturally, the underlings are not included in the benefits of the make-believe. "At rehearsals we may wait two hours for the principals," a chorus-girl said to me. "But if *we* are five minutes late, one flings us a fine. A hundred francs a month I touch, and it has happened to me to pay thirty in fines. Some one gets all that, you know!" She went off into an impassioned description of scenes at rehearsals of a ballet, how the ballet-master, after epical outbursts, would always throw up his arms in inexpressible disgust and retire to his room, and how the women would follow him and kiss and cajole and hug him, and how then, after a majestic pause, his step could be heard slowly descending the stairs, and at last the rehearsal would resume. . . . The human interest, no doubt!

The Variétés has another *rôle* and justification. It is what the French call a women's theatre. When I asked a well-known actress why the *entr'actes* at the Variétés were so long, she replied, with her air of finding even the most bizarre phenomena quite natural: "There are several reasons. One is, so that the gentlemen may have time to write notes and to receive answers." I did not conceal my sense of the oddness of this method of conducting a theatre, whereupon she reminded me that it was the Variétés we were talking about. She said that little by little I should understand—all sorts of things.

* * * *

As the principal piece progressed—it was an *opérette*—the apathy of the public grew more and more noticeable. They seemed to have forgotten that they were in one of the most truly Parisian of theatres, watching players whose names were household words and synonyms of wit and allurement. There was no applause, save from a *claque* which had carried discipline to the extreme. The favourites were evidently in one of their moods of

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casualness. Either the piece had run too long or it was not going to run long enough. It was a piece brightly and jinglingly vulgar, ministering, of course, in the main, to the secret concupiscence which drives humanity forward; titillating, like most stage-spectacles, all that is base, inept, and gross in a crowd whose units are perhaps not quite odious. A few of the performers had moments of real brilliance. But even these flashes did not stir the public, whose characteristic was stolidity. A public which, having regard to the conditions of the particular theatre, necessarily consisted of simple snobbish gulls whose creed is whatever they read or hear, with an admixture of foreigners, provincials, adventurers, and persons who, having no illusions, go to the Variétés because they have been to everything else and must go somewhere! The first half-dozen rows of the stalls were reserved for males: a custom which at the Variétés has survived from a more barbaric age, as the custom of the finger-bowl has survived in the repasts of the polite. The self-satisfied and self-conscious occupants of these rows seemed to summarise and illustrate all the various masculine stupidity of a great and proud city. To counterbalance this preponderance of the male, I could glimpse, behind the lath grilles of the cages called *baignoires*, the forms of women (each guarded) who I hope were incomparable. The sight of these grilles at once sent the mind to the seraglio, and the House of Commons, and other fastnesses of Orientalism.

The evening was interminable, not for me alone, but obviously for the majority of the audience. Impossible to describe the dull fortitude of the audience without being accused of wilful exaggeration! Only in the *entr'actès*, in the amplitude and dubious mystery of the *entr'actès*, did the audience arouse itself into the semblance of vivacity. There was but little complaining. Were we not at the Variétés? At the Variétés, to suffer was part of the entertainment. The French public is a public which accepts all in Christian meekness—all! It knows that it exists for the convenience of the bureaucracy and the theatres. It covers its cowardice under a mantle of philosophy and politeness. Its fiercest protest is a shrug. "*Que voulez-vous? C'est comme ça.*"

* * * *

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At last, at nearly half after midnight, we came forth, bitterly depressed, as usual, by the deep consciousness of futile waste. I could see, in my preoccupation, the whole organism of the Variétés, which is only the essence of the French theatre. A few artistes and a financier or so at the core, wilful, corrupt, self-indulgent, spoiled, venal, enormously unbusinesslike, incredibly cynical, luxurious in the midst of a crowd of miserable parasites and menials; creating for themselves, out of electric globes, and newspapers, and posters, and photographs, and the inexhaustible simplicity and sexuality of the public, a legend of artistic greatness. They make a frame, and hang a curtain in front of it, and put footlights beneath; and lo! the capricious manœuvres of these mortals become the sacred, authoritative functioning of an institution!

It was raining. The boulevard was a mirror. And along the reflecting surface of this mirror cab after cab, hundreds of cabs, rolled swiftly. Dozens and dozens were empty, and had no goal; but none would stop. They all went ruthlessly by with offensive gestures of disdain. Strangers cannot believe that when a Paris cabman without a fare refuses to stop on a wet night, it is not because he is hoping for a client in richer furs, or because he is going to the stables, or because he has earned enough that night, or because he has an urgent appointment with his enchantress—but simply from malice. Nevertheless this is a psychological fact which any experienced Parisian will confirm. On a wet night the cabman revenges himself upon the *bourgeoisie*, though the base satisfaction may cost him money. As we waited, with many other princes of the earth who could afford to throw away a whole louis for a few hours' relaxation, as we waited vainly in the wet for a cabman who would condescend, I could savour only one sensation—that of exasperating tedium completely achieved.

(*To be continued*)

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La Alcaldesa

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

"Cossart was talking to me once," said Mansel,—"you remember him? the man who was a diver and whom you gave a horse to in Mercedes, you must remember him; he was a cook."

I did, and recollected giving him the horse, a little, dark brown, with a white face, and four white feet. I gave him, as it happened, with the greater pleasure, or at least with a greater absence of responsibility, because the horse was not my own, but a stray animal who had attached himself to my *tropilla*. The brute was very hard to mount, and when at last you had got with difficulty on his back, was not worth a red cent.

"Well," Mansel said, "Cossart was talking about matrimony the other day, up at the French Cooks' Club in Sackville Street. He said that it was strange so few of us had married, for marriage, as he understood the institution, was a good thing for men, as he said, *sur le retour;* but that, for his part, he thought himself immune on account of something that had happened to him, back in the 'seventies, in Paraguay.

"Ah! here is Cossart," said my friend, and the *chêf* came into the room, dressed in the long frock coat, white waistcoat, bell-mouthed trousers, and black crêpe de chine necktie tied in a bow, which was a sort of uniform to him, after his business hours. In one hand was his hat, curly and shiny, and in the other his thin, black stick, to which a woman's leg in ivory figured as crutch.

He drew a large silk pocket-handkerchief from his breast pocket, and, flourishing it, diffused a scent either of moss rose or of Jockey Club, throughout the room. He asked for "Gomme" and then for "Cassis," and when the waiter of the club denied all knowledge of them, called for Italian and for French Vermouth,

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mixed them together and added bitters and a little lemon juice and curaçoa, sowed powdered sugar on the top of all, put in a lump of ice, and said:

"This is, *la boisson Cossart*, my own receipt; it tastes like nothing else on earth."

I well believed him; and he went on:

"You remember in my bar in Buenos Ayres it was my chief support. One drink, a half Bolivian. Emilienne, you remember her, had a flat piece of marble, on which to ring them. Never a piece escaped her. Just as I almost had her trained, paf! there passes a Brazilian with the sack, and she, of course, went with him. How quick she was, how honest, I mean French honest, a harder thing by far for one in her position, than mere money proof. Clever, too, and knowing more than *père et mère*. The Brazilian! such a *macaco* as he was, *coiffé d'un Panama;* his gloves immense and *couleur sang de bœuf*. *Ouf* . . . a Brazilian . . . well, well, she finished, I have heard, quite nicely, and married a rich slave-owner up in Bahia. My countrywomen always finish up like that, no matter how they may have lived.

"Not that Emilienne, . . . *pauvre fille*, had had a very stormy life. I got her from the house that you remember, 1, 2, 3 Cerrito, where she had only been a month or two after a *malheur* that she had had at home. *Le gibier* always was my *faible*. Ha! ha! yes, I remember that print I had behind the bar, called 'Gibier d'Eau,' with two girls bathing in the sea."

Mansel cut in: "'Tis strange Emilienne got married and not you. What was it you were telling me about something that happened to you up in Paraguay?"

Cossart lay back and let his heavy, fleshy eyelids fall like a vulture's, over his black eyes, set down *la boisson Cossart*, and drummed a little with his huge and hairy hand upon the table by his side.

Over his chin, close-shaved and blue, and on his cheeks, a sort of shadow seemed to run, of greyness, as when a man looks back into his past.

He shivered slightly, and then, opening his eyes, remarked:

"Ah! yes, that's what you call, somebody walking on your

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grave, and what the Spaniards call *la Muerte Chiquita*, the Little Death, eh ? "

Then he began to talk, at first with difficulty, as if the springs of recollection were a little rusty, and then, as they became, as it were, lubricated, more fluently.

" You know," he said, " that I have had a chequered life, diver in Buenos Ayres, and in Mercedes bass singer in the choir."

He stopped and sang a note or two that made the very windows rattle, and then remarking: " Not so bad, eh, for an ex-restaurateur," went on : " A chapter of my life you do not know, when I was up in Paraguay. I drifted there as cook on board a river steamer, the *Iguazú*, I think. Not bad the berth, and the pay good, and when I found myself ashore without a penny in Asuncion, often regretted the snug galley where I could cook and think about the future. I was young then, and although now things go pretty well with me, I always think about the past. Well, you know Asuncion, not much to do there, at least in those days, no theatres, only one *café*, and that kept by a German. His wife was French, and pretty. I used to go and sit and look at her, not that she was the only woman in Asuncion, for you remember, there were thirteen to a man in those days, but bah ! *à peine des femmes*, poor creatures, hungry and ragged, and all smoking big cigars. How it fell out, I can't recall, but by degrees we became friends . . . you need not smile, nothing but friends, upon my word ; yes, *foi de Cossart*. The husband, an unreasonable man, *avec une tête de mari*, perhaps thought otherwise, and one day, seeing me talking to his wife, advised himself to call me *cochon de français* or something of the sort. I answered him in the same kind, and then, why, a *molestia*, as we used to say. The last I saw of him, he looked not very pretty, lying on the floor beside a broken chair. What heads they have, those Germans. My first shot grazed his hand. His passed my face and smashed a looking glass. I jump for him, and fetch him with my pistol between the eyes, and then run for the door. As I passed through, the *clientèle* was mostly underneath the tables, except a few who stood holding their pistols, ready, as a man does when a *barulla de Jesú Cristo* happens to occur. I knew he was not dead, and that the thing would soon blow over, but

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thought it was full time to change the scenery. So, as I wandered up and down the streets between the orange gardens and past the sandy, open spaces covered with castor-oil plants, beyond that *rancho* that you must remember, which had a knot of paw-paw trees, where the road turns to Dr. Stewart's *quinta*, I met a friend of mine.

"He was an Argentine *tropero*, one Aniceto Lopez, well-doing, whom I had known in Carmen de Arreco, province of Buenos Ayres, and who had drifted up to Paraguay, only the Lord knows how.

"Well, Aniceto was a good fellow, and when I told him of the trouble I had had about the German, he laughed like steam and said:

"'*Bueno*, you come with me to Corrientes and help me fetch a troop of cattle for the Brazilian troops: *Le cheval, vous savez, c'était ma passion.* After *le gibier* it is the only passion that I have found endures, for, as yet, I am not old enough to have experienced *la manie des cannes*, which is the last mania, so they say, in Paris, that a man ever has.'

"Lopez had lots of horses, and I went out and bought *bombachas*, you remember, the wide trousers, black merino, eh? a poncho and a saddle, and boots, of course of patent leather, with an eagle in the front stitched in red thread, and with his wings just disappearing round the leg.

"No, Mansel, not a lasso," said the storyteller, "*pas si bête*, I went, so to speak, as a deck hand, for any one can help to drive a herd of cattle when it is once upon the road. When I was ready we started, going down by the trail that passes just behind Lambaré, crossing the Tebicuari somewhere near Villa Franca, right through the Estero Ñembucú and so by Paso de la Patria, across the Paraná. Oh, that Estero Ñembucú, what a place, water until you cannot rest, and still more water. Then a little mud, long grass that you hardly shove your horse through, and then more water and more mud. Mosquitos, yes, and every living devilish bug, and hot, and steamy, and you seated upon your horse, crying out, '*Tropa*,' '*Vuelta toro*,' whirling your *rebenque* round your head, and splashing through the mud. That was the kind of day I passed with Aniceto Lopez, each time we

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crossed the accursed Estero, driving the cattle to Asuncion. At night, if we could get to a dry patch, we had to ride for two hours each, slowly all round the herd, to keep the beasts from straying off; at daybreak, if you had had what Mansel here would call the morning watch, you changed your horse and slowly jogged along the road, dozing and swearing at the lagging beasts, till it was time to halt and take a siesta, and then jog on once more.

"You will laugh, but sometimes as I sit in the sanctum of the club, I mean the room that is reserved to me (the only artist in the place), thinking my menus out, my mind goes back to the old Estero Ñembucú.

"Why? you say, eh? Well, perhaps for the same reason that we think more often on the women who have made us suffer than upon those who have made us happy by their love.

"Well, well, my friend Aniceto Lopez used to laugh at me a good deal now and then when one of his accursed horses gave me a fall on a cold morning, and say I was a *maturango*, but I made several trips with him, and showed him how to make a tolerable stew out of jerked beef and mandioca meal. You soaked the beef in orange juice . . . and . . . anything was better than that abominable *churasco* they used to eat upon the road.

"When we had passed the Estero we used to halt a day, or sometimes two, for time was what we had the most of, to rest the horses, let the herd feed, and wash our clothes. How well I see those camps . . . eh, Daddy Mansel, do you remember them?"

Mansel, who had sat silent, plunged also deep in recollection, looked up and said:

"A dozen of them, Cossart, but I cannot somehow imagine you lying stretched out under a tree and eating jerked beef and mandioca, and sleeping in the sun."

"Necessity," rejoined the *chef*, taking the straw out of a long Italian cigar, "makes us acquainted with strange comestibles; as to bed-fellows, the stranger that they are the better, that is, when one is young."

Having enunciated this opinion with an air of having added to the world's wisdom, and to Mansel's great disgust—not that he

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was a hypocrite, but being English did not like men to speak their minds on such a subject—the *chef* continued:

"Ideal days we had, camped underneath the trees, the woods on every side, running like capes run out to sea into the little plain, set about here and there with groups of yatais . . . you know, those scrubby palms. An air of being out of the world, alone with Nature. *Mon Dieu*, they say a man when he grows old falls into anecdotage; but to philosophise is worse. In those days you remember that in Paraguay there were no men, that is, one man to thirteen women. Lopez, you know, was killed on the last horse in the republic, a little roan, I think.

"*Les femmes*, yes, but they were a danger we used to fly from then, and even Aniceto's cattle men, after the first trip, would never willingly sleep in an Indian village, *c'était trop terrible*. I stood it pretty well; the French, you know, were never backward in such matters, and one has *amour propre*, but the odds were too great.

"Don Aniceto's *capataz*, a Correntino, a huge, great fellow, *un solide gaillard*, as we say, tried it and failed . . . we left him in Asuncion, in hospital.

"All the *peones* would begin, and then after a trip or two get shy and sleep out in the woods, or on the plains beside their horses, rather than face the Indian women in the towns. When I first heard about it I thought it was a joke, but one experience did me for my life. After that, I had a plan. Our road led to the south of Caapucú, luckily missing all the villages but one . . . its name I can't recall. How well I see it though, built round a square about two hundred yards across. The long, low huts ran continuously, so that they looked more like a tennis court than houses fit for men. One broad verandah ran in front of all of them, supported on great beams of some hard wood or other, perhaps canela or some other kind of wood.

"The roofs were either thatched or roofed with old red tiles, made by the Jesuits. The walls were dazzlingly white. The pavement of the verandah either was earth beaten hard and polished, or else great blocks of wood. The church stood at the east end of the square. It too was built of wood, but wood to last all time. No storm, no rain, not even the white ants, had

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any prise upon it. The bells were good. Good water, air and bells, the proverb says. The Jesuits certainly did well in Paraguay. No, no, I am not a clerical, you need not laugh; but render unto Cæsar. What work they must have had to get these bells through the primeval woods. Faith, strong enough to move a bullock cart out of a mud-hole, I should think. The grass that grew inside the square was green . . . greener than Ireland, more like the strip of green inside the reef on islands I have seen in the Pacific. 'Twas curious to see the inside of the church. The images made by the Indians, the gold still fresh; the gallery, in which sat the musicians. Some of their instruments were left, with the strings all broken and tied up with strips of hide. The people played on them upon church festivals, and when I came to know the place, I helped them sometimes by singing in the choir. You know, I had a voice, *basso cantante*, and singing in the choir was an old trade of mine . . . do, re, mi, fa . . . ha, not bad the *ut de poitrine*. I still can catch him, eh? How pastoral it was; so quiet, nothing but now and then a flight of parrots chattering, or a macaw sometimes sailed by and screamed. At times I used to think that I would settle down and pass my days in Santa Tecla; that was the name the village had, I think.

"I am not strong upon the Scriptures, but when the girls and women used to go down at evening to the stream to fetch the water, I used to think about Rebecca at the well, or Ruth and Boaz, *c'était si pastorale*.

"How quietly they walked, each with a water jar upon her head, shaped like an amphora.

"Women and girls, and girls and women, all dressed in white, that is, all *en chemise*, with their hair cut square across the forehead and hanging down their backs. Only a boy or two and an old man or so, but what were those amongst so many? Women did everything, they tilled the fields, rang the church bell at eventime, for just at sunset everybody prayed, just as the Jesuits had taught their ancestors. What animals they had, the women tended. In the church they had some kind of prayers or other upon festivals. My friends, the *mise en scène* was quite ideal, a perfect Arcady. The first time that we stopped there, when we had got well

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camped, and I was free to look about, I went down to the village, leading my horse, for though my passion was the horse, I had about enough of him, for the last week or two.

" Just as I passed the well, a woman stood there filling her water jar. *Quelle femme!* Tall, rather stout, but not too stout, only a gracious embonpoint, fair, for a Paraguayan, that is, the skin . . . her hair, of course, was black.

" She looked at me and smiled, a natural thing to do, for I was young then, and, as I said, men were so scarce, there were not any, even for a remedy, as the Spaniards say.

" So, when she smiled, I smiled, and asked her if I should help her with her water jar. From that, we soon were friends, and as we walked back to the village, she swaying lightly with the water jar upon her head, I touched her hand a little, and we began to talk. It seemed her father and her husband both were killed, her brother missing after some fight or other, and she was left alone. The other women of the village called her 'La Alcaldesa,' that is, the mayoress, and by degrees had taken to regard her as the chief woman of the place. As she talked on, telling me about this thing and of that, we came to where she lived. She asked me to come in. I followed her, just as a horse trots after a bell mare. Her house was bare of everything, and all the furniture she had was a hide *catré*, an old chair or two and a few pictures of the saints. A hammock swung between the pillars of the verandah, with its long cotton fringes, and after having talked a little and drunk a *maté* with cold water, after the Paraguayan fashion of those days, I went and sat in it, keeping it swinging with one foot, and smoking a cigar.

" As I swung in the hammock, smoking, for La Alcaldesa never let the sacred fire of Vesta out, handing me small cigars fit for a man . . . you remember that in Paraguay the women smoked cigars as big as carrots—the night came on without a twilight . . . day and then darkness in a quarter of an hour. The fireflies flitted round the trees, the bats flew noiselessly about . . . I had to scare one from my horse's neck . . . the frogs croaked, and the moon outlined the shadows of the palm trees by the church, upon the grass. *Quoi; un vrai scène de théâtre*, but better somehow, either because you had not got to

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pay your entry money or because you were yourself an actor in the scene.

"You fancied that mysterious things were going on in the thick wall of forest that ringed about the town, that is, the village, the *capilla* as they called it, and when a white-robed figure crossed in the moonlight, either from house to house, or right across the square, it looked as if the opera of *Norma*, or of *Poliuto*, were going to begin."

He paused to light a cigarette, holding his ebony stick between his legs with its white crutch shaped like a woman's leg, which, as he said, "gave him ideas," and then, blowing a hurricane of smoke down both his nostrils, resumed.

"That evening Aniceto Lopez and the herd, the trip, and everything went quite out of my head. The Alcaldesa called a girl who took my horse to water, and then, unsaddling it, cut down some bunches of *pindó* with a machete, and tied him up outside the door. Our supper was, if I remember right, nothing but oranges and mandioca with a little chipa, that is, bread made from cassava pulp. I thought, as I sat eating, after all, it is far more artistic . . . for I too am an artist, to make no effort with your food, and eat just like the other animals, fruit and such things, than to cook badly as they do here amongst you insularies. As we were eating, women came and looked in, and sometimes said a word or two in Guarani. Sometimes they only stared, as cannibals might stare at a young, well-fed missionary out in La Nouvelle, or the New Hebrides. Although, of course, I did not understand a word they said . . . I saw how the wind blew, either by intuition or *dans ma qualité de français, voyez-vous?* Next morning, just a little before light, the Alcaldesa got up and prepared *maté*. A girl took down my horse to water, bathed him and returned dripping herself, looking just like *une néréide*, with her long, black hair upon her shoulders, and her chemise her only garment, clinging round her legs. I felt a little like a *nouvelle mariée* when women looked into the door, smiled and said something to the Alcaldesa . . . always the same thing, for I could hear the words, although I could not grasp the sense. Somehow I did not like to ask her what it was they said . . . though, *bigre*, I am not shy, but it seemed somehow as if I had

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arrived at l'Ile de Tulipatam or some such place where women do the love-making . . . *oui, c'était gênant tout de même*, for all these little Paraguayans devoured me with their eyes."

Mansel looked at him as a man looks at a five-legged sheep, and though he knew the *chef* to be a man of courage, generous and kindly to the marrow of his bones, the restless strip of sea that cuts our island off from all the world seemed to extend itself between him and his friend, not in his view of life, but in the way he spoke about the view.

The *chef*, perceiving it, said:

"*On est bel homme, ou on ne l'est pas, mon cher*, those little Paraguayans would have eaten me if they could. Man doth not live by love alone, you say That is so, but it makes a good *entrée*, if you have other things to eat . . . I speak *en chef* you know, having some knowledge both of cookery and love.

"Well, well . . . a high old time . . . and during the three days we camped at Santa Tecla, my friend Don Aniceto saw but little of me. La Alcaldesa treated me *en prince*, loving me, as you remember, Mansel, the Paraguayan women loved, as if the world and love was to go on forever and a day. I often think that they were right, for after all, forever is a word that no one understands. Had it not been for her, I rather think I should have come as badly out of the three days as did some of Don Aniceto's *peones*, who struggled back to camp, with faces long as a male mule's, surrounded by a band of white-clad girls, all of whom seemed to have a sort of right of property in them.

"We started on the trail—luckily there was no more Estero to go through—at daybreak. The horses were all fresh, the cattle difficult to drive, Don Aniceto in a massacring humour, and the whole country looking like a half-evaporated sea, bathed in the thin, white mist, which rises in the morning in these latitudes and hangs about the edges of the woods.

"When I had got my horse in hand, after his first wild plunges, I turned, and, looking back, saw the tall figure of the Alcaldesa, standing at her door, with her eyes fixed on me, just as a woman stands, looking at a disappearing ship, out at a harbour's mouth. *Mes amis, c'était dur*, I was her ship; and as I watched her, her head fell forward on her hands."

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The *chef* blew his nose loudly in a Madras handkerchief, twisted his moustache, and in response to Mansel's question if he had ever seen La Alcaldesa afterwards, rejoined:

"Yes, often; in fact ours was a kind of intermittent honeymoon each time I passed by the *capilla* . . . I used to stay with her. *Une bonne, brave fille, va, donc.* . . . I often thought that I would marry her and settle down. However, it was *trop bête*, to settle down—to what? Certainly she was handsome . . . pale, with black hair, tall and well made, and with a little . . . *fossette* just above one knee . . . the left, I think, to ravish you. No, not the least idea of cookery, it was humiliating to me . . . but on the other hand, loving and kind, not the least interested, and *passionnée* . . . well, to a fault. At times, I think I hear the pounding of the Indian corn in the tall mortar and the soft whirring of the insects' wings amongst the orange trees, outside her house . . . at times . . . yes, *sacré matin*, I think I will go back to Paraguay before I die and see if she still lives. . . . *Ouf!* it has cost me a good sigh to tell you this. . . . *Les femmes, les femmes, ça vous abîme un homme.*"

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Pains and Penalties

By Laurence Housman

NOTE UPON PUBLICATION OF ACT II

THE Censorship of Plays exists in this country for the protection of "good manners, decorum, and the public peace." In those words are defined the full legal scope of the Censor's right of veto; but their interpretation is left to the final judgment of a single official, the Lord Chamberlain, who is not responsible for his decision to any representative or administrative body whatsoever, and is not bound to give any reason for it to the person whose dramatic property he destroys. For all practical purposes there is no appeal against his interpretation of the law, however strained or unjustifiable it may be.

The play, of which the following is an extract, has been vetoed by the Lord Chamberlain with no reason vouchsafed to the author: no passages or phrases have been indicated as offending under the terms of the Act; his ban is laid upon the whole play, and any reasons he may have for his decision are guarded from publication by the words "Private and Confidential," which cover all his communications with the management of the theatre where the play was to have been produced.

In order that the author may lay his case fully before the public, without thereby destroying the value of his dramatic rights—which are lost if the play is published before it is performed—he here prints in its entirety the act which, by its references to the character and conduct of George IV., may be supposed to have done more than any other part of the play to call down the Censor's veto; while from the other acts of the play he proposes to give a public reading, omitting nothing that can have any bearing upon the Censor's adverse decision.

The action of the play begins with the receipt by Caroline

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in her villa at Leghorn of the news of King George III.'s death, and of the removal of her name from the Prayer-book by order of George IV. Upon her subsequent arrival in England, a Bill of Pains and Penalties, depriving her of all honours and emoluments, and decreeing her divorce, is introduced by Lord Liverpool in the House of Lords. Of the so-called "trial," on the evidence of which the Bill was debated, passed to its third reading, and then withdrawn owing to the popular agitation, the second act of the play gives a sample condensed and rearranged, with but few additions, from the public records. All the directly hostile references to George IV. contained in this scene, are drawn from the speeches of Denman and Brougham, or of certain peers who espoused the Queen's cause; and the extraordinary travesty of justice which is here set forth is drawn with substantial accuracy from the proceedings of the "trial." For dramatic purposes events which took place on three or four separate days have been condensed into a single sitting; and for the same reason the passage referring to Nero has been transferred from Denman to Brougham.

ACT II

[SCENE II: *The House of Lords*]

To the right on a raised floor behind a barrier sit the Counsel for Prosecution and Defence: on a line with these on a lower level down stage is the witness-box occupying the extreme right-hand corner. In front of Counsel, on the floor of the House, behind the cross-benches, is a seat for the QUEEN. *To the extreme left sits the* LORD CHANCELLOR *supported by Judges in front and below him. Between the table and Counsel are two or three rows of cross-benches. The whole of the back of the stage is occupied by benches both on the floor and in the gallery above, occupied by Lords. Under the gallery, immediately below the bar, is an exit, and another in the extreme back right-hand corner behind Counsel. When the scene opens the* LORD CHANCELLOR, *Judges, Counsel, and the majority of the Lords are already in their places. Others enter as the action goes on.* BROUGHAM *sits ostentatiously busy with his*

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papers, giving ear now and again to the whispered communications of his colleagues. He sends a note by an usher to LORD CARNARVON *sitting on the cross-benches: he reads it, shows surprise, turns and nods to* BROUGHAM (*who bows ceremoniously*), *then communicates with* LORD KING: *they hold animated conversation. Meanwhile, the* ATTORNEY-GENERAL *has risen and is speaking.*

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. My Lords, before your lordships proceed to the further examination of our witnesses, there is a point of immediate and pressing importance which I wish to bring before the consideration of your lordships. I speak as to the safety and protection of those foreign witnesses whom we have brought over to this country for the purposes of this inquiry. It will be within the recollection of your lordships that on the landing of those witnesses at Dover a few days ago, certain disturbances took place, artfully promoted by secret instigators for the attainment of their political ends, though wearing, I am willing to admit, every appearance of spontaneous and popular demonstration. In the course of those disturbances some of our witnesses were so badly handled that upon the first opportunity they fled the country in terror, and were with difficulty persuaded to return.

[*Enter the* DUKE OF CUMBERLAND *with a nonchalant and rather bullying air: he is greeted with deference by several noble Lords as he passes to a seat on the front cross-bench where the* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER *is already seated.*

Among these the courier Rastelli, who was examined before your lordships yesterday, was set upon and maltreated, not only at Dover, but again upon his arrival in London.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND [*as he passes the* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER]. Hullo, Silly Billy, that you? [*Outside cheering is heard.*

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. The very respectable witness Theodore Majochi, who is still before your lordships, has already deposed that owing to the popular tumult he was forced to leave the country tied up in a sack, and to return to it concealed in a trunk. And I now come from being informed that on account of the threatening attitude of the crowd, which even now stands

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outside the august precincts of this House, he was unable upon your lordships' adjournment to go forth and obtain that physical refreshment which was so necessary to recover him from the severe ordeal of cross-examination which he had just endured at the hands of my learned friend. I cannot disguise from your lordships——

BLACK ROD. My Lords, I have to announce to your lordships' House her Majesty the Queen.

[*Enter* CAROLINE. *The Lords rise with various degrees of deference and alacrity: only the* DUKE OF CUMBERLAND *remains seated.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. [*To* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.] What are you getting up for? Haven't you got royal blood in you?

[*The* QUEEN *advances slowly, and seats herself after curtseying to the assembled Lords.*

LORD CHANCELLOR. Continue, Mr. Attorney-General.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I was saying, my Lords, that I cannot disguise from you lordships that unless the safety of our witnesses can be secured, it will be impossible for the prosecution to place before your lordships those facts, of an undeniably painful nature, which are necessary for the presentation of our case. I must, therefore, beg your lordships to provide for our witnesses such security from molestation and such freedom of access to the bar of this House that the ends of Justice may not be endangered or delayed.

BROUGHAM. My Lords, as regards the general purport of my learned friend's applications I have, I need hardly say, nothing counter to urge. Should your lordships see fit to order that the streets and approaches to this House be lined with the forces of the Militia,—or, as might still more appropriately be done, with the troops of his Majesty's Household Guard,—I should regard it as in every way a fitting recognition of the coming and going through our midst of that august Lady who now honours your lordships' House by her presence. I shall rejoice to see daily accorded to her Majesty by the forces of his Majesty's enlistment that royal salute which is her due,—but which was *not* accorded to her at her late arrival [*pauses*] upon these shores.

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DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. [*Sotto voce.*] Is the damned fellow talking at me, eh ?

BROUGHAM. And I am convinced that such public recognition will do much to appease the popular mind, and allay that tempest of righteous indignation against these proceedings of your lordships' House, which is now shaking this land—aye, and that throne, which I pray may ever stand with it indissolubly united—to their very foundations.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. [*Sotto voce.*] Damned sedition and treason, I call that !

BROUGHAM. But when my learned friend, under cover of this application, sees fit to convey by hint and sneer a charge of political intrigue against those whose duty is to defend innocency and defeat outrage and injustice,—then, my Lords, I do venture most emphatically to protest and to hurl back the imputation. Whatever may have been done upon the other side—and that, in all its dark obscurities and tortuous concealments I leave to the tribunal of their own consciences—this I can say without fear of contradiction, that no money has been spent by us—no, not one penny—to secure the popular applause, or to open or shut the mouths of witnesses. And I say further that our foreign witnesses—and we shall have many to bring before your lordships—are able to disembark freely on these shores, and to go unharmed, though recognised, through our public streets. Let it be understood, therefore, that for them we need no protection,—save such as is voluntarily extended in this country of Liberty to those who come, as strangers in our midst, to defend the cause of the unjustly assailed, of the grievously afflicted, and of the tyrannously oppressed.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. Pooh ! [DENMAN *goes to the* QUEEN.

LORD CHANCELLOR. The application of the learned Attorney-General refers to facts which are notorious to your lordships' House, and calls for no comment. You may take it, Mr. Attorney-General, that your application will receive the immediate attention it deserves.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. My Lord, I am greatly obliged.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Does the learned Counsel for the defence wish further to cross-examine the last witness ?

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BROUGHAM. With your lordship's permission.

[DENMAN *has engaged the* QUEEN *in conversation when* MAJOCHI'S *name is called in the outer corridor. Enter* MAJOCHI: *he scrapes his way to the witness-box. An interpreter comes and stands beside him.*

And, my Lords, I wish humbly to give notice, for the convenience of my learned friends, that I may presently have to ask for the recall of the witness Rastelli who was examined before your lordships yesterday.

[*Movement of perturbation among solicitors and counsel for the prosecution;* DR. LUSHINGTON *coughs.* BROUGHAM *busies himself with his papers.*

LORD CHANCELLOR. Yes, Mr. Brougham? The witness and the interpreter are both waiting.

BROUGHAM. Ah! pardon me, my Lord. But, my Lords, have we any further need for an interpreter to this witness who has already——

CAROLINE [*who has turned to look at witness, rising suddenly*]. Majochi! Ah, no, no!

DENMAN. Your Majesty must keep silence.

CAROLINE Majochi!

LORD CHANCELLOR. Order! Order!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. Yes, quite right, Chancellor,—order! Order!

DENMAN. If your Majesty wishes to remain, it is absolutely imperative——

CAROLINE. No, no, then I will go! Let me out, quickly! [*She goes toward the door, then turns again.*] Majochi!

[*Exit* CAROLINE *with* DENMAN *in attendance.*

LORD CHANCELLOR. Continue, Mr. Brougham.

BROUGHAM. I was about to remark, my Lords, that as this witness understands English and can speak it, we are wasting time by employing an interpreter.

LORD LIVERPOOL. Nevertheless, as the witness has hitherto preferred answering in his own tongue, I fear that some of us may still require a certain amount of linguistic assistance.

BROUGHAM. I ask pardon. It had escaped my apprehension that any such aid could possibly be required by your lordships.

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[*To Witness.*] You said, Mr. Majochi, in your evidence that you left her Majesty's service three years ago, in 1817. Where did you go immediately after quitting her Majesty's service?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

INTERPRETER. I do not remember.

BROUGHAM. I think your lordships are by now sufficiently familiar with that answer to dispense with the interpretation. The witness began by showing an extraordinary memory; he is now showing a still more extraordinary forgetfulness.

LORD CHANCELLOR. The learned Counsel's comments will be more in place at a later stage.

BROUGHAM. I put it to you that first you went to Milan, and from there to Vienna.

MAJOCHI. Ah, si, si, si—mi ricordo.

INTERPRETER. Ah, yes, yes——

BROUGHAM. [*Interrupting.*] After you left her Majesty's service how did you support yourself?

[DENMAN *returns to his place.*

MAJOCHI. Col mio denaro.

INTERPRETER. With my own money.

BROUGHAM. How long did your money last?

MAJOCHI. Questo non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Who gave you money in Vienna?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. My Lord, I object. The question assumes what has not been proved in evidence—that money *was* given to the witness in Vienna.

BROUGHAM. Did any one give you money in Vienna?

MAJOCHI. Colonel Brown. [*He pronounces "Col-on-el."*

BROUGHAM. Were you in his service?

MAJOCHI. No, I was not in his service.

BROUGHAM. Were you his private friend?

MAJOCHI. No.

BROUGHAM. In whose house were you then staying?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Was it with Lord Stewart, the English Ambassador?

MAJOCHI. Ah, si, si!

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LORD CHANCELLOR. [*Taking note.*] With *whom*, did you say, Mr. Brougham ?

BROUGHAM. Lord Stewart, my Lord,—now his Majesty's Ambassador in Paris.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Ah, yes, of course.

BROUGHAM. I want to take you back now, Mr. Majochi, to the polacca,—you remember the polacca,—the voyage on the polacca ?

MAJOCHI. Ah, si, si !

BROUGHAM. Now, on that voyage, you agree that her Majesty always slept in a tent on deck ?

MAJOCHI. Yes, I have said it.

BROUGHAM. Were you yourself ever ill during the voyage ?

MAJOCHI. When I am on board a ship, I am always unwell.

BROUGHAM. When you were unwell, where did you use to be ?

MAJOCHI. Giù : nella stiva.

INTERPRETER. Down below, in the hold.

BROUGHAM. You slept in the hold ?

MAJOCHI. Yes, I slept there.

BROUGHAM. When you saw a tent put up for her Majesty to sleep in were you the only person then on deck ?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Were there no sailors on board this ship ?

MAJOCHI. Oh, si, si !

BROUGHAM. Did they never come on deck ?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Did they always remain below in the hold with you ?

MAJOCHI. At night : yes.

BROUGHAM. Do you mean that the ship was left to go alone during the whole of the night without sailors on deck ?

MAJOCHI. I do not know how the ship went. I only know that I was unwell.

BROUGHAM. How many sailors were there on board this ship ?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Were there two, or four ?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

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BROUGHAM. Will you swear there were not twenty-two ?

MAJOCHI. I cannot.

BROUGHAM. So—whether there were two sailors on board or twenty-two, you don't take on yourself to swear ?

MAJOCHI. No.

BROUGHAM. Was there a captain on board ?

MAJOCHI. Yes, yes.

BROUGHAM. Any other officers ?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Who else slept in the place where you slept ?

MAJOCHI. Questo non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Where did the other liveried servants sleep ?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Where did Bergami sleep ?

MAJOCHI. Questo non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. How many masts had the vessel ?

MAJOCHI. [*After a pause.*] Three.

BROUGHAM. Now, the only time in the whole voyage when you were sufficiently well to go up on deck at night, there was nobody on deck outside the tent except yourself ?

MAJOCHI. I saw nobody.

BROUGHAM. There was nobody steering ?

MAJOCHI. I did not see anybody steering.

BROUGHAM. Now, if the steersman's place had been within three or four feet of the tent—you would have seen him ?

MAJOCHI. I did not see him. . . . I did not *see* anybody: I only heard.

BROUGHAM. But if any one else had been on deck within three or four feet of the tent, they would have heard also what you heard ?

MAJOCHI. I do not know whether other people would have heard the same thing that I heard.

BROUGHAM. Ah! very possibly not! . . . Now let us come back to—Milan:—no, no, first let us come back to Leghorn. It was there, six months ago, that you met the courier Rastelli coming away from the Princess's residence ? Did he make any communication to you ?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

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BROUGHAM. Did he mention Colonel Brown to you?

MAJOCHI. Perhaps yes—perhaps no.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Does your lordship think a conversation with Rastelli can be received as evidence?

LORD CHANCELLOR. If it should appear that Rastelli had offered him money to come as a witness—Rastelli having denied that he made any such offer—I think it can.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I submit, my Lord, that in the first instance Rastelli should have been cross-examined to this particular conversation; and, that not having been done, the question is not allowable.

LORD CHANCELLOR. I apprehend that a question could be put in this way—whether the witness knew that Rastelli had offered him monetary inducement to come here as a witness.

BROUGHAM. Did Rastelli offer you money to go before the Milan Commissioners?

MAJOCHI. He said that if the Princess had not paid me all that she owed me he would see that I *was* paid.

BROUGHAM. Did Rastelli say at the same time what you were to do in order to be paid?

MAJOCHI. He told me, if I had anything to say against her Highness—they would be glad to hear of it in Milan.

BROUGHAM. As a matter of fact did you two days later arrive in Milan?

MAJOCHI. I arrived at Milan.

BROUGHAM. Who paid for your journey?

MAJOCHI. I paid it with my own money.

BROUGHAM. Had you saved money?

MAJOCHI. Just a little.

BROUGHAM. In the Princess's service?

MAJOCHI. I had a hundred lire.

BROUGHAM. From the Princess's service?

MAJOCHI. Si, si.

BROUGHAM. And that took you to Milan? In Milan did you again see Rastelli?

MAJOCHI. Questo non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. At Milan, on that occasion, did any one give you money?

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[DENMAN *passes up note to* BROUGHAM, *who pauses to read it.*]

MAJOCHI. Ricordo di no: mi ricordo che non. . . . Non so. . . . Piu no que si. . . . Non mi ricordo.

INTERPRETER. I remember that there did not; I don't know. Rather no than yes . . . I don't remember.

[*General laughter.*

MAJOCHI. [*To interpreter.*] Pah!

BROUGHAM. [*Consulting note.*] Now, what had caused you to quit her Highness's service?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. If it is alleged that you were dismissed for theft —what is your answer?

MAJOCHI. I say that is a true falsehood.

BROUGHAM. Is it also a true falsehood that you took any of her Highness's private papers?

MAJOCHI. I did not take any papers.

BROUGHAM. Or that you either sold or offered to sell them to any person whatsoever?

MAJOCHI. I never sold them to any one.

BROUGHAM. You had them, but you did not sell them?

SEVERAL LORDS. No! No!

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. [*Sotto voce.*] There he goes, putting lies into the man's mouth!

BROUGHAM. I appeal to your lordships to know if I have fallen into any irregularity?

OTHER LORDS. No, no: go on!

BROUGHAM. Your lordships must be aware that any symptom of your lordships' displeasure must necessarily have great weight with me, and be calculated to distract my attention from the serious duty which I have to perform.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Proceed, Mr. Brougham.

BROUGHAM. Did you ever entreat any person of her Majesty's household to have compassion on your miserable situation after you had left her service?

MAJOCHI. I have never been in a miserable situation until now—when I can get nothing to eat!

BROUGHAM. Will you swear that you never entreated any

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one of the suite of her Royal Highness to take pity or to have compassion on you after you had left her service ?

MAJOCHI. On what account to have compassion on me ?

BROUGHAM. That, sir, is a question and not an answer. Answer the question !

MAJOCHI. It may be that I once have. [*Angrily.*] You have no right to that which I do not choose to tell ! Non mi ricordo !

BROUGHAM. My Lords, I have done with this witness, for the present. [*Exit* MAJOCHI.] I have now to ask your lordships to recall Rastelli the courier, in order that he may be further examined on the point where his evidence stands questioned by the last witness.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. My Lords, I most strenuously object ! I must point out to your lordships that my learned friend concluded his cross-examination yesterday : and at no point was he able to bring out any proof of agency for the Milan Commission. Unless that agency can be independently established, it is, I conceive, highly irregular for our witness to be recalled merely with reference to a conversation which took place between him and the last witness.

BROUGHAM. I must remind your lordships of the difficulties which we of the defence have to contend against. From the beginning of these proceedings the Government, in their wisdom, have refused to grant us a list of their witnesses, or even the heads of the charges they are going to bring against us : and you, my Lords, have supported them in that refusal.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. [*Sotto voce.*] Quite right too !

BROUGHAM. See, then, my Lords, what now happens ! A witness is sprung upon us—this creature Rastelli—this key-hole courier—whose name had not before been so much as breathed in our ears : and when, after all this advantage of suddenness and concealment, his evidence at the first touch of cross-examination reveals its suspicious origin,—and when from later witnesses proof of his infamy and his perjured character is brought before your lordships—am I then to be told that I have not the right to recall him ?—not though behind our backs the promoters of this prosecution have been seeking—even to this

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hour—to obtain access by bribery and corruption to the papers relating to her Majesty's defence,—not though by witness after witness——

Lord Chancellor. I am sorry to interrupt the eloquence of the learned counsel: but I apprehend that it will not be proper without proof of agency for the witness to be recalled at this stage. If the learned counsel wishes to make this person his witness in chief, let him call him for that purpose. Otherwise, his proposed course is irregular.

[Denman *has handed an open copy of the proceedings to* Brougham, *pointing to passage.*

Brougham. I submit, my Lord, that such agency has already been established,—not through the last, but through a previous witness, Mariette Vrend. Mariette Vrend—if your lordships will turn to page 141 of the records of evidence—admitted under cross-examination that she gave papers belonging to her Highness to the courier Rastelli,—that she was on a later occasion examined before Colonel Brown concerning them, and that for obtaining those papers she received a reward from Baron Ompteda, through the hands of Vilmacarti. If Rastelli—who received them in the first instance—was not an agent of the Milan Commission, how did the Milan Commission come by them?

Attorney-General. I submit, my Lord, that even were the agency of Rastelli proved by this circumstance—whereas, to a legal mind, the hiatus remains obvious—I submit that the further examination of the witness which my learned friend calls for is still irregular, seeing that there has arisen no real contradiction to Rastelli's evidence—which your lordships heard yesterday—he denying only that he had given money *as agent* for the Milan Commission. The defence is therefore claiming the right of a second cross-examination, *ab initio*, which is not properly theirs.

Brougham. On that last point, your lordships will bear in mind that owing to the difficulty to which I have referred, your lordships have felt constrained to allow us what, in a Court of Justice, would no doubt be exceedingly irregular—the right, namely, to recall certain witnesses for a second examination. But before I attempt to argue that point further, I would wish

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to learn from the Attorney-General whether the witness Rastelli is any longer accessible,—whether, in short, he is still in this country?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Had not the learned gentleman better first satisfy their lordships of the necessity for calling him?

BROUGHAM. If the learned Attorney-General will inform me that Rastelli is *not* in the country I need not trouble their lordships on the subject. [*A pause.*

LORD CHANCELLOR. Has the learned Attorney-General any assistance to offer us?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. My Lords—Rastelli—so I am informed by Mr. Powell, solicitor to the prosecution—was sent off last night to Milan as a courier with despatches. [*Sensation.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. [*Sotto voce.*] Well, why not? Why shouldn't the fellow go? It's a free country.

BROUGHAM. Is it possible, my Lords, that a person who has been brought within your lordships' jurisdiction, who was examined before your lordships only yesterday, has now been sent out of this country in the service of that confederacy of darkness and abomination—the Milan Commission?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I entreat your lordships to hear me! . . . Mr. Brougham, my Lords, put questions to the last witness,—which I conceive he had no right to put—in order to furnish grounds for again calling Rastelli.

BROUGHAM. My learned friend—or rather those who instruct him—must have seen that in the course of my examination of Rastelli I laid the foundation of his refutation and exposure. For what possible reason, then, I ask,—on what possible excuse, has he been spirited out of this country and away from the reach of justice?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I am advised, my Lords, that, in consequence of the disturbances at Dover, it became necessary that the friends of the witnesses abroad should be reassured as to their safety: and no person was thought so proper as Rastelli for this purpose.

BROUGHAM. If that excuse, my Lords, is to stand,—if witnesses are for such reasons to be sent out of the country,—we come to an end of all security against false witness and per-

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jury! . . . And how, my Lords, am I to go on with this case under such circumstances? I must therefore beg your lordships to grant an immediate adjournment, in order that we of the defence may consider the position in which we are now placed.

Duke of Cumberland. [*Sotto voce.*] Wants to go and beat up the mob, eh?

Lord Carnarvon. Surely, my Lords, the facts which have just come out at the bar of your lordships' House must convince even the most reluctant that these ill-omened proceedings should be brought to a speedy termination! Those facts are in themselves naked and monstrous. When at the commencement of this case it was contemplated that perjury might be committed by some of the witnesses the learned Lord on the Treasury Bench declared that although the Government felt some difficulty in detaining foreigners, he would yet do all in his power to secure the ends of justice. But what do we now find? That one of these men, after giving evidence which may be perjured evidence, which almost certainly is bribed evidence—has been, with scarcely a moment's delay, smuggled out of the country! And by whom? By the promoters of the prosecution themselves! . . . I appeal to your lordships that in the face of so odious a transaction it is impossible to allow this case to go a step further. . . . I move, therefore, that this House do adjourn to this day six months. [*Cheers.*

Lord Liverpool. I trust, my Lords, that it is unnecessary for me to declare that his Majesty's Government have had no part whatever in this act of sending the witness away,—an act which I must confess is not only ill-judged but highly blamable. But I would entreat your lordships to consider that any attempt at this stage to terminate our proceedings may be disastrous in the very opposite direction to that intended by the noble Lord who has just moved,—I mean more especially to the reputation of her Majesty,—which, until this House pronounces its judgment—it will, I am sure, be the chivalrous instinct of every member of this House to safeguard and defend. ["*Hear, hear.*"

Lord Chancellor. My Lords, there can be no doubt that the sending away of the witness was extremely ill-judged: and I cannot deny that an allowance must in future be made to the

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Queen's cause for his present absence; for I consider that his examination upon a future day cannot be so beneficial to her case as it would have been now. You are bound, therefore, my Lords, to make a large and liberal allowance in all that may arise from this very untoward occurrence. I think, indeed, that it will be impossible to repair the injury altogether: but surely the worst of all forms of reparation would be to abandon our proceedings at the present stage. That, my Lords, is not to be thought of! It must not be!

Lord King. My Lords, I rise to support the motion of my noble friend. In the course of these extraordinary proceedings confusion has been heaped on confusion,—not only in the minds of the Ministers who are the backers of this Bill, but throughout the country at large. That confusion has now carried by assault the House in which we are sitting, and has destroyed its last semblance, its last veiled pretence, to be regarded as a Court for the administration of justice. If, therefore, the motion of my noble friend fails to win your lordships' assent, I give notice that I shall move on the earliest possible occasion——

Lord Chancellor. I think that notice of any fresh motion at the present stage is somewhat irregular.

Lord King. My notice of motion is irregular, my Lords, because the whole of our proceedings are irregular. [*Cheers.*] The motion I shall move is this: That after the word "that" the enactment of the Bill be thus altered: "And whereas certain Commissioners acting at Milan have collected and produced a mass of false or questionable evidence whereby great scandal and dishonour have been brought upon your Majesty's family and this kingdom—therefore, to manifest our deep sense of such scandalous, disgraceful, and vicious conduct on the part of the said Milan Commissioners, by which they have violated the duty which they owed to your Majesty, and have rendered themselves unworthy of the confidence placed in them, we your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in Parliament assembled, do humbly entreat your Majesty that it may be enacted—and be it enacted hereby—that these persons, the Commissioners at Milan, from and after the passing of this Act, shall for ever be disabled and rendered in-

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capable of receiving any reward—[*great laughter*]—or holding any place of trust or emolument under the Crown." Thus, my Lords, by leaving out the words "Caroline Amelia Elizabeth" and the other words which refer to her Majesty, and introducing those here set forth, the Bill will still be a Bill of Pains and Penalties and will then be directed to its right and proper object.

[*Cheers and laughter.*

Lord Chancellor. The motion is that the House do now adjourn to this day six months.

Lord Carnarvon. My Lords, at the request of the noble and learned Lord on the Treasury Bench I beg to postpone—that is, for the present to withdraw my motion, in order that Mr. Powell, solicitor to the prosecution, may be called and examined.

Several Lords. Agreed, agreed!

[Mr. Powell *is called, enters the witness-box and is sworn.*

Lord Grey. Mr. Powell, you have been employed, I believe, on the Milan Commission, and are now engaged in conducting the prosecution?

Mr. Powell. That is so, my Lord.

Lord Grey. You heard the examination of Rastelli in this House?

Mr. Powell. I did, my Lord.

Lord Grey. Was it at your instigation or advice that he has since been sent elsewhere?

Mr. Powell. My Lords, I recommended his being sent to Italy in order to reassure the friends of the witnesses who had been maltreated upon their arrival in this country. I thought it a mere act of humanity to do so. I had no other motive.

Lord Grey. When was he sent away?

Mr. Powell. Last night, my Lord, shortly after the adjournment.

Lord Grey. Was he under orders to return?

Mr. Powell. Yes, my Lord, by the 3rd of October.

Lord Grey. Have you any means of enforcing his return should he refuse?

Mr. Powell. No, my Lord.

Lord Grey. It did not occur to you as necessary?

Mr. Powell It did not, my Lord.

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LORD CHANCELLOR. Mr. Brougham—you wish to question this witness?

BROUGHAM. When you determined to send Rastelli out of the country "from motives of pure humanity," did you inform others of your intention?

MR. POWELL. The witnesses who had friends in Milan.

BROUGHAM. Any one else?

MR. POWELL. I believe he had orders to call at the Foreign Office for despatches. [LORD LIVERPOOL *looks uncomfortable.*

BROUGHAM. You believe he had orders to call at the Foreign Office! Who told him to call?

MR. POWELL. I told him.

BROUGHAM. Had you, then, informed the Government—the Foreign Office, I mean?

MR. POWELL. I had mentioned that he was to go as a courier.

BROUGHAM. To Milan?

MR. POWELL. Yes, to Milan.

BROUGHAM. The Foreign Office then also, it seems, had business at Milan? Does the Foreign Office hold communication with the Milan Commissioners?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. My Lord, I object to that question.

LORD CHANCELLOR. I do not think that question arises.

BROUGHAM. Had Colonel Brown written for Rastelli in particular to be sent out to Milan?

MR. POWELL. My Lord, is that a question I am bound to answer?

LORD CHANCELLOR. The witness cannot be called upon to disclose the terms of any confidential communication made to him as legal agent or adviser.

BROUGHAM. I am not inquiring as to terms, my Lord, but only as to fact.

MR. POWELL. I have received a letter from Colonel Brown relative to the sending of the witness to Milan.

BROUGHAM. Has he gone to Milan direct?

MR. POWELL. I believe he has been directed on his way to take despatches to Lord Stewart in Paris.

BROUGHAM. Ah! To Lord Stewart—the Ambassador at whose house in Vienna the witness Majochi was living under

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the pay and protection of Colonel Brown! And these despatches for Lord Stewart are from the Foreign Office?

Mr. Powell. Yes.

Brougham. Thank you, Mr. Powell! [Powell *leaves witness-box.*] Pardon, my Lords: there is one more question I wish to ask the witness. [Powell *returns to box.*] Mr. Powell, who is your client or employer in these proceedings?

Attorney-General. My Lord, I object.

Lord Chancellor. The question cannot be allowed.

Brougham. My Lords, it is a very important question, and I have no object in putting it except for the purposes of strict justice. This is the first witness that has appeared at your lordships' bar who could give us any information upon this point. Is it not of great importance to know from this witness, the solicitor for the prosecution, who is his client, when we are acting as counsel for a defendant open and avowed? If I knew who that person was, might I not be able to bring forward documents, speeches, and communications without number against him, and highly important to the cause of my client? But up to this moment I have never been able to trace the local habitation—the name of the unknown being who is the plaintiff in these proceedings. I know not but it may vanish into thin air. I know not under what shape it exists:

> "If shape it might be called, that shape had none,
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,—
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed;
> For each seemed either. Black it stood as night,
> Fierce as the furies, terrible as hell,
> And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head
> The likeness of a Kingly crown had on!"

[*Great sensation among Lords*

Duke of Cumberland. By Gad! the fellow deserves to be impeached!

Brougham. If I could see it, I might interrogate it, and bring out of its mouth—if it has a mouth—who and what it is, and whether it be a man! But highly and vitally important though it be for my client to know her real accuser, and for me

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her advocate to put to him and his witnesses such questions as I am legally entitled to ask, and which I should have a right to insist on in any of the judiciary courts below—I am met at every step of my progress by: "You cannot ask this question!" "You must not put that question!"—till I know not in what direction to turn for the delivery of the truth! . . . My Lords, at the present moment I can say no more. I am in your lordships' hands; and the proceedings which your lordships wish not to end here, may yet end from the mere fact that, under the restrictions now put upon it, the defence can no longer proceed.

Lord Chancellor. I regret, under present circumstances, to have to refuse to the defence any indulgence it requires. But I am clear that this is a question which must not be asked. . . . If the learned Counsel wishes to withdraw and consult his colleagues the House will, I am sure, extend to his convenience.

Brougham. I thank you, my Lord.

Duke of Cumberland. [*Sotto voce.*] Going to tell his friends outside how badly we've treated him!

[*Exit* Brougham, Denham, *and* Lushington.

Lord King. In the absence of the learned Counsel, I conceive it may now be proper if I bring before the House that question of the regal succession to which reference has more than once been made in our debates. It will be within the recollection of your lordships that, as the cousin as well as the wife of our present sovereign, the Queen is not remotely placed in the succession to the Crown of these realms. If, therefore, it should ever devolve upon her, the well-known loyalty of your lordships must at once make you adopt—as now toward its present occupant—a very different view of the question which is now before us; and looking forward to the possibility of that event, we must be equally ready to provide for it. I therefore give notice of the following additional clause: "And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that in case the Crown of these realms shall at any time descend to her said Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, then and in such case this present Act, and all the matter contained therein, shall become utterly void and of no effect, and the whole of the preamble thereof shall be deemed and taken to be false, calumnious, and scandalous, upon the same

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evidence on which it hath now been held to be sufficiently proved."

[*Cheers and cries of "Order!" The attendants of the House at this point begin to light the lamps, as twilight draws in. Outside in the streets a murmuring begins to be heard.*

LORD CHANCELLOR. You wish to table that motion?

LORD KING. I do. [*Re-enter* BROUGHAM *and the rest.*

LORD CHANCELLOR. Yes, Mr. Brougham?

BROUGHAM. My Lords, I have to apply to your lordships' House for indulgence to speak on the position in which the defence now finds itself.

LORD CHANCELLOR. My Lords, is it your pleasure?

LORDS. Agreed!

LORD CHANCELLOR. Mr. Brougham, you may proceed.

BROUGHAM. Your lordships are aware that from the very commencement of these proceedings I have based my case with confidence on the innocence of my illustrious client; and in that very confidence I have refrained from putting forward proofs of a recriminating character too painful for me to wish at this moment to dwell upon. Yet, my Lords, I am now haunted with an apprehension that my feeble discharge of the duty I have undertaken may for the first time cast the case into doubt, and may turn against me for my condemnation those millions of your lordships' fellow-countrymen whose jealous eyes are now watching me, and who will not fail to condemn me if your lordships should pronounce that judgment which the nature of these charges seeks to extort. [*Murmurs outside.*] My Lords, had I not felt convinced that the case of the Queen was so strong as not only to require no word of recrimination, but actually to prescribe silence on so painful and dangerous an issue—my lips would not so long have remained closed. In exercising the power confided to me, and in postponing any statement of those proofs of which I am possessed, I waived a right which I still have, and abstained from the use of materials that are mine. [*Murmurs without.*] But let it not be thought that, if hereafter I should be so far disappointed in my estimate of the failure of the case against me as to deem it my duty to exercise that right,

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let it not be thought that I shall fail! I must remind your lordships that an advocate, by his sacred connection with his client, knows what but one other individual in the world can know: and to promote that client at all hazards is the highest of his duties. He must not regard the alarm or the suffering, the torment or even the destruction he may bring on another. Nay, separating the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, he must go on reckless of the consequences, though his proofs should involve his country in confusion and conflict.

[*Murmurs grow loud without.*

Duke of Cumberland. Damned threatening, damned rebellious, damned insolent! [*Murmurs continue.*

Brougham. My Lords, if that which stands behind the Milan Commission still veils its identity and its guilt, it is nevertheless in my power to unveil that guilt and that identity. And if for the moment I refrain, it is not through fear. [*Uproar grows outside.*] Your lordships—— [*Loud cheers and shouting.*]

Lord Chancellor. Continue, Mr. Brougham.

Brougham. I was saying, my Lord, when the voice of the people interrupted me, that you lordships have not seen fit to listen to my appeal. But there are other ears which I may yet hope to reach, and in which if I may not instil shame, I may yet awaken a dread of consequences. [*The murmurs grow louder and more continuous.*] You have before you, my Lords, the evidences of a persecution unexampled in the history of the world. The down-sitting and the uprising of this illustrious Lady have been watched sedulously and secretly, not merely for months but for years. Every slightest act in her life of enforced exile has been weighed in a balance adjusted by cruel conspirators and loaded with gold whose source I have not been permitted to trace. And to avenge what fancied wrong, the conjugal rights of what tender and faithful spouse has this mockery of a trial been instituted? . . . Silence shudders in answer to a question so framed,—even as the heart also shudders at the callousness which allows such evidence as your lordships have heard to be uttered against one who has fulfilled in the past the sacred duties of mother and wife! I say, my Lords, that no husband with any heart could have permitted such things to be heard against her who had stood to him

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in that sacred relation—even had she deserted his fond embraces and cast herself away from his protection and care—much less had he driven her into guilt by thrusting her from his dwelling—recollecting that the more depraved he showed his wife to have become, the more he established his own profligacy and cruelty.

[*The murmurs grow more formidable without.*

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. No, no! I can't stand this: I must go! I should forget myself!

[*He goes out, glaring indignantly at* BROUGHAM *as he passes.*

BROUGHAM. I have said, my Lords, that no such example was to be found in history; rather I should have said in Christian history: for I find, in some degrees, a parallel in the history of Imperial Rome, at that dark and ominous hour which preceded its decadence and fall. . . . [*Murmurs and booing, without.*] Scarcely, my Lords, had Octavia become the wife of Nero, when almost on the day of marriage she became also the object of his disgust and aversion. She was repudiated and dismissed on a false and frivolous pretext: a mistress was received into her place, and before long she was even banished from the dwelling of her husband. A conspiracy was set on foot against her honour to impute to her a licentious amour with a slave, and some of her servants were induced, not by bribes but by torture, to depose to facts injurious to her reputation. Though the people were convinced of her purity, the prosecutor persisted in asserting her guilt, and finally banished her from Rome. [*Shouts of "Away with the false witnesses!" and "God save Queen Caroline!" and cheers in increasing volume without.*] Her return was like a flood. The generous people received her with those feelings which ought to have existed in the heart of her husband. But a second conspiracy was formed against her: more dark, more insidious and more abominable, it received the support of some of the highest in the land; and overborne by the weight of her persecutors she was unjustly convicted and condemned.

LORD CHANCELLOR. We can hear you, Mr. Brougham, we can hear you without any difficulty.

BROUGHAM. I confess, my Lord, that I was appealing then, more to the consciences of noble Lords than to their outward ears.

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LORD CHANCELLOR. For that, I am sure no raising of the voice is necessary.

BROUGHAM. Your lordship is very good to say so: my words, I know, are feeble, and my voice is weak to contend against the forces that are now abroad, forces which conspire to take from this country her reputation for justice and for truth, and in that conspiracy have come to enlist your aid. My Lords, we are in your hands: and our defence, against whatever obstacles and hindrances, will still go on. But if—which Heaven avert!—the hour has indeed struck, and if now the curtain is to be rung down on the ancient glory of this our land, then, to the ears of posterity my voice shall still be raised, to claim from that supreme tribunal, what in your lordships' House has this day been denied—the exposure of calumny, the assertion of justice, and the vindication of innocence and purity.

LORD CHANCELLOR. The House will now adjourn.

[*Toward the end of* BROUGHAM'S *speech when the outside uproar is at its height a military order is heard, the clash of steel and the raised hubbub of contending forces. Throughout the whole disturbance, though counsel and ushers show excitement and alarm, the Lords sit absolutely impassive, while one or two upon Government benches, when* BROUGHAM *enters on his most swelling periods, go ostentatiously to sleep. The only exception is the* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *who when the disturbance first grows loud, gets up and toddles to the door, consults an usher and returns to his place, a little nonplussed by the studied incuriosity of the noble Lords around him The* LORD CHANCELLOR *occupies himself by writing notes with humdrum regularity while* BROUGHAM *is speaking, stopping for a moment to interpose a remark, and then going on again.*]

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Just for a Lark!

By Anton Chekhov

A BRIGHT winter's morning. The hard frost cracked, and the curls on the temples and the down on the upper lip of Nadenka, who leant upon my arm, were covered with silver hoar-frost. We stood on a high hill. Between us and its foot stretched a sloping plain on which the sun was reflected as in a glass, and beside us was a small sledge lined with bright red cloth.

"Let us go down, Nadenka Petrovna!" I begged. "Only once. I assure you we shall arrive safe and sound."

But Nadenka was afraid. The space between her small golosh and the foot of the ice-hill seemed to her a fearful, immeasurably steep precipice. Her spirits quailed, and she caught her breath if she did but look down, at my mere proposal to get into the sleigh, then what would happen were she to venture to fly down the precipice! She would die, lose her senses.

"Do," said I. "You need not be afraid. Come, this is faint-hearted, cowardly!"

Nadenka at last got in, and I saw by her face that she did so in fear of her life. I seated her, pale and trembling, in the sleigh, and together we hurled ourselves into space.

The sleigh shot down like a ball. The keen air struck our faces, blustered, whistled in our ears, tore and tweaked us sorely and viciously as though to drag our heads from our shoulders. The pressure of the wind made it impossible to breathe. It seemed a very devil had us in his claws, and with a roar was hurling us to hell. Surrounding objects became merged into one long rapidly flying streak. And then a moment when it seemed we must perish.

"I love you, Nadia," I whispered.

The sleigh began to run slower and slower, the roar of the

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wind and the whirr of the slides lost their terror, our breath returned, and we were at last at the foot of the hill. Nadenka was neither dead nor alive; she was pale and scarcely breathed. I helped her up.

"Nothing would induce me to go a second time," she said, looking at me with wide eyes full of fear. "Nothing in the world! I nearly died!"

After a little she recovered herself and looked me questioningly in the eyes: had *I* spoken those four words, or had they only formed themselves for her in the noise of the whirlwind?

But I smoked as I stood beside her, and examined her glove intently.

She took my arm, and we walked slowly round the hill. The riddle evidently gave her no peace. Had those words been spoken or not? Yes or no? Yes or no? It was an important question, one of honour, life, happiness, the most important in the world. Nadenka looked impatiently, and with a sad, penetrating glance, into my eyes, giving me opportunity, waiting for me to speak, and what play of emotions crossed her sweet face! I saw her battle with herself, she longed to speak, to ask, but could find no words; her joy was strangely, fearfully mixed.

"Do you know. . . .?" she said, not looking at me.

"What?" I asked.

"Let us have one more slide."

We climbed the hill by the steps. Again I seated Nadenka, pale and trembling, in the sleigh; again we flew into the fearsome abyss; again the wind roared and the slides whirred, and again in the greatest racket and roar of our flight I whispered, "I love you, Nadenka!"

When the sleigh stopped Nadenka flung a glance at the hill upon which we had just toboganned, looked long into my face, listened to my voice, indifferent and apathetic, and all about her, to her muff and bashlik, expressed the utmost perplexity, and in her eyes was written: "What can it be? Who uttered those words? Did he, or did I only imagine them?"

Unable to answer the question, the poor child frowned, almost cried.

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"Shall we go home?" I asked.

"Oh! I love toboganning," she said. "Let us go once again."

She "loved" toboganning; but once seated in the sleigh became, as before, pale and trembling, and scarcely breathed from fear.

We started off for the third time, and I saw how she watched my face, followed my lips. But I pressed a handkerchief to my mouth, coughed, and half-way down the hill managed to murmur:

"I love you, Nadia!"

The enigma remained an enigma. Nadenka was silent and thoughtful, and on the way home she tried to go slowly, dragged her steps, always hoping I would speak those words. And I saw that her soul suffered, how she exerted control over herself not to say: "It is not possible it was the wind. No, I would rather it were not the wind."

Next morning I received a note: "If you are going tobogganning to-day, call for me." And from that day Nadenka and I began to tobogan every day, and flying down I murmured each time the words: "I love you, Nadia."

Nadenka soon became dependent upon them as upon wine or morphia. She could not live without them. Flying down the hill had indeed at first been awful; but now fear and danger gave a special charm to those words of love, words which as at first remained an enigma and tortured her mind. We were both suspected, the wind and I. Which of us had confessed to love for her she did not know, and it was apparently all one to her. What matter the cup from which one drinks so only one may be drunk!

But one morning I set out to tobogan alone, and mingling with the crowd saw Nadenka arrive at the hill, saw her seek my eyes, and she then went timidly up the steps. It would be fearful to go alone—oh, how fearful! She became white as snow, trembled as though she were going to capital punishment, then started, started, without precaution, decidedly; she had evidently determined at last to obtain proof: would she hear those astonishingly sweet words when I was not there? I saw her, blanched, open-mouthed with horror, seat herself in the sleigh, close her eyes, and bidding a last good-bye to earth, push from

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her place. Ssh! whirred the slides. If Nadenka heard those words, I do not know. I only know she got out of the sleigh weak and faint, and judging by her face she herself did not know had she heard them or no. Fear during the descent had made her incapable of hearing or distinguishing sounds, of understanding.

At last came March and spring. The sun shone kindly: our ice-hill lost its whiteness, darkened, and finally thawed. We stopped tobogganning. Poor Nadenka would no longer hear those words, for there was none to utter them, the wind being imperceptible, and I was leaving for St. Petersburg—for a long time, perhaps for ever.

But one evening, about two days before my departure, I was sitting in the garden, which was separated from the house where Nadenka lived by a high-paled fence; it was still pretty cold. Beneath the manure snow still lay, the trees were lifeless, but there was a scent of spring already, and the rooks settling down for the night chattered noisily. I went to the fence and looked long through the chinks. Nadenka came out and turned her sad, pathetic eyes to the sky. The spring breeze blew straight on her pale, despondent face. It reminded her of the wind which had buffeted us on the hill when she heard those four words, and her face remained sadly set, and a tear crept down her cheek. And the poor child stretched out both hands as though praying the breeze to waft her those words again. And I, waiting on the breeze, whispered:

"I love you, Nadia."

Ah! goodness, what a change in Nadenka! She cried out, her face broke into a smile, and she stretched out her hands to meet the wind, joyful, happy, almost blushing.

And I went away smiling.

This is all long ago. Now Nadenka is married—was married to, or married, it is all one, a secretary of the court of wards of the nobility, and has three children. But she has not forgotten when we tobogganned together and the wind brought her the words "I love you, Nadenka." It is for her the happiest, most thrilling and most beautiful memory in her life.

But now that I am older I cannot understand why I spoke those words—just for a lark.

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La Musique française depuis Berlioz

By Camille Mauclair

Au lendemain de la mort de Berlioz, qui semblait avoir été le Delacroix de la musique romantique, son influence parut aussi éphémère que celle de Delacroix lui-même. Ces deux génies, dont la vie n'avait été qu'un long et pénible combat terminé par un triomphe plus apparent que réel, restaient isolés, et les tendances nouvelles étaient fort éloignées de leur œuvre. Le goût musical des Français était très contestable, l'éducation du public très imparfaite. La foule n'entendait rien à la véritable musique, l'élite n'aimait que l'italianisme, ou la virtuosité pianistique. Le Second Empire avait vu surtout triompher l'opérette d'Offenbach et d'Hervé, l'opéra de Meyerbeer et d'Halévy, l'opéra-comique d'Auber, de Hérold, d'Ambroise Thomas, de Boieldieu, d'Adam. Bach était inconnu, Mozart délaissé, Beethoven peu joué. Liszt était illustre comme virtuose sans qu'on soupçonnât qu'il eût écrit les plus grandioses compositions orchestrales du romantisme. Wagner avait été bafoué, Schumann était ignoré presque autant que Schubert, les grands poèmes de Berlioz n'avaient eu que des succès d'estime ou d'étonnement, la vogue de Chopin n'avait pas survécu au charme du pianiste et de l'homme, on n'avait pas même un soupçon de l'existence des musiciens du seizième siècle, et Rameau, Lulli, Couperin, n'étaient que des noms pour le public, des noms bien moins familiers que ceux de Donizetti, de Rossini ou de Verdi. La romance et le concerto acrobatique constituaient à peu près toute la musique de chambre.

L'éclatante révélation de *Carmen* fut d'abord un insuccès tel que Bizet en mourut de chagrin. C'était une œuvre d'un berliozisme intense, colorée, très dramatique, pleine de curieuses intentions confuses, à la fois réaliste et lyrique, devançant

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nettement son époque. Elle ne trouva que plus tard des admirateurs assez passionnés pour l'imposer à la foule et transformer l'insuccès primitif en gloire mondiale. La production musicale fut gouvernée par quelques hommes de mérites et de valeurs diverses. Le plus cher au public fut Charles Gounod, dont l'incontestable mérite technique et le sentiment délicat de la mélodie ont été si malheureusement compromis par l'indécision et la fadeur. Auteur charmant et facile d'innombrables romances, capable de menues œuvres ravissantes, Gounod avait un amour trop vrai de son art pour ne pas tenter, à l'exemple de ses dieux Bach et Mozart, l'oratorio et l'opéra de haut style : mais ni sa science, ni sa religiosité sincère, ni son sens de la déclamation, ni son instinct de la sentimentalité tendre, ne suffirent à génialiser son talent de second ordre. Sa musique religieuse est aussi inférieure, quoique fort honorable, à celle des grands maîtres, que son *Faust* à ceux de Schumann, de Berlioz et de Liszt.

Il y eut moins de réelle et touchante inspiration, mais plus de science et de complexité, chez M. Camille Saint-Saëns. Lui aussi eut une conception très élevée de son art, et, berliozien fidèle, obéit pourtant à une discipline toute classique. L'admiration déférente s'impose devant une longue carrière où brillent des œuvres comme la *Symphonie en ut mineur* et *Samson et Dalila*, outre une immense quantité de compositions pour le piano, l'orchestre ou la voix et quelques opéras dont aucun n'est négligeable. La distinction, la souplesse, la clarté, le goût compensent là une certaine sécheresse, une sorte de retenue imposée à la fougue spontanée par un esprit doctrinaire de logicien. La *Symphonie en ut mineur* n'en demeure pas moins une des œuvres les plus considérables du genre que la musique française ait produites de Berlioz à Franck, et la plus significative peut-être, parce qu'elle marquait la volonté de maintenir la musique dans les hautes régions beethoveniennes à une heure trouble où l'opéra et l'opéra-comique faussaient le goût public.

Le troisième musicien qui connut, avec Gounod et Saint-Saëns, la faveur de la foule, fut M. Massenet. A eux trois ils exercèrent une royauté incontestée de 1870 à 1885. M. Massenet, plus que M. Saint-Saëns, dont l'art resta toujours un peu hautain

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et dogmatique, partagea la faveur acquise aux qualités de tendresse de Gounod. Technicien d'une habileté prestigieuse, homme de théâtre dans toute la force du terme, il fut le musicien de la sensualité plutôt que de l'amour. Séduisant, ondoyant, désireux avant tout de plaire, n'ayant fait dans la symphonie, l'oratorio et la musique de chambre que de timides essais, il chercha et trouva le succès par ses romances pleines de langueur élégante et ses opéras où la passion règne sans conteste. Les dons de M. Massenet sont surprenants : on peut sincèrement regretter que toute son esthétique ait consisté dans la recherche du succès immédiat et de l'effet à produire. Il y a de tout sans son œuvre, des choses très médiocres et des merveilles musicales comme *Werther* ou *Manon*, des œuvres ciselées et des œuvres improvisées. C'est un artiste auquel il n'a manqué, pour être grand, que de renoncer à être toujours charmant : et on peut dire que malgré les triomphes de sa carrière il n'a exercé sur son art, sinon sur la mode de son époque, aucune influence réelle. Il s'est assimilé avec une habileté magique tous les procédés musicaux sans apporter une conception personnelle de l'art musical, et son nom ne restera guère attaché qu'à une certaine façon câline, langoureuse et morbide de présenter la volupté par la sonorité.

A ces trois compositeurs célèbres s'en adjoignit un quatrième, Ernest Reyer, lui aussi issu de la conception berliozienne, comme Bizet, plus que Saint-Saëns. Caractère élevé, producteur scrupuleux et lent, dédaigneux du succès, Reyer ne s'occupa que du drame lyrique et ne présentera au jugement de l'histoire que deux œuvres, *Sigurd* et *Salammbô*, outre deux ou trois opéras de peu d'importance. Ces deux œuvres durent être jouées à Bruxelles avant de pouvoir se produire à Paris. Les facultés symphoniques de Reyer furent moindres que celles de ses émules : il semble inhabile auprès de la science d'un Saint-Saëns, de l'inspiration et de la souplesse d'un Gounod, de la virtuosité exceptionnelle d'un Massenet. Mais il a créé deux belles œuvres durables parce qu'il était profondément sincère, que son souci du style n'excluait jamais les conseils du cœur, et qu'il y avait en lui la puissance sobre d'un véritable musicien tragique. Sans concession au goût facile, Reyer a attendu la gloire et ne

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l'a jamais cherchée. *Sigurd* et *Salammbô* ont marqué deux dates importantes dans l'évolution du drame musical français depuis Berlioz, comme *Samson et Dalila*. Ce ne sont déjà plus, en effet, des *opéras :* ce sont des œuvres qui présagent le *drame* wagnérien, mais sans en adopter toute l'esthètique, et en gardant, comme le souhaitait Berlioz, plus de classicisme et surtout plus d'humanité et de sentiment mélodique.

Deux autres compositeurs travaillèrent en ce sens. Ce furent Emmanuel Chabrier et Edouard Lalo, tous deux aussi méconnus et malheureux que Saint-Saëns, Gounod, Massenet ou, tardivement, Reyer, étaient fêtés par le public. Chabrier, franchement berliozien, coloriste éblouissant, n'obtint qu'insuccès avec le *Roi malgré lui*, où règne une verve truculente digne parfois des *Maîtres-Chanteurs*, et *Gwendoline*, d'une si belle effusion lyrique. La gloire de Chabrier est entièrement désignée aux repentirs et aux justes réparations de l'avenir. Celle d'Edouard Lalo a été reconnue bien après sa mort. *Le Roi d'Ys*, qui est un chef-d'œuvre et une date aussi significative que celles de *Sigurd*, de *Samson et Dalila* ou de *Salammbô*, eût été plus significatif encore si cette œuvre n'avait attendu plus de vingt ans sa représentation, vingt ans pendant lesquels le public s'était un peu habitué à la polyphonie et à l'esthétique wagnérienne. La musique symphonique de Lalo, outre ce bijou qu'est le ballet de *Namouna*, a été enfin jouée avec le succès qu'elle méritait. Celle de Chabrier, sauf la très connue rapsodie *Espana*, attend encore.

Ainsi se continuait, avec des fortunes diverses, l'évolution de l'opéra et du drame lyrique selon la conception de Berlioz, parallèlement à la musique de Meyerbeer, ou au répertoire italien, ou à l'opéra-comique de Delibes et de Victor Massé, d'Adam ou d'Auber, qui suffisaient à la foule. L'évolution de la symphonie et de la musique de chambre était beaucoup plus lente et plus médiocre. Les concerts étaient envahis par la virtuosité. Les concerts orchestraux n'influaient que peu. Les belles tentatives de Pasdeloup pour initier la foule aux grandes œuvres et agir sur le public peu fortuné avaient été reprises, avec plus de chance que n'en connut cet apôtre admirable, par MM. Lamoureux et Colonne. Mais malgré les œuvres

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et les efforts l'incertitude régnait, l'art manquait de directions et le goût était disparate. Ce fut alors que se produisit une crise qui devait troubler profondément les techniciens et le public, augmenter la confusion, mais aussi, après une période très difficile, forcer les artistes à prendre parti, faire naître des personnalités, et déterminer toute une orientation nouvelle.

Cette crise, ce fut le wagnérisme.

Sous l'Empire, *Tannhaüser* avait été sifflé à Paris. Pasdeloup se ruina en montant *Rienzi*. Des raisons patriotiques achevèrent de séparer Wagner du public français. Même la mort du grand homme ne créa pas l'apaisement. Cependant l'obstination généreuse de Charles Lamoureux commença d'imposer des auditions fragmentaires aux concerts, puis une représentation de *Lohengrin*. Malgré les manifestations violentes, une élite française se rendait à Bayreuth et en revenait enthousiaste. L'opinion fermenta jusqu'au moment où *Lohengrin* fut joué à l'Opéra. Dès lors, les auditions se multiplièrent. Si les griefs patriotiques s'apaisèrent peu à peu, Wagner eut à subir une seconde lutte posthume contre ceux qui niaient son génie musical, après ceux qui, refusant même de l'examiners l'avaient rejeté comme insulteur de la France. Durant plusieur, années l'opinion resta divisée. Il serait long et superflu de redire comment Wagner finit par être joué et acclamé en France, les étapes de son œuvre dans les théâtres et les concerts de 1887 à 1909, de la tempête déchaînée contre Lamoureux à la représentation triomphale de l'*Or du Rhin* à l'Opéra, clôturant le cycle des drames wagnériens à Paris.

Les musiciens n'avaient pas attendu ces combats, l'apostolat de Lamoureux, la réaction du public, pour envisager l'immense importance des œuvres et des théories de Wagner. Depuis bien longtemps ils l'évaluaient, soit pour y être hostiles, comme Gounod ou Saint-Saëns défendant le classicisme de Rameau, de Mozart ou de Gluck, soit pour l'admirer et en être influencés. Il y avait du wagnérisme en Chabrier et en Lalo ; *Sigurd* était comme un présage du drame wagnérien, et on a vu M. Massenet mêler graduellement et adroitement des procédés de Wagner à son orchestration, dès *Esclarmonde*, peut-être à la fois pour

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devancer la mode et par l'intelligence très avertie des avantages que de tels procédés pouvaient apporter au théâtre lyrique. A mesure que les représentations de Bayreuth et les auditions de Paris familiarisaient les oreilles avec des harmonies d'abord jugées inadmissibles, une bibliographie chaque jour augmentée révélait non seulement les sujets et la psychologie de la *Tétralogie*, de *Parsifal* et des autres drames, mais encore les idées de Wagner, sa technique et ses théories sur le tragique musical. On découvrait un colossal système, à la fois musical, littéraire et philosophique, un essai grandiose de fusion des arts qui enthousiasmait les poètes autant que les symphonistes. Wagner devenait un incroyable excitateur intellectuel.

Mais en même temps, il apparaissait, un peu comme Victor Hugo dans la poésie, comme un élément de crainte, de doute et de stérilité. Il semblait, en portant à son plus haut degré de perfection la dramaturgie lyrique, ne plus rien laisser à faire après lui. Comprendre la conception de Wagner, c'était découvrir le ridicule et la vanité de l'ancien opéra. Admettre sa conception, c'était se résigner à l'imitation avec des moyens moins puissants : et trouver quelque chose de nouveau semblait impossible. Tout pâlissait auprès de Wagner. Dès lors les musiciens furent saisis d'inquiétude, et une période très pénible commença pour ceux qui ambitionnaient d'être sincèrement personnels. La crise wagnérienne ne donna pas la même anxiété aux littérateurs. Elle coïncida avec la manifestation de l'école symboliste. Le wagnérisme ramena l'attention sur les identités des arts, aida au rapprochement des poètes et des musiciens, qui jusqu'alors s'ignoraient ou se dédaignaient mutuellement : en engageant les poètes à considérer le vers lyrique comme un instrument musical, le wagnérisme contribua indirectement à la création du vers polymorphe, qui restera le meilleur titre du symbolisme à compter dans l'histoire littéraire française, et par suite il contribua à la renaissance du lied en France. Mallarmé et Verlaine furent les initiateurs de ce mouvement. On peut dire qu'il a été l'un des plus grande ferments de l'intellectualité française contemporaine.

Mais le théâtre lyrique en fut paralysé. On sentait bien qu'il fallait aller plus loin que les œuvres aimables de M. Massenet,

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dépasser le classicisme d'un Saint-Saëns ou d'un Reyer : mais comment, et qui se sentirait assez de force ? En attendant, les musiciens nouveaux étudiaient les procédés polyphoniques de Wagner, et cette étude transformait toute leur conception de la symphonie et du chant. L'idée leur vint alors d'abandonner provisoirement le théâtre, de renoncer à l'art factice de l'opéra, aux combinaisons industrielles qu'il nécessite, et de faire une sorte de retraite dans la musique " pure," c'est-à-dire la sonate, le quatuor, le lied, la symphonie. Là on pouvait encore créer des œuvres intéressantes, préférables à un plagiat du tout puissant Wagner ou à la brillante banalité de l'opéra habituel. Une période de recueillement et de transformation technique commença pour tout un groupe d'hommes qui, depuis quelques années déjà, se réunissaient autour d'un symphoniste pauvre, malchanceux et modeste, dont l'âme, la vertu et le génie les remplissaient de respect. Il se nommait César Franck.

César Franck exerça sur son époque une influence secrète, mais considérable. En face du wagnérisme, qui rejetait impérieusement toute la musique vers le théâtre et l'inféodait au drame symbolique, Franck représenta le maintien d'une tradition classique et religieuse, et conseilla sagement le renoncement au théâtre. Son génie se manifesta dans des œuvres sublimes comme la *Symphonie*, la *Sonate* pour piano et violon, le *Quintette*, le vaste oratorio des *Béatitudes ;* deux œuvres scéniques, *Hulda* et *Ghisèle*, montrèrent qu'il n'était pas fait pour le drame. Les poèmes pour piano et orchestre, *Les Djinns* et le *Chasseur maudit*, attestent chez lui une influence berliozienne, mais sa vraie nature le rapprochait des maîtres anciens. C'était le Fra Angelico de la musique, un mystique suave aux pures effusions. Tandis qu'une série de musiciens continuaient, avec plus ou moins d'habileté, à écrire des opéras et des opéras-comiques au goût du public moyen, en empruntant à Wagner quelques nouveautés d'écriture, les amis de Franck s'en tenaient à la musique de concert. C'étaient, entre autres, Vincent d'Indy, Ernest Chausson, Pierre de Bréville, Gabriel Fauré, Guy Ropartz, Charles Bordes. Vincent d'Indy fut le plus

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doué et le plus remarquable. Technicien érudit, esprit très altier, compositeur d'une science et d'une puissance indéniables, il a donné à la musique française de très nobles œuvres, la trilogie de *Wallenstein*, le *Chant de la Cloche*, des symphonies, des sonates, dés quatuors d'un beau style sévère : élève favori de Franck, il fut après la mort du maître le théoricien le plus autorisé du groupe, et il adjoignit à son œuvre considérable de symphoniste une œuvre professorale non moins importante. C'est à lui en partie qu'on doit la remise en honneur de la musique française du seizième et du dix-septième siècles, de la vieille musique italienne, des œuvres de Rameau et de Gluck. Mais l'influence de Wagner ne fut pas moins grande sur Vincent d'Indy, et elle se traduisit chez lui d'abord par l'écriture orchestrale, ensuite par deux drames symboliques, *Fervaal* et l'*Etranger*, qui marquent curieusement le désir de franciser l'esthétique de Bayreuth.

Ernest Chausson, mort prématurément, eût été un grand musicien, si l'on en juge par sa *Symphonie*, son *Quatuor*, son *Poème pour violon et orchestre*, et par une série de lieds dont le plus parfait est la *Chanson perpétuelle*. Lui aussi songea au théâtre et laissa un drame lyrique, le *Roi Artus*, où l'influence wagnérienne est par trop visible. Les disciples de Franck étaient quand même trop frappés par Wagner pour ne pas essayer de toucher au domaine scénique. Ils n'y songeaient certes point par désir du gain et de la publicité : tous riches et indépendants, ils ont dédaigné comme leur maître le succès facile, et vécu sans concessions. Ils n'admettaient pas non plus qu'on dût soumettre toute la musique à la dramaturgie lyrique, et persistaient à croire que la vrai domaine musical c'est le concert et le chant. Mais, sans vouloir disputer à un Massenet ou à tel autre faiseur d'opéras les bénéfices du gros succès, ils pensaient qu'une génération doit, sous peine d'être convaincue de timidité et d'impuissance, se manifester aussi au théâtre. Seulement le wagnérisme a trop pesé sur eux, comme sur les écrivains symbolistes, pour leur permettre de faire là œuvre vraiment forte et nouvelle. C'est dans le lied qu'ont brillé Pierre de Bréville, délicat évocateur de la vieille musique française, et Gabriel Fauré, dont les interprétations de Verlaine sont justement célèbres, et dont la grâce

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subtile se relie aux meilleures traditions de Schubert. Tandis que Guy Ropartz, qui a créé à Nancy un des plus importants centres d'art musical de France, s'est fait apprécier par quelques belles symphonies et œuvres religieuses, c'est par quelques lieds remarquables que s'attesta le beau talent de Charles Bordes. Mais il cessa tôt de produire pour se consacrer tout entier, avec la foi d'un ardent apôtre, à la reconstitution de toute la musique antérieure à Rameau et à la révélation de la musique religieuse primitive. Il fonda la célèbre compagnie des Chanteurs de Saint-Gervais, puis, avec Vincent d'Indy, la *Schola Cantorum*, véritable conservatoire libre dont il multiplia les succursales en France et auquel il adjoignit une immense bibliothèque, la résurrection de tout un passé entreprise, sans ressources, par un jeune homme d'une infatigable activité, d'une érudition et d'une foi extraordinaires, aussi grand par l'âme que par l'intelligence.

Sous l'impulsion des élèves de Franck, lesquels avaient créé, outre la *Schola Cantorum*, la *Société Nationale de Musique* pour jouer les jeunes auteurs, la musique de chambre et le lied se développèrent considérablement. Il faut mentionner, outre celle de Franck, l'influence restreinte mais efficace d'un musicien, Henri Duparc, qui ne publia que quelques mélodies d'une forme impeccable et une pièce d'orchestre, *Lénore*, mais dont l'enseignement verbal fut assez analogue à celui que Mallarmé transmit par ses conversations. Il y eut à ce moment chez les peintres néo-impressionnistes, les poètes symbolistes et les élèves de Franck, tous réunis par l'incompréhension agressive de la critique et par le désir de trouver des formules neuves, une sorte de fraternisation qui dure encore. Le principe wagnérien de la fusion des arts agissait sur leurs sensibilités simultanées. A l'ancienne romance de Gounod ou de Massenet se substitua une œuvre vocale où le chant, la prosodie et le commentaire instrumental s'unissaient pour constituer, comme dans Schumann, un petit drame complet. Outre Gabriel Fauré, Ernest Chausson, Pierre de Bréville, Charles Bordes, on put compter parmi les rénovateurs du lied Reynaldo Hahn, Gabriel Fabre, Gustave Samazeuilh, Louis de Serres, et, à part, Gustave Charpentier et Claude Debussy, que nous retrouverons plus loin.

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Le franckisme a été une transition entre le wagnérisme et la musique classique. Il a rallié les jeunes gens loin de l'opéra et de l'opéra-comique. Il a peu ou point compté au théâtre, mais contribué de fort belles œuvres à la symphonie et à la musique de chambre. Il a, surtout, aidé à la reconstitution complète d'une bibliothèque de musique ancienne et d'une histoire de la musique française que l'enseignement suranné du Conservatoire officiel avait laissé péricliter. Il a agi puissamment sur la mentalité d'une génération en la documentant sur les maîtres, en attirant son attention sur la nécessité d'un renouvellement de la technique, en lui expliquant Wagner, en combattant l'influence mauvaise de la musique facile, en formant une école de chanteurs de lied, en réagissant contre le mauvais goût acrobatique des virtuoses. Il a ainsi mis à profit le temps d'arrêt forcé que l'écrasant théâtre wagnérien imposait à l'époque. Ce sont là des services assez éminents pour compenser quelques défauts. Les franckistes ont été plus riches d'érudition et d'intellectualité que de sentiment et d'inspiration Dogmatiques, attachés avant tout au purisme de la forme, ils ont versé peu à peu dans un classicisme un peu étroit. Renonçant à combattre sur la scène pour imposer au grand public une esthétique trop délicate et trop savante pour lui plaire, ils ont préféré se réfugier dans le culte du passé. Mais ils ont, malgré leur effacement volontaire, contribué fortement à faire sentir au public la beauté de la vraie musique, dont la production courante faussait le but et le sens. Ils ont soutenu la cause du concert, véritable temple de leur art, contre l'opéra de plus en plus compromis par l'industrialisme, la réclame et l'obéissance à la mode.

Parallèlement à la dignité et à l'esprit noblement traditionnel de ce groupe d'artistes, le théâtre en effet continuait à présenter des œuvres qui assuraient de l'argent à leurs auteurs, mais qui ne comptaient aucunement dans l'évolution artistique. Outre le répertoire, les scènes lyriques accueillaient de temps à autre M. Saint-Saëns, très rarement Reyer, très souvent M. Massenet dans ses productions multiples et fort inégales, quelques partitions de prix de Rome, et des œuvres dues à MM. Messager, Xavier Leroux, Erlanger, Hillemacher, Widor, Coquard, etc. Ces œuvres étaient plus ou moins intéressantes, plus ou moins

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adroites, mais à peu près toutes dénuées de signification profonde et durable. Faites pour être jouées avant tout, construites sur les livrets violents ou fades, elles n'apportaient aucune réelle psychologie musicale, faisaient recette et disparaissaient sans laisser de traces. On les entremêlait de drames wagnériens donnés au hasard, sans ordre, et des détestables compositions de l'école italienne récente.

Les concerts avaient déjà accompli, avant cette tardive admission de Wagner sur les grandes scènes, l'œuvre de la révélation wagnérienne au public. C'était aux concerts qu'il fallait aller chercher de sincères émotions musicales. C'était là que s'accomplissait, à Paris et dans toute la France, l'œuvre d'éducation rationnelle de milliers d'auditeurs sincères qui s'initiaient à Bach, à Beethoven, à Mozart, à Berlioz, à Schumann, et ce public était infiniment plus vibrant que celui des théâtres. La foule française devenait mélomane sous l'impulsion de la crise wagnérienne, par l'unique influence des concerts populaires qui à Rouen, à Lille, à Angers, à Nancy, comme à Paris, révélaient les chefs-d'œuvre. Le théâtre n'a été pour rien dans cette brusque et surprenante évolution nationale, dans ces douze ou quinze années de transformation de la sensibilité française soudainement éprise de musique symphonique. Au contraire, ou peut dire que les grands succès de théâtre n'ont fait, à de très rares exceptions près, que consacrer la banalité, l'emphase et la facticité, et par là contribuer à fausser le goût du public et à tromper l'étranger sur la véritable valeur de l'école française.

Cependant cette lente période de préparation et de retraite allait aboutir à un brusque retour au théâtre. Le *Fervaal* de Vincent d'Indy, qui n'avait obtenu qu'un succès d'estime, était une œuvre symbolique noble et sévère, représentant bien les qualités de technique et les défauts d'action directe que le franckisme et les influences wagnériennes pouvaient apporter à la scène. Un courant nouveau se manifesta avec les premières œuvres d'Alfred Bruneau, écrites sur des livrets d'Emile Zola et franchement inspirées par le réalisme. *Le Rêve* fut un succès, l'*Attaque du Moulin* et les autres œuvres qui suivirent, *Messidor*, l'*Ouragan*, furent violemment contestés. Franckiste

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dissident, Alfred Bruneau se trouva isolé à la fois des symphonistes et symbolistes de la *Schola Cantorum* et des musiciens fidèles aux traditions du vieil opéra. Le réalisme musical fut attaqué par tout le monde, mais créa une effervescence dans les milieux nouveaux, en qui l'idée de sortir à tout prix de la formule wagnérienne dominait toutes considérations. Alors éclata *Louise*, dont la première représentation constitua la date la plus importante de la musique française depuis le *Roi d'Ys*.

Gustave Charpentier, prix de Rome rebellé contre l'école académique, fils du peuple, berliozien enthousiaste, s'était déjà fait connaître par de belles mélodies et des œuvres symphoniques. La suite des *Impressions d'Italie*, le monodrame de la *Vie du Poète*, avaient fait de lui une idole de la jeunesse. C'étaient des compositions tout imprégnées du lyrisme ardent, de la spontanéité fougueuse de la *Symphonie fantastique*, avec une écriture magistrale et un don intense de la vie. *Louise*, que l'auteur qualifiait de "roman musical," affirma une esthétique contestable mais un tempérament de grand symphoniste. Ce fut un triomphe : et quoique l'auteur ait gardé de silence depuis plus de dix ans, son public lui est resté fidèle et sa renommée n'a pas décru. *Louise* apportait au théâtre lyrique les procédés du roman naturaliste ; mais on y trouvait le romantisme de Berlioz, une admirable déclamation, des scènes poignantes, une orchestration impeccable, et par-dessus tout la jeunesse, la sincérité, la passion et l'audace, toutes les qualités françaises qui manquaient aux stricts et sévères disciples de Franck. Gustave Charpentier, créant une œuvre nationale, une œuvre faite pour aider fortement à cette "démocratisation musicale" qui s'emparait de la foule, sortait complètement du domaine wagnérien et rejoignait Berlioz par Bizet.

C'était là le fait le plus significatif. Assurément il était aisé d'apercevoir sans tarder que le réalisme musical ne pouvait constituer une esthétique durable, et qu'aux mains de musiciens moins personnels et moins doués il pouvait même devenir un instrument de trivialité. *Louise* était une merveille musicale, mais son action et son texte contenaient déjà des témoignages regrettables de la faiblesse et de l'étroitesse du réalisme lyrique. C'était la manifestation puissante d'un tempérament excep-

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tionnel, ce n'était pas la formule d'une nouvelle beauté. L'école des Leoncavallo, des Mascagni, des Orefice, n'a que trop montré comment le réalisme peut conduire à la pire décadence, au vacarme, au bas comique, à la piteuse sentimentalité de romance, lorsqu'il n'est soutenu ni par une belle technique ni par une rare personnalité. On ne saurait imputer à Charpentier et à son œuvre, mais seulement aux principes qui l'inspiraient, une aussi déplorable lignée de mauvais musiciens de théâtre. Au reste, il est demeuré sans imitateurs, sans influence directe en France, il s'est tu, Alfred Bruneau n'a plus retrouvé les succès de ses débuts, et il semble bien que le spectacle de l'école italienne ait achevé de dégoûter les compositeurs d'un pareil système. *Louise* reste unique. Mais du jour où on l'a connue on a compris que quelque chose pourrait venir après Wagner, que l'oppression de ce tyrannique génie avait pris fin. *Louise* prouvait qu'entre le wagnérisme et l'art de conservatoire une route était ouverte. Et cette route, où Berlioz, puis Bizet, puis Charpentier s'étaient engagés, allait conduire non seulement à s'affranchir de Wagner, mais encore à le combattre résolument au nom de la vieille musique française, au nom de Rameau, de Couperin et des clavecinistes comme au nom de Mozart et de Gluck. Le nationalisme musical était né. *Louise* commençait un mouvement anti-germanique une fois de plus, après les *Troyens*, après *Carmen*. Berlioz réagissait contre Wagner par Charpentier, et en Allemagne même l'auteur de la *Symphonie fantastique*, comme l'auteur de *Louise*, allaient influencer Richard Strauss.

Ce fut à ce moment qu'une élite d'artistes commença à parler des compositions étrangement personnelles d'un musicien que le public ignorait totalement. Il avait obtenu jadis le prix de Rome, mais était rentré dans l'obscurité, sans chercher à se produire. Il se nommait Claude Debussy. On connaissait de lui quelques mélodies sur des poèmes de Baudelaire et Verlaine, un quatuor joué dans de petits cercles, et un poème d'orchestre écrit pour commenter l'*Après-midi d'un faune*, de Stéphane Mallarmé. Ces œuvres étaient conçues par un harmoniste extrêmement subtil, raffiné, épris de recherches singulières. Elles n'obtenaient d'ailleurs, dans leurs rares auditions, aucun

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succès : le public les considérait avec une surprise défiante comme des caprices de décadent. Cependant, avec les années, il apprenait à s'habituer à des associations sonores qui lui avaient semblé insolites et folles. La révélation de la symphonie russe, de Borodine, de Rimsky-Korsakow, de Balakirew (sans qu'on pût encore prévoir à cette époque le génie musical et dramatique de Moussorgsky), montrait en M. Debussy un succédané de cette école slave et orientale. A mesure que tombaient les préventions du public contre le symbolisme poétique et l'art impressionniste, l'auteur de l'*Après-midi d'un faune* se présentait comme un impressionniste musical et un poète très original. On savait aussi que lentement M. Debussy travaillait à un drame lyrique tiré du *Pélléas et Mélisande* de M. Maeterlinck. De nouveaux lieds, des pièces de piano d'une rare perfection de forme, tout empreintes du charme mystérieux d'un Mallarmé ou d'un Whistler de la musique, affirmissaient le renom de l'auteur.

Pélléas et Mélisande fut joué : et, après *Louise*, ce fut une nouvelle date et un nouveau triomphe, bien que dû seulement à l'enthousiasme d'une élite et non, comme celui de *Louise*, à l'acclamation du grand public. L'œuvre apportait un démenti systématique au wagnérisme. Elle inaugurait un mode de déclamation lyrique tout à fait analogue (mais on ne le savait pas encore) à celui du génial *Boris Godounow* de Moussorgsky. Elle était entièrement construite sur des harmonies qui donnaient l'impression de n'avoir jamais été entendues. Enfin, elle unissait le charme d'une œuvre légendaire, précieuse, inusitée, au charme d'un classicisme oublié, les séductions d'un modernisme intense à celles d'un primitivisme raffiné et naïf. La monodie y remplaçait la polyphonie, tout y résultait du choix des timbres. C'était un langage nouveau. L'œuvre ne témoignait pas seulement de la merveilleuse faculté qu'avait son auteur de transcrire musicalement les nuances les plus ténues d'un poème très subtil, jusqu'à sembler l'avoir imaginé sous les deux formes. Elle posait un problème. Elle désavouait le romantisme autant que le wagnérisme, elle remontait à la " musique pure " des classiques à l'exclusion de tout élément descriptif, tout en révolutionnant l'harmonie.

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Il n'en fallait pas davantage pour que, du jour au lendemain, se créât le " debussysme." Après le wagnérisme, le franckisme et le réalisme, le debussysme se fondait. Les harmonies de l'auteur de *Pélléas* trouvaient des imitateurs. Ils en copiaient les procédés, mais l'âme en était incommunicable. Il ne s'agissait plus de conceptions dramatiques illustrées par des phrases musicales, il s'agissait uniquement des caprices d'une âme complexe, voluptueuse, légère, triste, se jouant dans un monde sonore tout spécial, découvert par une sensibilité auditive exceptionnelle. Une telle personnalité excluait toute école. On ne pouvait que s'occuper des nouveaux rapports de timbres constatés et employés par M. Debussy afin d'entrer à sa suite dans une voie technique nouvelle et de s'en servir à des fins différentes. Les jeunes imitateurs s'attachèrent malheureusement plutôt à reproduire jusqu'à la caricature les effets extérieurs de cet art, comme les familiers de Mallarmé ou de Whistler s'étaient efforcés d'écrire sans clarté ou de peindre des fantômes, au lieu de comprendre les raisons profondes qui conduisaient leurs maîtres à sembler hermétiques ou diffus. Le côté " décadent " de M. Debussy ne contribuait pas peu non plus à les attirer. Il n'est pas sans défauts, comme toute grande individualité : sa psalmodie est parfois d'une irritante monotonie, ses délicieux détails d'écriture lui ôtent de la simplicité et de l'émotion vraie, sa subtilité va jusqu'à la morbidité, ses harmonies sont troublantes jusqu'à inquiéter les nerfs, sa grâce s'entache de préciosité, et enfin sa violence rythmique n'atteint que rarement à la sérénité de la vraie puissance. Nous trouvons tous ces défauts, sans ces qualités, chez un groupe de jeunes gens qui, élèves de la *Schola Cantorum* ou débutants de la *Société Nationale*, formèrent un schisme et résistèrent à l'influence très dogmatique de Vincent d'Indy pour chercher du nouveau à la suite de l'auteur de *Pélléas* qui, pourtant, reste jalousement isolé et se défend de faire école.

Depuis la révélation de M. Debussy, deux tempéraments se sont manifestés, celui de M. Paul Dukas et celui de M. Maurice Ravel. M. Dukas s'est fait apprécier par une symphonie, une sonate et un poème symphonique, l'*Apprenti sorcier*, avant de donner au théâtre une noble et belle œuvre lyrique, *Ariane*

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et Barbe-Bleue. Artiste probe, technicien savant, il représente le dernier effort de la tradition franckiste ; son drame est influencé par les harmonies de M. Debussy, mais conserve une allure générale plus simple et plus classique, bien qu'il soit un peu desservi par un livret obscur, factice, très inférieur au beau livret de *Pélléas. Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* n'en est pas moins une des considérables créations scéniques de la musique française contemporaine, et la preuve d'un grand talent. Quant à M. Maurice Ravel, il n'a encore fait connaître que quelques pièces de piano, une rapsodie espagnole pour orchestre, une série de mélodies et un quatuor. Ce sont les œuvres d'un impressionniste musical qui semble décidé à aller plus loin encore que M. Debussy dans la recherche d'un coloris curieux et d'une polyrythmie capricieuse.

Parmi les tout derniers venus, M. Florent Schmitt semble être le plus remarquable, avec des mélodies, des pièces de piano, un quintette surtout dont l'ampleur, le style élevé, la richesse d'inspiration, ont fait une sensation profonde dans le monde des musiciens : debussyste par la direction générale de son esprit, il semble pourtant plus soucieux de classicisme. M. Déodat de Séverac, disciple de la *Schola Cantorum*, auteur de quelques œuvres pour piano d'une fraîcheur et d'une couleur remarquables, a obtenu un vif succès avec son œuvre de début au théâtre, le *Cœur du Moulin*, qui est d'une technique exquise. Il faut en dire autant de M. Antoine Mariotte, qui, après avoir publié quelques beaux lieds et une sonate pleine de fougue, écrivit cette *Salomé* qui fut l'objet d'un débat célèbre avec M. Richard Strauss, et qu'on a enfin jouée à Lyon et à Paris avec un magnifique succès. Et pour conclure il faut mentionner un musicien franckiste, M. Albéric Magnard, leur aîné, que sa scrupuleuse modestie a desservi jusqu'ici, dont les drames lyriques sont encore ignorés, mais dont les symphonies sont très belles par la pureté technique et l'éloquente inspiration.

Tel est le tableau de la musique française depuis une cinquantaine d'années : tableau incomplet certes, où je n'ai voulu que préciser les grandes lignes sans prétendre nommer

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tous les musiciens parvenus à la notoriété ou dignes de l'obtenir, sans prétendre encore moins cataloguer leurs œuvres. En dehors de ce qu'on pourrait appeler la production musicale *industrielle* (opéra-comique, opéra issu de Meyerbeer ou de Massenet, musique de salon ou de tradition académique), les mouvements intéressants, nouveaux, conservant un caractère d'art véritable, ont été, après Reyer et Lalo, après le neo-classicisme de M. Saint-Saëns, le franckisme, le réalisme, le debussysme, représentés dans l'art dramatique par *Fervaal*, *Louise*, *Pélléas et Mélisande :* dates importantes, succédant à celles de *Carmen*, *Sigurd*, *Salammbô*, le *Roi d'Ys*, *Samson et Dalila*. Parallèlement à l'évolution du théâtre, plusieurs phénomènes très considérables se sont produits ; la révélation wagnérienne, d'une énorme portée esthétique, critique et technique : la transformation de l'ancienne romance en lied : la création de toute une " littérature du piano " : la développement d'une école symphonique : la renaissance de l'ancienne musique française : l'accroissement considérable des concerts : l'éducation rationnelle de la foule : la recherche d'une harmonisation jusqu'alors inconnue : un retour très déterminé à la " musique pure " : l'incroyable importance prise par la symphonie comme facteur psychologique dans la vie sociale, dans l'évolution de la sensibilité collective. On peut dire que jamais l'école française n'a eu autant de vitalité, de féconde inquiétude, de curiosités et de tendances. Après l'admirable mouvement réaliste du seizième siècle, après l'école si vivante et si grande du dix-huitième siècle, une longue éclipse s'était produite. Sauf la glorieuse exception de Berlioz, de 1800 à 1860 on peut dire que le domaine musical était complètement abandonné, en France, aux Italiens, aux faiseurs de mélodrames, à l'opéra-comique et à l'opérette : ni œuvres élevées, ni théories, ni goût public. La France a tout cela aujourd'hui. Le franckisme et le debussysme comptent dans l'histoire de l'art musical du dix-neuvième siècle au même titre que la musique russe ou que l'art allemand extra-wagnérien (Brahms, Mahler, Bruckner, Richard Strauss), et l'apport harmonique de M. Debussy place même l'école française à l'avant-garde vers l'avenir.

Le labeur accompli a donc été énorme. Non seulement

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plusieurs œuvres dramatiques de haute valeur, mais encore une reconstitution de l'art symphonique, de la musique de chambre et du lied, une renaissance des origines, une transformation frappante de la foule, une affirmation précise du style français, voilà le résultat du berliozisme, de la crise wagnérienne et de l'exemple de Franck. L'effort a été rude pour parvenir à clore la période active du wagnérisme, entré maintenant dans une phase simplement historique. Mais il était inévitable que cette diversité et cette richesse de tendances engendrassent actuellement une confusion, et cette confusion, plus apparente que réelle, est très obscure pour un public étranger.

Il ne faut pas oublier en effet que tout cela s'est passé dans un délai relativement très court, en sorte que les musiciens dont les tendances sont depuis longtemps dépassées continuent de produire en même temps que les autres. Des soixante-dix ans de M. Massenet aux quarante-huit ans de M. Debussy et de M. Charpentier, aux trente-cinq ans de M. Ravel, ou aux soixante ans de M. d'Indy, des idées et des conceptions sont nées, se sont développées ou sont mortes, et avec une telle hâte que le public a dû s'étonner des dernières avant d'avoir eu le temps de s'assimiler tout à fait les premières. La mentalité changeante des artistes va toujours beaucoup plus vite que celle du public, et ils sont poussés, par leur incessant désir du meilleur et du nouveau, à quitter des idoles qu'ils vénéraient la veille et auxquelles vient à peine de parvenir la foule qu'ils y conduisaient. Une œuvre comme l'*Ariane* de M. Massenet est donnée en même temps que l'*Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* de M. Dukas alors que vingt années d'évolution esthétique séparent les conceptions qui ont déterminé ces deux productions musicales. Le classicisme de M. d'Indy impatiente déjà les amis de M. Debussy, qui considèrent la *Schola Cantorum* comme un second Conservatoire, et lui témoignent la même défiance. Il est donc très difficile, de loin, de reconstituer la chronologie des tendances contemporaines, les novateurs d'hier, ceux d'aujourd'hui et ceux de demain se trouvant confondus dans une lutte quotidienne.

Quelques données apparaissent précises, cependant. Si Wagner, comme symphoniste, garde tout son prestige, la jeune

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génération s'accorde à abandonner la conception du drame wagnérien, littéraire, philosophique, symbolique. Elle est lasse des Niebelungen, rejette l'aspect exclusivement germanique de la *Tétralogie*, et réclame pour la musique, dont Wagner fit la servante des idées dramatiques, le droit à dominer son sujet. En ce sens *Pélléas et Mélisande* est une œuvre systématiquement anti-wagnérienne. *Tristan et Isolde* et les *Maîtres-Chanteurs* sont infiniment préférés à la *Tétralogie*, et encore faut-il ajouter que cette génération fait depuis cinq ans tous ses efforts pour replacer les œuvres d'orchestre de Liszt à leur vrai rang et réparer une longue injustice, et l'ingratitude de Wagner lui-même, en montrant que le génial abbé, desservi comme compositeur par sa gloire de virtuose, avait trouvé la plupart des formules wagnériennes et se reliait à Berlioz. C'est au concert et non au théâtre que Wagner est le plus admiré et le mieux assimilé. La révélation du *Boris Godounow* de Moussorgsky a causé plus d'émotion et d'enthousiasme chez les musiciens nouveaux que tous les dialogues wagnériens, et l'esthétique de Bayreuth n'est considérée par eux que comme une curiosité historique et non plus comme un exemple vivant.

D'une façon générale, ils tendent à exclure tout romantisme et à revenir à un certain classicisme, à la "musique pure," à la joie du langage sonore aimé pour lui-même. La musique à programme littéraire les rebute, ils détestent la description précise et l'éclat extérieur. Moussorgsky, Borodine, Rameau, Gluck, Mozart leur sont plus chers que Berlioz ou Wagner, et leur respect pour Beethoven se mêle à la crainte de voir en lui l'homme qui introduisit dans leur art d'architecture sonore l'expression des passions romantiques et par conséquent un élément littéraire et pictural. Ils préférent pour la même raison Schubert à Schumann, et, à Chopin, les clavecinistes du dix-huitième siècle. En un mot, nous sommes dans une période de purisme, d'émotion subjective et de réaction anti-romantique qui a sa répercussion dans les lettres et dans la peinture.

Une telle conception ne va pas sans défauts. Le plus évident à l'heure présente, c'est le défaut de puissance. Par peur de l'emphase, on n'écrit que des œuvres délicates et brèves. Par

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peur de l'émotion déclamatoire, on tend à ne produire que des compositions dont la subtile écriture fait tout le prix. L'horreur de la mélodie, banalisée et avilie par la romance et l'opéra, conduit à une fâcheuse mélopée polyphonique : le côté mathématique de la musique *écrite* absorbe plus l'attention de nos musiciens nouveaux que l'émotion nerveuse et psychologique résultant de la musique *entendue*. La conception de la " musique pure " est parfaitement logique dans son principe. La musique est une combinaison de sonorités uniquement destinée à émouvoir les sens et à satisfaire l'esprit par ses vibrations et sa mathématique : c'est un plaisir sensoriel et intellectuel. Cette idée, qui obsède les jeunes musiciens, semble inattaquable. Néanmoins, elle ne tendrait à rien moins qu'à exclure tous les compositeurs ayant introduit dans leur art la description, les sentiments, la couleur, les données psychologiques et littéraires, c'est-à-dire tous les romantiques, Berlioz, Wagner, Schumann, Liszt, et Beethoven lui-même ! Et elle ne respecterait que Bach et Mozart, et les clavecinistes, et les compositeurs religieux, sans même épargner Gluck et Rameau. Le " plaisir " constitué par les combinaisons de timbres, et rien que par elles, ne serait un plaisir que pour les techniciens, et pour l'immense majorité du public ce serait un sujet de méditation abstruse.

Il est évident que bien des éléments littéraires ou picturaux se sont mêlés à la musique, que le romantisme a abusé de la " musique à programme," et que l'opéra est un genre absurde, fait pour discréditer l'art et non pour le servir. Mais tout cela a contribué à amener la foule à la musique, à faire de celle-ci l'art le plus vivace des temps modernes, l'art qui absorbe de plus en plus les autres. Revenir à la sévère conception de la musique " pure," ce serait enrayer l'énorme mouvement qui pousse la foule à considérer la salle de concert comme le dernier temple où elle trouve l'état d'idéalisme et de religiosité, où elle éprouve le magnétisme collectif que crée, dans un respectueux et noble silence, la célébration d'un culte. Ce serait refaire de la musique le plaisir de quelques cercles d'initiés, une messe basse dans un coin d'une vaste cathédrale déserte. A l'heure actuelle, une telle restriction n'est plus possible.

Le désir de revenir aux formes classiques mais restreintes

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se joint au désir de faire admettre toute une série d'harmonies que les classiques n'ont pas connues. Le phénomène sonore se modifie et s'amplifie au cours des siècles : l'histoire de la musique nous démontre que successivement les grands musiciens, c'est-à-dire les hommes organisés tout spécialement au point de vue de la perception auditive, ont semblé apporter d'inacceptables cacophonies, auxquelles l'oreille du public s'est ensuite habitué jusqu'à y trouver de grandes joies sensorielles. La musique de M. Debussy renforce encore le singulier énervement dont se plaignaient jadis les premiers auditeurs de Wagner. Nous sommes au moment troublé où le souci de faire accepter cette nouvelle harmonie prime toute considération ; et on écrit une musique qui semble n'avoir ni commencement ni fin, ni d'autre sens que celui d'une succession de sonorités étudiées pour elles-mêmes. La voix humaine est réduite au rôle d'instrument secondaire. La difficulté des rythmes, la rareté des timbres, sont disproportionnées à l'idée et à l'émotion, et la musique nouvelle ressemble plus souvent à un savant travail algébrique qu'à un plaisir d'art, bien qu'elle n'ait point l'aspect pédantesque des compositions d'outre-Rhin.

Quant à la forme théâtrale, il ne semble pas que *Pélléas et Mélisande* ait, plus que *Louise*, ouvert une voie. C'est une œuvre d'exception dont tous les procédés, le dialogue monodique, la couleur volontairement éteinte, sont merveilleusement adaptés à ce poème mais ne sauraient servir à l'interprétation d'un autre : et ce poème, délicieux mais purement légendaire et fantômatique, ne peut pas plus faire école qu'un conte de fées. L'imitation du librettiste et du musicien conduisait à l'afféterie, à l'obscurité, à l'ennui et au ridicule. M. Debussy lui-même semble de cet avis car il n'a donné depuis plusieurs années que quelques pièces de piano et d'orchestre sans importance. On semblerait plutôt se rallier à une conception plus généralisée, et qu'il y eût tendance à " socialiser " la musique en abandonnant l'opéra vieilli, compromis et factice, et en essayant, un peu dans le sens de la *Vie du Poète* de Charpentier, une sorte de vaste oratorio laïque, avec solis et chœurs, exprimant musicalement de grandes idées ou de grands sentiments collectifs. C'était ce que Berlioz rêvait d'après la tragédie grecque, c'est

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ce que Beethoven a immortellement réalisé dans la *Neuvième Symphonie*, cette œuvre qui prévit le développement social de la musique, la participation des foules à une nouvelle religion. Nous sommes en pleine période de transformation et de préparation, et c'est ce que le public ne saurait oublier pour juger impartialement la crise de la musique française actuelle, et lui accorder la confiance et le crédit qu'elle a mérités.

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The Pilot Fish

By H. de Vere Stacpoole

He was twenty-one feet from snout to tail-tip, full speed ahead he could make thirty knots, covering in under ten hours the three hundred miles from Key West to Nassau, and once, in a fit of caprice, despite the laziness of his kind and perhaps called by some mysterious voice, he had made the thousand miles from Kingston to the Windward Islands, only seeing three sunsets.

This scout of the sea had brushed or passed through every sand-pit and passage of the Caribbean; from the passage dividing Turk's Island from the Caicos to the trick-bottle entrance to the Gulf of Maracaibo.

He was of the wandering order of shark. Just as you find old stay-at-homes like Port Royal Tom or Pelorus Jack, sharks that keep to a fixed business premises and regular hours, so do you find the reverse. Gipsies of the sea, wanderers whose wanderings are bounded only by parallels and meridians.

When the sun rises over the Bahamas he lights with one flash a thousand miles of the bluest water on earth and holds it glittering in his grasp like a vast sapphire till he sets over Tampico way in a sea of seething gold. From dawn to dark colour celebrates her triumph; the cornflower blue of the shallows, the deep violet blue of the depths, the sea-gardens of the Antilles ablaze with coloured coral and spangled with flights of coloured fish, the white of coral sand, purple and olive of reef, all these will wake to life with the first ray of the sun; then you may see the foam on the reefs or on the strands, not as foam, but as a fleece of living gold.

On earth there is nothing more beautiful than the sea-foam touched by the first rays of the tropic sun. Then, and for a moment after, a breeze from some sea-shore of the Golden Age

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seems to fill the world with youth—a moment after, and the sun, freeing himself from the sea that seems to cling to him, rises in the blue rapidly, hurriedly, like a king hastening to ascend his throne, and the tremendous day of the tropics has begun.

Now, in a hundred blue harbours, from the Straits of Florida to Port of Spain, flags of all nations are fluttering to the wind, boats are putting out to the ships, the markets are crowded, and the gaiety of life is in full swing; so it will hold till towards noon, when life begins to die out, or, if it pleases you better—sleep. In the depths of the sea, in the heart of the forests, in the centre of the town no living thing is untouched by the ebbing of life's tide. There is an armistice in the eternal war of the sea, and amidst the hills of the islands you will not hear a voice, except now and then, silvery and flute-like, the call of the *siffleur de montagne*.

It was just at this hour of peace that our friend the slayer, lazily swimming outside the Bahamas, fifty miles or so south-east of Watling Island, heard through his drowsiness a sound.

He was swimming four fathoms below the surface, above and around him lay a vague bottle-green world that grew vaguely lighter and darker with the passage of the swell above. He was heading north-west on a course that would take him by a maze of passages to Cape Sable, steering by the tune of the reef that lies exposed just here, and by some sixth sense, some compass of the brain; a compass unaffected by any error of variation or deviation.

The sound which now in a flash caused him to alter his course and, with the grace of a bending and straightening bow, head due north-east, was a sound less loud than the turmoil of the sea-tormented reef.

Prolonged, musical, and sonorous, it loudened at every fin and tail stroke, and now it was passing overhead accompanying the shadow of a swiftly moving cloud that was passing due south.

Again, with the movement of a bending and straightening bow, the slayer altered his course and hung in the shadow of the moving cloud, moving as it moved, effortless, at nine knots and with a gentle lift, till at three fathoms the cloud above became the solid bottom of a rushing ship, and he could see the vague

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fringe of weeds growing from the copper sheathing and feel the whirl and suck of her passage.

Then, letting her slowly slip ahead, he rose less than a fathom from the surface.

She was a two-hundred-ton brig, bound from Halifax to Port au Prince. He could see the lettering on the counter, the after-rail, and away up above that, like a hard white cloud, the sails cutting the dim blue sky.

The murky, bottle-green world of four fathoms had given place to a world of azure, broken by streaky shadows caused by the lines of foam and the swirl cast behind her by the brig. As though he were gazing upwards through sheets of blue crystal, the slayer could see the brig's counter, the lettering, the sails, the spars, and then a sheet of rushing foam would pass, wiping the picture out, and the boom and wash of the water would mix with the groan of the great rudder and the creak of spar and block. A small darting shadow was now crossing and re-crossing before the sight of the slayer. It was the pilot fish; a brown streak seen from below, a streak of blue and gold seen from above.

It was always with him, though not always in sight. Swimming above, below or behind, it would go with him as swift as he might, as far as he chose; only in certain difficulties and dangers and when the question of food came uppermost would the pilot fish take the lead.

It was taking it now.

It suited the lazy mood of the slayer to lie in the wake of the brig on the look-out for scraps, but it did not suit the little blue and gold pilot fish.

The pilot fish was disturbed, electrical and magnetic influences were telling it things, the yelling hurricane that had passed the Bermudas early that morning and which was now touching the northern skyline with its darkness had spoken to the little blue and gold fish, just as it had spoken to the barometer on board the brig.

The mercury in the barometer was pumping, the fish flitting here and there was in agitation, saying to its great friend as plainly as movement could speak, "Come, follow. It is not here we shall find food. Follow me. I am wiser than you."

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The slayer, with that perfect obedience to instinct without which life in the sea-depths could not exist, turned with a movement of the tail and, led by the faithful pilot, set his course due south.

Now, the brig was a hundred miles off her course. A drunken captain and a drunken mate had thrown her off it. Thirty miles south lay a terrible mass of reefs and shoals, forming a veritable trap for the unwary. Did the pilot fish, who could tell the force and direction of the coming storm, know vaguely, but surely, of the weakness and misdirection of the brig? Who can say, or who can fathom the instincts of the sea—the instinct that brings the sharks from numberless leagues away to the cutting in of the cachalot, the instinct that joins the swordfish and the killer-whale in their hunting expeditions, the instinct that, unlike intellect, never errs, having for sure foundation awful and mysterious knowledge?

As they drove through the water, swimming at a fathom and a half and just below the perturbation of the swell, a shadow spread before them, dimming the blue-green world through which they were passing. It was the shadow of the coming storm, and scarcely had the murmur of the reef-sown water reached them from the south, than from the north the first crash of thunder shook the sea.

With the current in their favour they had been making thirty knots; now each moment the murmur of the reefs loudened before them and the footsteps of the storm behind. To a shark the razor-edged coral reefs are as dreadful as to a ship, but the slayer, undeflected by any fear, held on his tremendous course, swift as an arrow from the bow.

The tide had just turned and was on the ebb. Right in the course of the slayer and his pilot lay a long razor-backed reef, protecting a vast pool, deep and floored with sand, a natural harbour without an entrance.

At low tide, and even midway between flood and ebb, this reef would be exposed, but now it was covered by nearly a fathom of water. There was sufficient draught for the slayer to pass over it uninjured, but only just sufficient. Beaten by the swirling water, he felt for a second the touch of the murderous

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reef; then, knowing himself at his journey's end, he held his speed and sank, slowly as a feather sinks through air, to the sandy bottom of the pool.

As he touched it, the whole pool was lit by a lightning flash; the parrot fish, the gropers, the large shells crawling with outspread feelers on the sandy floor, floating strips of fuci, all were lit, and stood out for a moment clearly in the green light of the flash, and then vanished as the thunder shook the pool to its heart.

Now could be heard the yell of the wind above, a wind so tremendous in its strength that before it the waves vanished, flattened out on a sea of foam like driving snow.

The foam rushing over the reef made a roof for the pool through which the next flash came, dimly as if through a scuttle of deeply muffed glass.

Nothing could be heard for a while but the yell of the wind and the hiss of the foam, then like a deep-drawn note came the boom of the first great wave.

Skulking on the sand, the slayer lay through it all. Towards midnight something happened of a nature more tragic than the howling of the wind and the beating of the waves.

With a crash as though the whole reef had been shattered, the waters of the pool were displaced and shaken. Then, as though in that convulsion the hurricane had spent its anger and its strength, the yell of the wind lost its ferocity, the waves fell gradually, and as hour followed hour a dim light broke above, strengthened to the rising sun, and then all at once, as if by magic, the pool became lit and burned like a vast and flawless emerald.

With back broken, on the sandy floor, masts and spars and rigging all tangled in ruin, lay the brig, the tune of whose passage above had attracted the slayer yesterday. Lifted clear over the reef she lay, never more to be seen by man; a corpse lashed to the wheel, corpses lashed to the rigging, sunlit in the clear green water, silent, strange beyond expression.

The slayer, leaving the sand, floated upwards, hideous as death, terrible as fate. As he rose, he opened his mouth, and from it, beautiful with grace and colour, flashed the little pilot fish. She had sheltered from the gropers and the other savages of the

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pool all night long in the stomach of the slayer, and now she flitted before him, leading him triumphantly to the corpse-strewn wreck.

It was as though she were saying, "Did I not lead you right when yesterday you were in search of food?"

Had she, then, in her subtle brain worked out the destruction of the brig and the place of its destruction? Who knows! But above the wreck and ruin of man's handiwork she flitted like the genius of Instinct, triumphant (as in the end of time it will be) above the labours of the genius of Intellect.

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Alfred de Musset

By Professor M. A. Gerothwohl, Litt.D.

In the most suggestive, but at the same time most whimsical of literary histories, the late M. Taine singled out Alfred Tennyson and Alfred de Musset as the two most representative poets of their two nations. In this—to me—most unnatural selection, it seems as if the distinguished theorician of the French Ecole Naturaliste had been guided, not to say obsessed, by his pursuit rather of the racial *homme moyen*, intellectually speaking, than of the racial super-man. I should be less averse to the coupling of Tennyson's name with Hugo's, or preferably Lamartine's. But I am here concerned with one term only of his comparison, the French bard whose centenary occurs this year and is being celebrated in such sorry fashion by the publication of private letters discreditable to his wit and character alike. In view of the fact that these letters throw no new light whatsoever upon the sources of his poetic inspiration, criticism would have done well to refrain from breaking the seal.

> Les morts dorment en paix dans le sein de la terre ;
> Ainsi doivent dormir nos sentiments éteints.

I do not propose to delve in the epistolary mire which has proved the grave of Musset's reputation as a man. The poet has given us in his work sufficient materials wherewith to reconstitute the man himself, good and bad, and it is therefore from the work that I shall draw whatever explanation I may require of his personality. It is, moreover, the work of which I propose to appreciate primarily the two-fold artistic and psychological value. And in doing this I shall consider the poet not so much in such parts of his genius as are peculiarly French,—qualities, for instance, such as wit or common sense, which are here held to be the very reverse of the qualities requisite for poetic feeling

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and poetic diction,—but in such of his characteristics as are universal. In other words I propose to bring out any new note which he may have introduced in the treatment of the three elemental themes of all poetry,—themes in consequence that have been successively handled, if with varying intensity, by the master-singers of all nations,—Nature, God, Love.

There is no theme which lends itself to more variations, whether lyrical or philosophical, than the first, and despite the prejudice which prevails in this country, I must confess that after the Hymns to Nature of Lamartine, or the Imprecations of Vigny, or again, the Symphonic Orchestrations of Hugo and the Marmorean landscapes of Leconte de Lisle, we are ill-advised in denying the French muse a place of honour among other Nature-loving muses. At the same time, if we were to take Taine at his word and Musset as the national embodiment of French poetry, to defend the prejudice would be no difficult matter. In the eyes of this "man about town," this Boulevardier, Nature may not be confined exactly, as Brunetière would have it, to the Luxembourg Gardens or the Versailles Park, but—if I may be excused for Anglicising the analogy—Nature for Musset is best suggested by Maidenhead, visited preferably in an up-to-date punt, and most certainly in the company of a pretty girl! Musset may at times have deceived himself on this point, but he tells us very clearly in his dedication to *La Coupe et les Lèvres :*

> Vous me demanderez si j'aime la nature,
> Oui ;—j'aime fort aussi les arts et la peinture . . .
> Mais je hais les pleurards, les rêveurs à nacelles
> Les amants de la nuit, des lacs, des cascatelles . . .

He reverts frequently to this confusion of Art and Nature, or rather of the Arts and of Nature, and not always in bantering tones, but in a serious vein, as, for instance, in *La Nuit d'Octobre.*

> Aimerais tu les fleurs, les prés et la verdure,
> Les sonnets de Pétrarque, et le chant des oiseaux,
> Michel Ange et les arts, Shakspeare et la nature,
> *Si tu n'y retrouvais quelques anciens sanglots ?*

In this passage we touch upon the keystone to his Nature poetry, which is altogether of a subjective and literary, I would

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fain say, bookish kind. Nature for Musset will ever remain a philosophical idea and abstraction, invariably invoked as an accessory, and an accessory only, of human feelings. Willingly he would subscribe to Stendhal's dictum that "the interest of the landscape is not enough, there must be a moral interest as well." He may exclaim one day, "O Nature, O ma Mère," but this exclamation is merely a vague and conventional echo of Rousseau's Pantheism. Similarly, Lorenzaccio, when he has accomplished the murder that should prove his moral redemption, clamours for eternal rest in a form of lyric exaltation. But that, again, is merely a commonplace to which outward circumstances lend a peculiar poetic and dramatic charm. *The Nature Catechism* which Perdican expounds to the little peasant girl in *On ne badine pas avec l'amour* is no less banal:

Tu ne sais pas lire; mais tu sais ce que disent ces bois et ces prairies, ces tièdes rivières, ces beaux champs couverts de moissons, toute cette nature splendide de jeunesse. Tu reconnais tous ces milliers de frères, et moi pour l'un d'entre eux; lève-toi, tu seras ma femme et nous prendrons racine ensemble dans la sève du monde tout-puissant.

In truth, his fauna and flora are meagre in the extreme, and when he dabbles in botany we see only the pride of the human artisan, who mocks rather ingeniously, it should be admitted, the helplessness of Nature:

Croyez-vous que ça sentît la rose dans le paradis de Moïse? Ça ne sentait que le foin vert. La rose est fille de la civilisation; c'est une marquise comme vous et moi.

Once, however, in the *Confession d'un enfant du Siècle*, he gives us a glimpse of a higher flight towards a spiritual communion with Nature, and he has had some rare but most delightful whiffs and flushes of Nature, in *La Nuit de Mai*, to quote but one instance:

. . . Poète, prends ton luth; la nuit sur la pelouse
Balance le zéphyr dans son voile odorant,
La rose, vierge encor, se referme jalouse
Sur le frelon nacré qu'elle enivre en mourant.

Truly, he abounds in such purple patches of Nature, if of Nature discovered not through his own temperament but through the great masters of classical literature, Homeric or Racinian; witness the well-known passage: "Voici la verte écosse," &c.

Side by side with this bookish interpretation there is yet

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another that is peculiar to Musset, a purely artistic one. No doubt but that he owes it to his fairly extensive studies in ancient and modern æsthetics; for it may happen, even, that in the plastic precision of his descriptive poetry he anticipates already the art transpositions of Théophile Gautier:

Mais rien ne reste plus que l'ombre froide et nue,
Où craquent les cloisons.
J'entends des chats hurler, comme un enfant qu'on tue:
Et la lune en croissant decoupe, dans la rue,
Les angles des maisons.

Finally, he has a personal knack of little human etchings, dainty in rhythm and enhanced betimes by a sentimental languor:

S'il venait à passer, sous ces grands marronniers,
Quelque alerte beauté de l'Ecole flamande,
Une ronde fillette échappée à Teniers,
Ou quelque ange pensif de candeur allemande,
Une vierge en or fin d'un livre de legende,
Dans un flot de velours traînant ses petits pieds.
Elle viendrait par là, de cette sombre allée,
Marchant à pas de biche avec un air boudeur
Ecoutant murmurer le vent dans la feuillée,
De paresse amoureuse et de langueur voilée,
Dans ses doigts inquiets tourmentant une fleur,
Le printemps sur la joue et le ciel dans le cœur.

Musset may not be a Nature poet in the highest and most original sense, but he is a scenic artist of no mean order.

Musset's originality is not more apparent in his poetic treatment of the Deity, and I say this fully conscious of the temporary reputation, which two world-famous amplifications (the opening passage of *Rolla* and *L'Espoir en Dieu*), remarkable, no doubt, from a rhetorical standpoint, but wholly lacking, in my view, the deeper religiosity, have earned for him in scholastic circles. For Musset is neither a theologian nor a metaphysician, and has, indeed, but scant respect for these "bully boys of Truth." He is an anti-philosopher, owing to the romantic prejudice against the eighteenth century, that century to which he owes so much—*vide* Rousseau and Diderot. In the same way he is an anti-clerical, like every self-respecting young Parisian *bourgeois* between 1830 and 1848. He would agree with Byron "that the Devil with his twice two hundred churches has made a damned bad purchase":

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Mais je hais les cagots, les robins et les cuistres . .
Qu'ils servent Pimpocau, Mahomet ou Vishnou,
Vous pouvez de ma part répondre à leurs ministres
Que je ne sais comment je vais je ne sais où.

Musset, therefore, is not a Catholic, nor a Denominationalist in any sense. He himself tells us in a rhetorical strain how "with a mind poisoned from childhood with the literature of the last [eighteenth] century, I had been suckled at an early age on the barren breasts of Infidelity," proceeds to assert in the celebrated tirade of *Rolla* that he does not believe in Christ's holy word, and boldly labels himself the most godless child of this godless century—a superlative certainly lacking in humour, though possibly not in conceit.

On the other hand he seems to be moved by a Christian humanitarianism—he was living in the days of Lamennais and of Lacordaire and of the budding of Christian democracy—which would benefit more especially certain outlaws and . . . Magdalenes. For Musset delights in the idea (consult his little-known *Tableau d'Eglise* in the *Mélanges de Littérature et de Critique*) that the only human being that may possibly have understood Christ must needs have been Mary Magdalene. He recognises in Christ rather man made God, than God made Man—a not unromantic theology—and I am perfectly willing to credit as genuine and virtuous his appeal in *Rolla*, "Qui de nous, qui de nous va devenir un Dieu?" But his theology teems with contradictions. In *La Coupe et les Lèvres* Frank, the hero, exclaims at one moment, "Je crois au néant comme je crois en moi," when in the previous act this disciple of Manfred's, this Prometheus of the modern spirit, had reminded us in language hardly less lofty but far less graceful than Lamartine's ("l'homme est un Dieu tombé qui se souvient des cieux") that his divine origin is writ across his brow."

But we should ever be mindful that Musset had suffered from the disease of the age, despair and blasphemy.

Lorsqu'un athée, tirant sa montre, donnait un quart d'heure à Dieu pour le foudroyer, il est certain que c'était un quart d'heure de colère et de jouissance atroce qu'il se procurait. C'était le paroxysme du désespoir, un appel sans nom à toutes les puissantes célestes; c'était une pauvre et miserable créature se tordant sous le pied qui l'écrase; c'était un grand cri de douleur. Et qui sait? aux yeux de celui qui voit tout, c'était peut-être une prière.

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This last and wholly unexpected hypothesis implies on the part of God a power of forgiveness hardly inferior to that claimed by Hugo in his famous, or if you will infamous, "Je sauverais Judas, si j'étais Jésus Christ."

Assuredly, Musset is no Christian, if only because "born of a woman, he cannot escape from mankind's bonds." From mankind's temptations, he means, for in the eyes of Christianity, "Love is a sin and happiness a crime,"—love and happiness that is, such as Musset conceives them. And you would readily conclude that the literary creator of that marvellous Fantasio and of his sublime impudence, "Oh! if only there were a devil in heaven, if only there were a hell, how promptly I should blow out my brains to go and see it all!" would give himself up to the joy of living without further scruple. As a matter of fact he *does* experience days when he would wish to deny in order to quell his doubts, and he should find therein permanent relief, since in his own words, "from him who doubts to him who denies there is little distance." Every philosopher is kinsman to an atheist! But, unfortunately—or shall I say fortunately?—he cannot bring himself to cross that Rubicon

> Malgré moi l'infini me tourmente!
> Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux."

For Musset has emerged from his consultations—five-minute consultations, whether in the study of the philosophers, ancient and modern, or more likely in that of the specialist in nervous diseases—more of a prey to doubt than heretofore. The lesson that "Contempt is science, and silence wisdom" does not appeal to him as it appeals to Vigny. He cannot rest content with indifference, he cannot therefore rest satisfied with an atheistic creed, since Indifferentists are not atheists, and would not sleep did they but doubt for a single day. Accordingly, he will go Pascal's way, if more rapidly and with a less poignant thrill; he will even borrow from the great Jansenist his famous wager:

> Si le ciel est désert nous n'offensons personne,
> Si quelqu'un nous entend, qu'il nous prenne en pitié.

So Musset will kneel, and in a prayer that smacks to a certain extent of blasphemy, he will ask God to reveal Himself to him;

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and since he has ever remained a child, with a heart of astounding simplicity, this act of faith will restore Faith to him, that is, if he had really ever lost it, which, by the way, I am inclined to doubt. For in a letter to the Duchesse de Castries dated 1840 we read:

La croyance en Dieu est innée en moi, le dogme et la pratique me sont impossibles, mais je ne veux me défendre de rien; certainement je ne suis pas mûr sous ce rapport.

Ripe? that indeed he is not, but God will surely appreciate the *naïveté* of his faith, for God is not very exacting, so Musset assures us.

Tu ne sais rien, tu ne lirais pas dans un livre la prière que ta mère t'apprend, comme elle l'a apprise de sa mère, tu ne comprends même pas le sens des paroles que tu répètes quand tu t'agenouilles au pied de ton lit, mais tu comprends bien que tu pries, et c'est tout ce qu'il faut à Dieu.

Yes, that is all that is wanted, and Musset is thereby enabled to terminate on an optimistic note *La Nuit D'Août:*

A qui perd tout Dieu reste encore,
Dieu là-haut, l'Espoir ici-bas.

Musset's God, even should he not, as is likely, formally delete the damnation clause, would never have the nerve to damn any one. And, besides, "Look for Immortality in Faith. Those to whom God has lent wings (as, for instance, to certain poets!) reach there smilingly." Quite so, but why then so many literary subterfuges?

I referred above to a famous line from Lamartine to the effect that man is a fallen god who still has memories of heaven. Thus, a man may lose the faith, and along with it, his reversionary interests in the celestial paradise; he may contemn both dogma and practice; yet the very same man, if he think at all deeply, if he *feel* deeply, will retain of his originally religious nature a certain aspiration towards the ideal, a longing for something to worship, or more simply, the longing to worship something. . . . It will be for him as a means of renewing upon earth the lease of his lost paradise. And this paradise, given certain conditions and certain opportunities, which we find in the case of Musset,

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he will endeavour to re-create in Love. Love of religion will then find itself transformed into a religion of Love! it is only a question of substituting one creed for another; he will ever have remained one of the Faithful. Now, Musset will cover this pilgrim's route with extraordinary rapidity. In the first instance we shall see in him little else but the manifestation of an innate tenderness, astoundingly feminine, not to say childish. "I must see a woman; I must see a pretty foot and slim waist, I must love. I should love my cousin, old and ugly as she is, if only she were not pedantic and stingy," he writes in 1840—when he is thirty years of age, and he waxes indignant against those *bourgeois* "polypi" who regard Love as a pastime and a University degree as a thing of importance! Love a pastime! What blasphemy in the eyes of the man for whom the only true language in the world is a kiss, who will exclaim in a genuine outburst that he lives only when another heart beats against his, and who will never agree that to live alone is to live at all: "I would as soon be an Englishman," he writes with some heat. But let us not mistake the full significance of this temper; it is infinitely more than a common outburst of what Musset himself calls *l'esprit français*, of which at certain times he likes to give himself as an example: "Let a pretty girl come along, and I shall forget the whole philosophic system elaborated in the course of six months' misanthropy. Let her but wink at me from the corner of her eye, and I shall worship her for at least . . . six months." A passing whim merely, this. We should turn rather to the following lines in the Confession: "Love was all I knew of Life, my mistress was all I knew of the world, and I did not wish to know anything more. So that, having fallen in love on leaving school, I sincerely believed myself in love for a lifetime, and all other thoughts had disappeared." We touch here upon the genesis of the monopoly—there is no other word for it—which Love, the *idea* no less than the *sentiment* of Love, is about to establish over the whole range of Musset's faculties, physical as well as moral. On an exceptionally affectionate disposition his keenly receptive intellectuality, as moulded by poets, novelists, Art and Nature, will graft a philosophy of Love, which he will endeavour to realise in his mode of living: "To love is some-

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thing, the rest counts for nought." For Love *is* Life. Just look at Nature and see how she bears out this pan-erotic doctrine.

> J'aime, voilà le mot que la nature entière
> Crie au vent qui l'emporte, à l'oiseau qui le suit !

The whole of life is there, as Valentin explains to Cécile in *Il ne faut jurer de rien :*

> Oui, toute la vie,—depuis l'Océan qui se soulève sous les pâles baisers de Diane jusqu'au scarabée qui s'endort jaloux dans sa fleur chérie. Demande aux forêts et aux pierres ce qu'elles diraient si elles pouvaient parler. Elles ont l'amour dans le cœur et ne peuvent l'exprimer.

Love therefore is Nature, the whole of Nature ? Perhaps so, but wait; Love is infinitely more than that; for a poet Love is Genius itself.

> Ce que l'homme ici bas appelle le génie
> C'est le besoin d'aimer, hors de là tout est vain,
> . . . Celui qui n'a pas l'âme à tout jamais aimante,
> Grand homme si l'on veut ; mais poète, non pas.

And this is serious if you like, for just conceive what is to be the destiny of a poet born in a *blasé* generation, at a period when " Tout est mort en Europe, oui, tout, jusqu'à l'amour." Where shall he find food for his genius ? Unless, . . . unless he be in the first place sufficiently predisposed by temperament, and in the second place fanciful or proud enough to imagine that he will be able, single-handed, to re-shape the world in his amorous mould. In truth, he does not lack predisposition for such a task, for to him would apply St. Augustine's self-analysis, " Nondum amabam, sed amare amabam, et amans amare, quod amarem quærebam." On the other hand, Musset admits himself that his brain wore itself out with idle fancies which he preferred to reality; and, besides, his pride must needs have been intense, since it survived his sense of shame. There is yet another consideration; if the path of Love be strewn with thorns, if the road to Love be a Calvary, there are glorious compensations to such drawbacks in the shape of genius's laurels. I suspect, too, that Musset does not as yet anticipate a certain martyrdom. For he sets out, this novel archpriest, this " passionate pilgrim," almost as fully convinced of the favourable issue of his mission as of its greatness and purity; his heart is all aglow with the self-confident ardour

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of the neophyte! He may have foreseen that the various stages of his sentimental journey would not all terminate in a *Te Deum*, but he never foresaw that they would all end more or less in a *Miserere*—all save one, the day of the Sand betrayal, a *Dies Iræ*, this! No, indeed, he is an optimist, even when he touches, unconsciously, it is true, the sore spot of his doctrine:

> Doutez de tout au monde et jamais de l'amour
> . . . Doutez si vous voulez, de celui qui vous aime,
> D'une femme ou d'un chien, mais non de l'amour même.
> L'amour est tout—l'amour et la vie au soleil.
> *Aimer est le grand point, qu'importe la maitresse.*

As a matter of fact, what we find here expressed is the quest, the glorification of Love, of Love considered independently of its object, and of the latter's qualities, or, in other words, Love of Love rather than Love of any one, which is equivalent to the love of every one, including the very first comer. Such a craze in the case of a romantic schoolgirl of fifteen is of little consequence, but in the case of a poet, of a "passionate pilgrim," as we have seen, who goes about carrying in his heart an electric charge of innumerable volts, ready to explode at the earliest pressure of the button, whoever may apply the pressure . . .! reflect but for a moment, and you will easily realise to what heights, or depths, it will lead the unfortunate poet. This self-constituted modern Brutus, this avenger of Love's rights, will move, no doubt, as moves his hero, "in the dress of the great brotherhood of vice like a child of ten in a giant's armour." He will think himself entitled to sound the dregs of life—and of love—with the unshaken resolve to remain innocent beneath his sullied garments, but, like his hero, he will be unable to find himself again, and to cleanse his hands. "I know life; 'tis a filthy scullery; keep out of it, if you have any respect for anything." But he has "tried his hand" at it, believing himself to be proof against the contamination or contagion of vice, by virtue of his purity of intention, if not by reason of the purity of "Love's host" itself. Although he would not, for the life of him, trifle with Love, he will repeat with Perdican after his first disillusions, "All men are deceitful, inconstant, false, indiscreet, hypocritical, proud and cowardly, contemptible and sensual; all women are treacherous,

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cunning, vain, inquisitive, and depraved . . . but there is in the world one holy and sublime thing,—'tis the union of two of these imperfect and repulsive beings." And he will think himself thereby justified in his triflings with debauchery! Alas! we know it too well,

> Malheur à celui qui laisse la débauche
> Planter le premier clou sous sa mamelle gauche.
> Le cœur d'un homme vierge est un vase profond,
> Lorsque la première eau qu'on y verse est impure,
> La mer y passerait sans laver la souillure,
> Car l'abîme est immense et la tache est au fond.

But he, unfortunately, has forgotten the lesson, and soon discovers that

> L'apprentissage de la débauche ressemble à un vertige. Les débauchés s'attachent sur la débauche comme Mazeppa sur sa bête sauvage; ils s'y garrottent, ils s'y font centaures, et ils ne voient pas la route de sang que les lambeaux de leur chair tracent sur les arbres. . . . Tout ce qu'aime le débauché, il s'en empare avec violence.

And so he is caught in the cog-wheel.

This is the retribution for having believed that "corrupt soil can produce a celestial harvest," of having confused wine with intoxication, and divinised the cup in which he had sipped the divine beverage. Henceforth there will be in Musset two men, an idealist and a libertine, and fortunately for him, as some will say, or unfortunately, as others may think, neither of the two will kill the other. They will coexist side by side, the man of the soul and the man of the senses, in the poet's work as in his life. Frank, the hero of *La Coupe et les Lèvres*, embodies both in his two-fold love for the courtesan Belcolore and the chaste Deidamia. But generally, in his dramas as in his novels and short stories, Musset will project himself in the form of two distinct characters; they will be Rodolphe and Albert, Octave and Coelio, Rosemberg and Uladislas, Fantasio and Claveroche, Octave and Desgenais. The one will constantly be warning him against desecrating happiness on the altar of pleasure, while the other will whisper into his ears that

> C'est un vieux mensonge à plaisir inventé
> Que de croire au plaisir hors de la volupté.

But neither the one nor the other will predominate.

> Ah! si la rêverie était toujours possible,
> Si l'on rassasiait l'amour comme la faim,

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little doubt but that the idealist would triumph and that he would renew his acquaintance with that long-lost

> Charme inconnu dont rien ne se défend,
> Qui fis hésiter Faust au seuil de Marguerite,
> Candeur des premiers jours.

In fact, he would feel, as felt the Marion Delorme of Hugo or the Dame aux Camélias of Dumas, his soul recovering its purity, at the sight or at the thought of maiden innocence and virtuous love. But he has tasted of libertinism and to it he will return:

> Le cœur d'un libertin est fait comme une auberge,
> On y trouve à toute heure un grand feu bien nourri.

For is there not among libertines a saying that all women are alike, and that in seducing one of them you seduce a whole world? No doubt! Why then are there so few loves that are alike? Because "Reality is but a shadow. What lends to it a divine ray you may call imagination or madness." We see how his idealism pursues him in his very orgies, blinding him to their emptiness and monotony: "Je n'ai jamais mis le genou en terre sans y mettre le cœur." It is unfortunate for the heart that he should have bent the knee so often! He himself explains to us how he recognises his celestial mission even when he is deeply embedded in the mire. "To me any idea of sensual pleasure was inseparable from an idea of love; that was my ruin." How much nobler than the more usual converse of this proposition! He knew full well how deceptive were his illusions, and "preferred nevertheless his illusions to reality." That was, indeed, "the best part of himself," as of his Coelio; but this novel conception of a Don Juan Highpriest is wrought with endless catastrophes for himself, as for others.

> Rameau tremblant encor de l'arbre de la vie,
> *Tombé comme le Christ, pour aimer et souffrir . . .*
> . . . Prenant pour fiancée un rêve, une ombre vaine,
> Et fouillant dans le cœur d'une hécatombe humaine,
> Prêtre désespéré, pour y chercher ton Dieu.

Strange, is it not, that the man who suffers should wish to make his beloved suffer too? Stranger, still, that he should accept so patiently his own suffering, or rather that he should ask for it, that he should revel in it.

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O Muse, que m'importe ou la mort ou la vie,
J'aime et je veux pâlir, j'aime et je veux souffrir.
. . . Après avoir souffert il faut souffrir encor,
Il faut aimer sans cesse après avoir aimé.

And elsewhere:

Rien n'est bon que d'aimer, n'est vrai que de souffrir.

And this paroxysm:

Mon cœur prit un amer plaisir
A sentir qu'il aimait et que j'allais souffrir.

This curious phenomenon, curious in a man, is made up of several seemingly incongruous elements which it would be interesting to sift. I say curious *in a man*, because this glorification of, and thirst for, amorous martyrdom is no rare occurrence among the opposite sex; but I hinted previously that Musset's tenderness is strikingly feminine in all its bearings. He, himself, wrote one day, possibly with unconscious depth, that in Love sex difference is not the important factor, but rather differences between individual beings. Similarly, as he advances in life he seems to have looked for the maternal side in his mistresses, who are generally older than he, and this to such an extent that it were possible to substitute *mother* for *sister* in his saying, "A beloved mistress is so like a sister." Viewed from another aspect, this thirst for the "Calvary of Love" is stamped with undeniable symptoms of morbid pathology, an opinion confirmed by the following extract from the Confession:

Ma maîtresse m'avait donne son portrait en miniature dans un médaillon; je le portais sur le cœur, chose que font bien des hommes; mais ayant trouvé un jour chez un marchand de curiosités une discipline de fer au bout de laquelle était une plaque hérissée de pointes, j'avais fait attacher le médaillon sur la plaque et le portais ainsi. Ces clous qui m'entraient dans la poitrine à chaque mouvement, me causaient une volupté si etrange, que j'appuyais quelquefois ma main pour les sentir plus profondément. Je sais bien que c'est de la folie; l'amour en fait bien d'autres!

This frenzy savours not a little of the Folly of the Cross. The pangs of Love seem to the poet a *bonne souffrance*. We have seen above that in Musset's eyes Love is synonymous with Genius; Suffering as well, since suffering must needs accompany love:

Ah! frappe toi le cœur, c'est le qu'est le génie,
C'est là qu'est la pitié, la souffrance et l'amour.

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Besides, artistically no less than morally speaking, the part of the male victim is the more effective, if only because such torture enables the poet to compare himself to saints and martyrs, to Titian's St. Thomas for instance, and, it may be, to reckon on forgiveness as the price of tears.

And thus I return to the religious aspect of Love. What is really original, and really fine and poignant in this illusion, this sophistry, is the dignified pardon which the betrayed lover grants his treacherous mistress, treacherous, but truly loving in the past; for the fair betrayer, who has tasted of love's host, preserves in her very fall her sacerdotal character. As such she is entitled to respect.

Auprès d'une infidèle,
Quand ton illusion n'aurait duré qu'un jour,
N'outrage pas ce jour lorsque tu parles d'elle
Si tu veux être aimé, respecte ton amour.

So speaks the Muse to the poet in *La Nuit d'Octobre*, and in *La Nuit de Décembre* we witness the poet's wonderful generosity towards the woman.

He is incurable, believing as he does in Love against the overwhelming balance of evidence, stifling in his heart all doubts and suspicions as to the genuineness of the shrine at which he worships.

Même si l'amour est un comédie, cette comédie, vieille comme le monde, sifflée ou non, est, au bout de compte, ce qu'on a encor trouvé de moins mauvais. Les rôles sont rebattus, j'y consens, mais si la piece ne valait rien, tout l'univers ne la saurait pas par cœur.

It will be proved to him that Love is, after all, but a comedy, and this in the most cruel and brutal of revelations. But all he will do is to ask that it should go on. "Why," says poor little Fortunio to Jacqueline, "why will you not go on pretending that you love me?" We have here, I think, the romantic equivalent for the "Qu'il mourût!" of *Horace* or the "Qui te l'a dit?" of *Andromaque*.

I trust I have shown that Musset, whatever may be thought of him as the poetic interpreter of Nature or of the Deity, has given us the most complete analysis and picture of that amazing jumble of mud and soul—nicknamed Love.

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Bone-setting and the Profession*

By Fairplay

The recent death of Miss Florence Nightingale reminded the daily press of the fact that her bitterest opponents in the Crimea were the doctors; the idea that nursing had anything to do with the art of healing being then indignantly denied by the medical profession.

The history of modern medicine is the history of innovation after innovation opposed at first by the doctors individually and collectively, and at length accepted and assimilated as part of the so-called science.

Harvey's statement about the circulation of the blood was met with scorn by the doctors, who called him in derision the "Circulator." Simpson's discovery of the use of chloroform was scouted by them as incredible; some even declared it to be "impious," and a "defiance of the will of God." Elliotson's use of the stethoscope called forth the rage of the protected society as a body: the *Lancet* described him as a "pariah of the profession." The ignorant scorn and slander broke his heart; but to-day the stethoscope is in constant use, and is recognised as one of the most important aids to a correct diagnosis.

It is asserted, of course, that these protective unions of the learned professions fulfil a useful function. They give the community, it is said, assurance that the lawyer knows something of law, the clergyman something of religion, and the doctor something of medicine. It may be granted that, like all other trade unions, these professional unions do exclude the utterly ignorant, but it is not sufficiently understood that at the same time they exclude men of original genius, or at least hamper and fetter their activity, and it seems probable that the evil they do in this respect outweighs much of the good they accomplish.

* The Editor was amused to find that the *Lancet* refused the advertisement of the above article, thereby confirming what the writer alleges against the ring.

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The admission of a hundred quacks would hardly be so serious an evil as the exclusion of one innovator of genius. For it is not by the rank and file of the profession that the science is extended and built up, but by the unaided efforts of the rare geniuses who give their lives to investigation and discovery.

The progress of humanity itself depends on the exceptional person or "sport," and in the same way the progress of every science and of every art depends chiefly on the gifted individual. It is becoming increasingly evident that all these protective societies simply seek to petrify knowledge, and degrade what should be a free and healthy organic growth into a mere mechanical routine by which mediocrities may gain fees. The protective union certainly succeeds in levelling down; the levelling up it achieves is too unimportant to be weighed in the balance.

As an ounce of practice is said to be worth a ton of theory, let me illustrate my immediate subject by a personal experience.

Some few years ago I injured my right arm in a long bout of lawn tennis. The strain became more and more painful as I persisted in practising, and when I reluctantly left off playing, the weakness and suffering still continued. When I bent my arm I noticed a lump at the elbow which was very painful and which did not go down. After a week or two I consulted my doctor, in whom I had some confidence. He examined my arm and said nothing could be done, but advised me to rest the arm, and as the season was nearly over, I rested the whole winter. But the arm continued weak and pained me whenever I used it, and as soon as I commenced to play again in the summer, the lump on the elbow increased in size, and hurt me so that I had to give up practice. Dreading the loss of the exercise, I went to doctor after doctor. Every one affected to treat the strain very lightly. Rest seemed the favourite prescription; cold-water bandages commended themselves to a good many. "I'd carry the arm in a sling," said one, and practically that was all the advice I could obtain. To cut a long story short, I found myself faced by politely indifferent practitioners, from whom as much help was to be expected as from the gargoyles of a cathedral.

This set me wondering. At first I did not realise the position, but it became clear to me gradually.

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BONE-SETTING AND THE PROFESSION

I was scoffing at doctors once, saying that one good nurse was worth a dozen of them, and that a little fresh air and moderation in diet were more effective than all their prescriptions. "Not one of them knows how to cure a strain," I cried, and I gave as an instance my tennis arm. One of my friends immediately asked me why I did not see Barker, the famous bone-setter of Park Lane.

"I have always understood," I replied, "that bone-setters use considerable force and cause one a great deal of pain."

"I do not think you will find it so," he replied. "I know two or three athletes who have gone to Barker for all sorts of injuries, which the doctors didn't know how to treat, and he cured them."

He went on to give me the names of two famous athletes, one a captain of a county cricket eleven, another a captain of the Cambridge University football team, who had been cured by Mr. Barker.

"How do you account for the impression that has got about that his art is all quackery," I asked, "and that in any case it is extremely painful?"

My friend smiled. "The doctors wish to prevent any poaching on their preserves, and so they spread about these lying reports. Then there is the medical press."

This explanation seemed to me as probable as it was novel. I had had some experience of the way doctors fought the anti-vaccination movement; as of the nature of their weapons.

I resolved to see Mr. H. A. Barker; and so I wrote to him telling him what I had heard, and what I wanted. I got an appointment with him two or three days later, though Mr. Barker is an extremely busy man, busier, I soon discovered, than any West End doctor.

I kept the appointment. Mr. Barker is a dark-faced man of something above the average height with the figure of an athlete in hard training: his dress and manner unobtrusive, quiet.

"You want me to see your arm," he said, coming to business at once.

"Yes," I replied, "but I dread pain."

"My work is not necessarily painful," he smiled reassuringly.

I took off my coat and turned up my shirt sleeve; Mr.

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Barker examined the arm with infinite care for a few minutes, moving the elbow-joint about gently in every direction.

"It's very simple," he said at length, after concentrating his attention for some time on the elbow; "a case probably of tennis elbow." He manipulated the place for some time, putting a quiet steady pressure on it; he was very gentle, because very strong. After a few minutes he asked me how my arm felt.

I was astonished at the improvement. Before he touched me, I could not close my fist tightly without pain, and now I could not get my arm to hurt me no matter what I did. It was bettered as if by magic in a quarter of an hour. A course of exercises recommended by Mr. Barker completed the cure.

From this time on the mystery of the bone-setter interested me. I found out a good deal about Robert Hutton, who first brought the art to London and made it a success, a man of genius who was followed by Atkinson and then by another man of genius, Barker.

Again and again I have discussed the whole subject with Barker; it seemed astonishing to me that surgeons don't accept bone-setting as part of their art: "You can show them such cures," I said, "and you are not afraid of demonstrating before them."

"Far from it," he replied laughingly, "I have demonstrated before them again and again. . . . I have been in practice nearly twenty years, during which time it has fallen to my lot to handle some scores of thousands of cases successfully—cases 90 per cent. of which had failed to secure relief either in hospital or under private treatment. There is no gainsaying the fact; it was proved in Hutton's days; the proof was amplified and emphasised during Atkinson's time.

"In my own case I have more than borne out the evidence of my predecessors by giving a demonstration of my system before surgeons on patients whose joint-disabilities had baffled the skill of some of our leading hospitals. In every one of the cases selected I brought about a complete cure within a few weeks, after many months and even years under orthodox care had failed to bring even relief.

"Attempts have from time to time been made by members

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of the surgical profession more enlightened and less prejudiced than their fellows to draw attention to this subject, but either through indifference or ultra-conservatism small progress has been made. . . .

" Mr. Wharton Hood, the famous surgeon—whose success in bone-setting so-called was wholly due to his association with Mr. Robert Hutton—once wrote a volume on the bone-setter's methods and commended the art to the serious consideration of the Faculty. Writing in this book, Hood says of his connection with Hutton:

" ' It had lasted long enough to give me knowledge of a kind that is not conveyed in ordinary surgical training, and which, guided by anatomy, is of the highest practical value as well in preventive as in curative treatment.' He goes on to suggest to surgeons that ' they may reconsider with advantage some of those traditions about rest and counter-irritation which have been handed down to them through successive generations of surgeons.'

" These observations coming from a highly qualified surgeon, who in the treatment of every kind of bone-injury, disease, and malformation has attained a position of unrivalled eminence, are full of significance. . . .

" A doctor who was a patient of mine the other day affirmed that it was too deplorable a fact that until lately the bone-setting branch of surgery had been almost entirely neglected by the schools, and that even now members of the profession were only just beginning to realise the gravity of the situation. Another doctor who came to me with an ankle trouble which had resisted every usual method confirmed this opinion, and almost every surgeon I have ever met is of like mind, and yet they seem to do absolutely nothing to bring about a change. It appears that in nearly all cases where an attempt has been made to introduce a novel method of treatment—whether it has emanated from a professional man or layman—it has been met with a spirit of blind conservatism by the profession as a whole, and oftener than not by angry violence and contempt. . . .

" It has always been so; for hundreds of years the medical profession denounced the few enlightened men among them who opposed indiscriminate blood-letting. The history of the Art

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of Healing is little more than the history of a fanatical and abusive opposition to every real advance which has been made in it. . . .

"Just now it looks as if the walls of prejudice against osteopathy were breaking down. The September issue of the *British Medical Journal* contained a long article by Dr. Alexander Bryce of Glasgow, who treated the whole question with considerable knowledge. He started from the fact that there are now 5000 practitioners of osteopathy in the United States. There are eight osteopathic schools which count over 1300 students paying over £40,000 annually in fees. Dr. Bryce contends that there must be some 'virtue in a method which has such vitality as to spread all over a continent in a few years, and at its present rate of progress bids fair to travel all over the world. I was hardly surprised at this,' he adds, 'as my own experience in its practice had at least disclosed the fact that it was of striking benefit in selected cases.' . . .

"Again and again in his article, Dr. Bryce draws attention to the success of modern mechano-therapy, and admits the remarkable improvement 'of several of my own reputedly incurable patients . . .' through this 'potent method of treatment.' Dr. Bryce continues boldly:

"'I do not hesitate to plead for the admission of this new form of scientific bone-setting among the recognised methods of treatment practised by the medical profession. My success in the following cases is entirely due to the study I have made of the subject, and I am sure I would have failed to be of service to any of the patients without a knowledge of osteopathic methods.' . . .

"Following this the *British Medical Journal* itself declares that 'the undeveloped land of osteopathy rightly belongs to medicine, and should not be left to be cultivated by those not of the household of science.'

"Naturally," Mr. Barker concluded, "this has been a great encouragement to me. It looks as if at long last the medical profession, as a profession, has opened its eyes to the plain fact that bone-setting or mechano-therapy can bring about cures undreamed of by the ordinary practitioner."

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Of course I pressed Mr. Barker for a more detailed and intimate account of his art.

"The term 'Bone-setter,'" he began, "is a misnomer, as the bone-setter seldom sets fractures at all. His work is to attend to all kinds of bone injuries, dislocations and deformities—the bone-setter will use persuasive and carefully applied force to bring about a normal condition of things. . . . The commonest cases with which I am called upon to deal are those of the knee joint. A sudden twist inwards or outwards will displace one or other of the cartilages. The immediate result will be a great swelling, and tenderness—especially over the inner side—and a stiffening of the whole joint. This may last for months and even years, causing complete lameness in some cases. In others a partial recovery will be made, and by the exercise of great care and the use of all kinds of knee appliances, such as trusses, knee-caps, bandages, &c., the patient may be enabled to get about with some amount of ease. But the slightest jar or twist such as may be caused by going up or down stairs—especially down—or knocking the inside of the foot against any obstacle will occasion something to 'give' in the joint, which will be followed by swelling and general soreness in the limb. This in time will subside, only in a few weeks or days to occur again.

"The usual remedies prescribed are rest, painting with iodine, the wearing of all kinds of appliances, and lastly the cutting out of the displaced cartilage altogether. In the main I disagree with all these so-called remedies. The first are merely palliative, whilst the last too frequently results in a stiff knee, besides entailing four to six weeks in bed and an expensive and elaborate operation not devoid of danger. Should there be a loose fragment of cartilage floating about the joint, which is constantly interfering with its mechanism, there is nothing for it but extirpation by the knife. But should there be no disease and only a displaced cartilage, I most strongly condemn the cutting method. I firmly believe that 90 per cent. of such cases are only injured by the use of the knife. During my practice, I have operated on many thousands of these cases successfully without any cutting and painlessly under the influence of simple gas; and the fact

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that a number of my patients are athletes indulging in the most vigorous and trying of games without any return of their trouble, is conclusive proof that the theories I put in practice are substantially correct. I may perhaps mention a notable case—that of Mr. O. T. Norris, an old captain of Oxford University Football Club. Some four years ago he severely damaged his knee during a football match. So bad was the injury that the aid of several leading surgeons was sought in vain, and for two years the popular Oxford Blue was unable to enjoy his favourite game. A cutting operation was suggested as the only means of alleviating the mischief. Before consenting to this, however, Norris, on the advice of Mr. I. G. Witherington, the old Corinthians footballer, who had been through my hands with a like trouble, called to see me. I diagnosed a misplaced inner cartilage—bad, but uncomplicated—I subjected him to the usual treatment, and in a few weeks Mr. Morris returned to the football field as well as ever he was in his life. He has not had the slightest trouble since. I could quote hundreds of such cases, but content myself with giving the names of Mr. L. J. Moon, the Middlesex cricketer; Mr. A. H. Hornby, the Lancashire Cricket Club captain; Lieut. Kaye, the Yorkshire County cricketer; James Sharpe, the Scottish football player; and J. W. Robinson, the old English international, because their names are so well known to the public. All these men were told, and told by distinguished surgeons, that their only hope was a cutting operation; yet it is months and years since I operated, and they are as sound as ever, and able to stand the hardest possible tests for the knee—first-rate cricket and football.

"I should like to know how many thousands of people are now wearing elastic knee-caps, and are resigned to their fate because their medical adviser has told them nothing more can be done. If those interested in the subject will look at the *Lancet* for November 11, 1905, and turn to page 1386, they will see what Mr. Howard Marsh, the eminent surgeon, says of it: 'An elastic knee-cap is another survival which is sometimes used with mischievous effect. A patient complains of his knee, which is painful, and a little swollen, and in obedience to custom he is forthwith ordered a knee-cap, although no accurate diagnosis

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has been made. Now such a case may be one of slipping semi-lunar cartilage, early osteoarthritis or gout . . . for none of which is a knee-cap likely to be efficient. Positive objections to an elastic knee-cap are that it produces muscular wasting, and is often very uncomfortable. I think it often does harm and seldom any good, and I cannot but hope its days are numbered.'

"This is precisely what I have been preaching for twenty years!

"The next injury, which must be given second place for frequency of occurrence, is connected with the shoulder. A heavy fall upon the hand or arm, a severe over-reach, will cause muscular displacement or a strain, often followed by adhesions. This is a most painful trouble, causing complete lameness, inability to raise the arm from the side and general uselessness. This condition is one which is terribly neglected by the average surgeon, and often by those occupying a high position in the profession. Too often weeks of rest are prescribed with the arm kept in a sling, a treatment which often accentuates the difficulty and retards recovery, while putting the patient to much pain and inconvenience. It is an accident to which every athlete is liable. Cricketers are especially prone to it. Lord Hawke and Mr. Simpson-Hayward and Mr. C. Page went through my hands for this very trouble.

"The third commonest case in my practice is flat-foot. This is a complaint which nearly always affects young people about fourteen years of age. The key bone of the foot falls, the ankle turns inwards, and a painful rigidity of the whole joint is quickly established. Walking is accompanied by much suffering —treading on the smallest obstacle occasioning the acutest agony.

"The stock remedies for this abnormality are a support in the boots, artificial muscles, or the excision of a V-shaped piece of bone from the head of the astragalus.

"In regard to the former remedies Mr. Howard Marsh, the specialist, says, 'The various pads for flat-foot are useless survivals,' whilst the latter, I maintain—except in old and advanced cases—is quite unnecessary. I make this assertion after rectifying by manipulation alone several thousands of cases. To give a

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notable instance. Some time ago the nephew of a distinguished antiquarian and a ward of the Archdeacon of London was sent to me with an old-standing case of flat-foot, which several eminent surgeons had failed to relieve. This was a great trouble, for the young Etonian wished to go into the Army, and his condition presented an apparently insuperable barrier, as the medical board could not pass him. I subjected the case to treatment, gradually remoulding the joint, and after my treatment the case was presented before the Army surgeons and passed without a hitch! This was again a distinctly typical case, and no stronger proof could be desired in support of my argument that there is urgent need of reform in the treatment of this deformity. I compute there are some 100,000 unrelieved cases of flat-foot in the British Isles alone.

"A whole host of apparently minor joint troubles come into my hands. I had a patient the other day whose wrist had been almost useless for months owing to a strain nearly a year old. The usual remedies had been vainly tried at the instigation of the family practitioner, but great pain still remained in the joint. The hand could not be closed, the 'grip' was weak, and much movement of the wrist impossible. I subjected her to treatment and in a few weeks she was quite recovered. A famous actress was under me a short time ago with an old ankle strain which refused to recover under her medical advisers, though much time had been wasted by them. As her professional salary is, I believe, about sixty guineas a week, this was a serious matter to the patient. In her case I discovered an ordinary case of adhesions following a bad strain—a condition which rapidly yielded to treatment. Yet for weeks she had been afraid to tread on the smallest stone or inequality of the pavement, as the most excruciating pain was caused thereby. Such cases are not the exception; they are the rule; I see similar ones every day of my life. The old old story is repeated, and repeated. Weeks, months, even years of ineffectual orthodox treatment—bandaging, resting—oh, that resting!—to be followed by relief in a few days through manipulative surgery.

"Spinal injuries and curvature frequently come under my notice, and I contend that cases of the latter kind, when taken

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in time, can be ameliorated and cured without the wearing of the cumbrous and comfortless jackets and appliances which are so much in vogue. A child's spine presents very plastic material, and can without danger be moulded easily into correct shape by careful manipulation."

Of course I asked Mr. Barker why he had not offered to demonstrate the value of his art before a committee of surgeons and scientists.

"I ask nothing better," he declared. "I have submitted to investigations before surgeons years ago, who all admitted my success, but would not allow their names to be used as references."

"Why don't you communicate with the medical papers," I persisted, "and offer to submit yourself to any test that the council of the College may prescribe?"

"I have done so," was Mr. Barker's reply, "but they would have none of it."

Again and again Mr. Barker has challenged the medical press —the *British Medical Journal* and other medical papers—to bring about a proper trial; but they prefer to abuse and slander him rather than confute him. Mr. Barker has said to them, "Select your own cases—cases that have not yielded to ordinary treatment—and I will convince you that this art of mine is scientific and should be studied in every hospital as part of the noble art of surgery."

The lay press may be able to achieve what the medical press refuses and denies. At any rate, I have felt called upon, because of my own experience, to give my testimony in favour of Mr. Barker as against the doctors' protective union.

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The New Machiavelli

By H. G. Wells

CHAPTER THE THIRD

THE BREAKING POINT

§ 1. And then we broke down. We broke our faith with both Margaret and Shoesmith, flung career and duty out of our lives, and went away together.

It is only now, almost a year after these events, that I can begin to see what happened to me. At the time it seemed to me I was a rational, responsible creature, but indeed I had not parted from her two days before I became a monomaniac to whom nothing could matter but Isabel. Every truth had to be squared to that obsession, every duty. It astounds me to think how I forgot Margaret, forgot my work, forgot everything but that we two were parted. I still believe that with better chances we might have escaped the consequences of the emotional storm that presently seized us both. But we had no foresight of that, and no preparation for it, and our circumstances betrayed us. It was partly Shoesmith's unwisdom in delaying his marriage until after the end of the session—partly my own amazing folly in returning within four days to Westminster. But we were all of us intent upon the defeat of scandal and the complete restoration of appearances. It seemed necessary that Shoesmith's marriage should not seem to be hurried, still more necessary that I should not vanish inexplicably. I had to be visible with Margaret in London just as much as possible; we went to restaurants, we visited the theatre; we could even contemplate the possibility of my presence at the wedding. For that, however, we had schemed a week-end visit to Wales, and a fictitious sprained ankle at the last moment which would justify my absence. . . .

I cannot convey to you the intolerable wretchedness and rebellion of my separation from Isabel. It seemed that in the past two years all my thoughts had spun commissures to Isabel's brain, and I could think of nothing that did not lead me surely to the need of the one intimate I had found in the world. I came back to the House and the office and my home, I filled all my days with appointments and duty, and it did not save me in the least from a lonely emptiness such as I had never felt before in all my life. I had little sleep. In the daytime I did a hundred things, I even spoke in the House on two occasions, and by my own low standards

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spoke well, and it seemed to me that I was going about in my own brain like a hushed survivor in a house whose owner lies dead upstairs.

I came to a crisis after that wild dinner of Tarvrille's. Something in that stripped my soul bare.

It was an occasion made absurd and strange by the odd accident that the house caught fire upstairs while we were dining below. It was a men's dinner—"A dinner of all sorts," said Tarvrille, when he invited me; "everything from Evesham and Gane to Wilkins the author, and heaven knows what will happen!" I remember that afterwards Tarvrille was accused of having planned the fire to make his dinner a marvel and a memory. It was indeed a wonderful occasion, and I suppose if I had not been altogether drenched in misery, I should have found the same wild amusement in it that glowed in all the others. There were one or two university dons, Lord George Fester, the racing man, Panmure, the artist, two or three big City men, Weston Massinghay and another prominent Liberal whose name I can't remember, the three men Tarvrille had promised and Esmeer, Lord Wrassleton, Waulsort, the Member for Monckton, Neal, and several others. We began a little coldly, with duologues, but the conversation was already becoming general—so far as such a long table permitted—when the fire asserted itself.

It asserted itself first as a penetrating and emphatic smell of burning rubber—it was caused by the fusing of an electric wire. The reek forced its way into the discussion of the Pekin massacres that had sprung up between Evesham, Waulsort, and the others at the end of the table. "Something burning," said the man next to me.

"Something must be burning," said Panmure.

Tarvrille hated undignified interruptions. He had a particularly imperturbable butler with a cadaverous sad face and an eye of rigid disapproval. He spoke to this individual over his shoulder. "Just see, will you," he said, and caught up the pause in the talk to his left.

Wilkins was asking questions, and I, too, was curious. The story of the siege of the Legations in China in the year 1900 and all that followed upon that, is just one of those disturbing interludes in history that refuse to join on to that general scheme of protestation by which civilisation is maintained. It is a break in the general flow of experience as disconcerting to statecraft as the robbery of my knife and the scuffle that followed it had been to me when I was a boy at Penge. It is like a tear in a curtain revealing quite unexpected backgrounds. I had never given the business a thought for years; now this talk brought back a string of pictures to my mind; how the reliefs arrived and the plundering began, how section after section of the International Army was drawn into murder and pillage, how the infection spread upward until the wives of Ministers were busy looting, and the very sentinels stripped and crawled like snakes into the palace they were set to guard. It did not stop at robbery; men were murdered, women, being plundered, were outraged, children were butchered; strong men had found themselves with arms in a lawless, defenceless city, and this had followed. Now it was all recalled.

"Respectable ladies addicted to district visiting at home were as bad as any one," said Panmure. "Glazebrook told me of one—flushed like a woman at a bargain sale, he said—and when he pointed out to her that

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the silk she'd got was bloodstained, she just said, 'Oh, bother!' and threw it aside and went back. . . ."

We became aware that Tarvrille's butler had returned. We tried not to seem to listen.

"Beg pardon, m'lord," he said. "The house *is* on fire, m'lord."

"Upstairs, m'lord."

"Just overhead, m'lord."

"The maids are throwing water, m'lord, and I've telephoned *fire*."

"No, m'lord, no immediate danger."

"It's all right," said Tarvrille to the table generally. "Go on! It's not a general conflagration, and the fire brigade won't be five minutes. Don't see that it's our affair. The stuff's insured. They say old Lady Paskershortly was dreadful. Like a harpy. The Dowager Empress had shown her some little things of hers. Pet things—hidden away. Susan went straight for them—used to take an umbrella for the silks. Born shoplifter."

It was evident he didn't want his dinner spoilt, and we played up loyally.

"This is recorded history," said Wilkins, "practically. It makes one wonder about unrecorded history. In India, for example."

But nobody touched that.

"Thompson," said Tarvrille to the imperturbable butler, and indicating the table generally, "champagne. Champagne. Keep it going."

"M'lord," and Thompson marshalled his assistants.

Some man I didn't know began to remember things about Mandalay. "It's queer," he said, "how people break out at times"; and told his story of an Army doctor, brave, public-spirited, and, as it happened, deeply religious, who was caught one evening by the excitement of plundering—and stole and hid, twisted the wrist of a boy until it broke, and was afterwards overcome by wild remorse.

I watched Evesham listening intently. "Strange," he said, "very strange. We are such stuff as thieves are made of. And in China, too, they murdered people—for the sake of murdering. Apart, so to speak, from mercenary considerations. I'm afraid there's no doubt of it in certain cases. No doubt at all. Young soldiers—fresh from German high schools and English homes!"

"Did *our* people?" asked some patriot.

"Not so much. But I'm afraid there were cases. . . . Some of the Indian troops were pretty bad."

Gane picked up the tale with confirmations.

It is all printed in the vividest way as a picture upon my memory, so that were I a painter I think I could give the deep rich browns and warm greys beyond the brightly lit table, the various distinguished faces, strongly illuminated, interested and keen, above the black and white of evening dress, the alert menservants with their heavier, clean-shaved faces indistinctly seen in the dimness behind. Then this was coloured emotionally for me by my aching sense of loss and sacrifice, and by the chance trend of our talk to the breaches and unrealities of the civilised scheme. We seemed a little transitory circle of light in a universe of darkness and violence, an effect to which the diminishing smell of burning rubber, the trampling of feet overhead, the swish of water, added enormously. Everybody—

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unless, perhaps, it was Evesham—drank rather carelessly because of the suppressed excitement of our situation, and talked the louder and more freely.

"But what a flimsy thing our civilisation is!" said Evesham; "a mere thin net of habits and associations!"

"I suppose those men came back," said Wilkins.

"Lady Paskershortly did!" chuckled Evesham.

"How do they fit it in with the rest of their lives?" Wilkins speculated. "I suppose there's Pekin-stained police officers, Pekin-stained J.P.'s—trying petty pilferers in the severest manner." . . .

Then for a time things became preposterous. There was a sudden cascade of water by the fireplace, and then absurdly the ceiling began to rain upon us, first at this point and then that. "My new suit!" cried some one. "Perrrrrr-up pe-rr"—a new vertical line of blackened water would establish itself and form a spreading pool upon the gleaming cloth. The men nearest would arrange catchment areas of plates and flower bowls. "Draw up!" said Tarvrille, "draw up. That's the bad end of the table!" He turned to the imperturbable butler. "Take round bath towels," he said; and presently the men behind us were offering—with inflexible dignity—"Port wine, sir. Bath towel, sir!" Waulsort, with streaks of blackened water on his forehead, was suddenly reminded of a wet year when he had followed the French army manœuvres. An animated dispute sprang up between him and Neal about the relative efficiency of the new French and German field guns. Wrassleton joined in, and a little drunken, shrivelled Cambridge don of some sort with a black-splashed shirt-front who presently silenced them all by the immensity and particularity of his knowledge of field artillery. Then the talk drifted to Sedan and the effect of dead horses upon drinking-water, which brought Wrassleton and Weston Massinghay into a dispute of great vigour and emphasis. "The trouble in South Africa," said Weston Massinghay, "wasn't that we didn't boil our water. It was that we didn't boil our men. The Boers drank the same stuff we did. *They* didn't get dysentery."

That argument went on for some time. I was attacked across the table by a man named Burshort about my Endowment of Motherhood schemes, but in the gaps of that debate I could still hear Weston Massinghay at intervals repeat in a rather thickened voice: "*They* didn't get dysentery."

I think Evesham went early. The rest of us clustered more and more closely towards the drier end of the room, the table was pushed along, and the area beneath the extinguished conflagration abandoned to a tinkling, splashing company of pots and pans and bowls and baths. Everybody was now disposed to be hilarious and noisy, to say startling and aggressive things; we must have sounded a queer clamour to a listener in the next room. The devil inspired them to begin baiting me. "Ours isn't the Tory Party any more," said Burshort. "Remington has made it the Obstetric Party."

"That's good!" said Weston Massinghay, with all his teeth gleaming; "I shall use that against you in the House!"

"I shall denounce you for abusing private confidences if you do," said Tarvrille.

"Remington wants us to give up launching *Dreadnoughts* and launch babies instead," Burshort urged. "For the price of one *Dreadnought*——"

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The little shrivelled don who had been omniscient about guns joined in the baiting, and displayed himself a venomous creature. Something in his eye told me he knew of Isabel and hated me for it. "Love and fine thinking," he began, a little thickly, and knocking over a wine-glass with a too-easy gesture. "Love and fine thinking. Two things don't go together. No ph'losophy worth a damn ever came out of excesses of love. Salt Lake City—Piggott—Ag—Agapemone again—no works to matter."

Everybody laughed.

"Got to rec'nise these facts," said my assailant. "Love and fine think'n' pretty phrase—attractive. Suitable for p'litical dec'rations. Postcard, Christmas, gilt lets, in a wreath of white flow's. Not oth'wise valu'ble."

I made some remark, I forget what, but he overbore me.

"Real things we want are Hate—Hate and *coarse* think'n'. I b'long to the school of Mrs. F.'s Aunt——"

"What?" said some one, intent.

"In *Little Dorrit*," explained Tarvrille; "go on!"

"Hate a fool," said my assailant.

Tarvrille glanced at me. I smiled to conceal the loss of my temper.

"Hate," said the little man, emphasising his point with a clumsy fist. "Hate's the driving force. What's m'rality?—hate of rotten goings on. What's patriotism?—hate of int'loping foreigners. What's Radicalism?—hate of lords. What's Toryism?—hate of disturbance. It's all hate—hate from top to bottom. Hate of a mess. Remington owned it the other day, said he hated a—mu'll. There you are! If you couldn't get hate into an election, damn it (hic), people wou'n't poll. Poll for love!—no' me!"

He paused, but before any one could speak he had resumed.

"Then this about fine thinking. Like going into a bear-pit armed with a tagle—talgent—talgent galv'nometer. Like going to fight a mad dog with Shasepear and the Bible. Fine thinking—what we want is the thickes' thinking we can get. Thinking that stands up alone. Taf Reform means work for all,—thassort of thing."

The gentleman from Cambridge paused. "*You* a flag!" he said. "I'd as soon go to ba'ell und' wet tissue paper!"

My best answer on the spur of the moment was: "The Japanese did." Which was absurd.

I went on to some other reply, I forget exactly what, and the talk of the whole table drew round me. It was an extraordinary revelation to me. Every one was unusually careless and outspoken, and it was amazing how manifestly they echoed the feeling of this old Tory spokesman. They were quite friendly to me, they regarded me and the *Blue Weekly* as valuable party assets for Toryism, but it was clear they attached no more importance to what were my realities than they did to the remarkable therapeutic claims of Mrs. Eddy. They were flushed and amused, perhaps they went a little too far in their resolves to draw me, but they left the impression on my mind of men irrevocably set upon narrow and cynical views of political life. For them the political struggle was a game, whose counters were human hate and human credulity; their real aim was just every one's aim, the preservation of the class and way of living to which their lives

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were attuned. They did not know how tired I was, how exhausted mentally and morally, nor how cruel their convergent attack on me chanced to be. But my temper gave way, I became tart and fierce, perhaps my replies were a trifle absurd, and Tarvrille, with that quick eye and sympathy of his, came to the rescue. Then for a time I sat silent and drank port wine while the others talked. The disorder of the room, the still dripping ceiling, the noise, the displaced ties and crumpled shirts of my companions, jarred on my tormented nerves. . . .

It was long past midnight when we dispersed. I remember Tarvrille coming with me into the hall, and then suggesting we should go upstairs and see the damage. A manservant carried up two flickering candles for us. One end of the room was gutted, curtains, hangings, several chairs and tables were completely burnt, the panelling was scorched and warped, three smashed windows made the candles flare and gutter, and some scraps of broken china still lay on the puddled floor.

As we surveyed this, Lady Tarvrille appeared, back from some party, a slender, white-cloaked, satin-footed figure with amazed blue eyes beneath her golden hair. I remember how stupidly we laughed at her surprise.

§ 2. I parted from Panmure at the corner of Aldington Street, and went my way alone. But I did not go home; I turned westward and walked for a long way, and then struck northward aimlessly. I was too miserable to go to my house.

I wandered about that night like a man who has discovered his gods are dead.

I do not feel now the logical force of the process that must have convinced me then that I had made my sacrifice and spent my strength in vain. At no time had I been under any illusion that the Tory Party had higher ideals than any other party, yet it came to me like a thing newly discovered that the men I had to work with had for the most part no such dreams, no sense of any collective purpose, no atom of the faith I held. They were just as immediately intent upon personal ends, just as limited by habits of thought, as the men in any other group or party. Perhaps I had slipped unawares for a time into the delusions of a party man—but I do not think so.

No, it was the mood of profound despondency that had followed upon the abrupt cessation of my familiar intercourse with Isabel that gave this fact that had always been present in my mind its quality of devastating revelation. It seemed as though I had never seen before nor suspected the stupendous gap between the chaotic aims, the routine, the conventional acquiescences, the vulgarisations of the personal life, and that clearly conscious development and service of a collective thought and purpose at which my efforts aimed. I had thought them but a little way apart, and now I saw they were separated by all the distance between earth and heaven. I saw now in myself, and every one around me, a concentration upon interests close at hand, an inability to detach oneself from the provocations, tendernesses, instinctive hates, dumb lusts and shy timidities that touched one at every point; and, save for rare exalted moments, a regardlessness of broader aims and remoter possibilities that made the white passion of statecraft seem as unearthly and irrelevant to human life as the story an astronomer will tell, half proven but altogether incredible

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of habitable planets and answering intelligences, suns' distances uncounted across the deep. It seemed to me I had aspired too high and thought too far, had mocked my own littleness by presumption, had given the uttermost dear reality of life for a theoriser's dream.

All through that wandering agony of mine that night a dozen threads of thought interwove; now I was a soul speaking in protest to God against a task too cold and high for it, and now I was an angry man, scorned and pointed upon, who had let life cheat him of the ultimate pride of his soul. Now I was the fool of ambition, who opened his box of gold to find blank emptiness, and now I was a spinner of flimsy thoughts, whose web tore to rags at a touch. I realised for the first time how much I had come to depend upon the mind and faith of Isabel, how she had confirmed me and sustained me, how little strength I had to go on with our purposes now that she had vanished from my life. She had been the incarnation of those great abstractions, the saving reality, the voice that answered back. There was no support that night in the things that had been. We were alone together on the cliff for evermore!—that was very pretty in its way, but it had no truth whatever that could help me now, no ounce of sustaining value. I wanted Isabel that night, no sentiment or memory of her, but Isabel alive—to talk to me, to touch me, to hold me together. I wanted unendurably the dusky gentleness of her presence, the consolation of her voice.

We were alone together on the cliff! I startled a passing cabman into interest by laughing aloud at that magnificent and characteristic sentimentality. What a lie it was! That was just where we shouldn't remain. We of all people had no distinction from that humanity whose lot is to forget. We should go out to other interests, new experiences, new demands. That tall and intricate fabric of ambitious understandings we had built up together in our intimacy would be the first to go; and last perhaps to endure with us would be a few gross memories of sights and sounds, and trivial incidental excitements. . . .

I had a curious feeling that night that I had lost touch with life for a long time, and had now been reminded of its quality. That infernal little don's parody of my ruling phrase, "Hate and coarse thinking," stuck in my thoughts like a poisoned dart, a centre of inflammation. Just as a man who is debilitated has no longer the vitality to resist an infection, so my mind, slackened by the crisis of my separation from Isabel, could find no resistance to his emphatic suggestion. It seemed to me that what he had said was overpoweringly true, not only of contemporary life, but of all possible human life. Love is the rare thing, the treasured thing; you lock it away jealously and watch, and well you may; hate and aggression and force keep the streets and rule the world. And fine thinking is, in the rough issues of life, weak thinking, is a balancing, indecisive process, discovers with disloyal impartiality a justice and a defect on each disputing side. "Good honest men," as Dayton calls them, rule the world, with a way of thinking out decisions like shooting cartloads of bricks, and with a steadfast pleasure in hostility. Dayton liked to call his antagonists "blaggards and scoundrels"—it justified his opposition—the Lords were "scoundrels," all people richer than he were "scoundrels," all Socialists, all troublesome poor people; he liked to think of jails and justice being done. His public spirit was saturated with the sombre joys of conflict and

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the pleasant thought of condign punishment for all recalcitrant souls. That was the way of it, I perceived. That had survival value, as the biologists say. He was fool enough in politics to be a consistent and happy politician. . . .

Hate and coarse thinking; how the infernal truth of the phrase beat me down that night! I couldn't remember that I had known this all along, and that it did not really matter in the slightest degree. I had worked it all out long ago in other terms, when I had seen how all parties stood for interests inevitably, and how the purpose in life achieves itself, if it achieves itself at all, as a by-product of the war of individuals and classes. Hadn't I always known that science and philosophy elaborate themselves in spite of all the passion and narrowness of men, in spite of the vanities and weakness of their servants, in spite of all the heated disorder of contemporary things? Wasn't it my own phrase to speak of "that greater mind in men, in which we are but moments and transitorily lit cells"? Hadn't I known that the spirit of man still speaks like a thing that struggles out of mud and slime, and that the mere effort to speak means choking and disaster? Hadn't I known that we who think without fear and speak without discretion will not come to our own for the next two thousand years?

It was the last was most forgotten of all that faith mislaid. Before mankind, in my vision that night, stretched new centuries of confusion, vast stupid wars, hastily conceived laws, foolish temporary triumphs of order, lapses, set-backs, despairs, catastrophes, new beginnings, a multitudinous wilderness of time, a nigh plotless drama of wrong-headed energies. In order to assuage my parting from Isabel we had set ourselves to imagine great rewards for our separation, great personal rewards; we had promised ourselves success visible and shining in our lives. To console ourselves in our separation we had made out of the *Blue Weekly* and our young Tory movement preposterously enormous things—as though those poor fertilising touches at the soil were indeed the germinating seeds of the millennium, as though a million lives such as ours had not to contribute before the beginning of the beginning. That poor pretence had failed. That magnificent proposition shrivelled to nothing in the black loneliness of that night.

I saw that there were to be no such compensations. So far as my real services to mankind were concerned I had to live an unrecognised and unrewarded life. If I made successes it would be by the way. Our separation would alter nothing of that. My scandal would cling to me now for all my life, a thing affecting relationships, embarrassing and hampering my spirit. I should follow the common lot of those who live by the imagination, and follow it now in infinite loneliness of soul; the one good comforter, the one effectual familiar, was lost to me for ever; I should do good and evil together, no one caring to understand; I should produce much weary work, much bad-spirited work, much absolute evil; the good in me would be too often ill-expressed and missed or misinterpreted. In the end I might leave one gleaming flake or so amidst the slag heaps for a moment of post-mortem sympathy. I was afraid beyond measure of my derelict self. Because I believed with all my soul in love and fine thinking that did not mean that I should necessarily either love steadfastly or think finely. I remember how I fell talking to God—I think I talked out loud.

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"Why do I care for these things," I cried, "when I can do so little? Why am I set apart from the jolly thoughtless fighting life of men? These dreams fade to nothingness, and leave me bare!"

I scolded. "Why don't you speak to a man, show yourself? I thought I had a gleam of you in Isabel—and then you take her away. Do you really think I can carry on this game alone, doing your work in darkness and silence, living in muddled conflict, half living, half dying?"

Grotesque analogies arose in my mind. I discovered a strange parallelism between my now tattered phrase of "Love and fine thinking" and the "Love and the Word" of Christian thought. Was it possible the Christian propaganda had at the outset meant just that system of attitudes I had been feeling my way towards from the very beginning of my life? Had I spent a lifetime making my way back to Christ? It mocks humanity to think how Christ has been overlaid. I went along now, recalling long-neglected phrases and sentences; I had a new vision of that great central figure preaching love with hate and coarse thinking even in the disciples about Him, rising to a tidal wave at last in that clamour for Barabbas, and the public satisfaction in His fate. . . .

It's curious to think that hopeless love and a noisy disordered dinner should lead a man to these speculations, but they did. "He *did* mean that!" I said, and suddenly thought of what a bludgeon they'd made of His Christianity. Athwart that perplexing, patient enigma sitting inaudibly among publicans and sinners, danced and gibbered a long procession of the champions of orthodoxy. "He wasn't human," I said, and remembered that last despairing cry, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

"Oh, *He* forsakes every one," I said, flying out, as a tired mind will, with an obvious repartee. . . .

I passed at a bound from such monstrous theology to a towering rage against the Booles. In an instant and with no sense of absurdity I wanted—in the intervals of love and fine thinking—to fling about that strenuously virtuous couple; I wanted to kick Keyhole of the *Peepshow* into the gutter and make a common massacre of all the prosperous rascaldom that makes a trade and rule of virtue. I can still feel that transition. In a moment I had reached that phase of weakly decisive anger which is for people of my temperament the concomitant of exhaustion.

"I will have her," I cried. "By heaven! I *will* have her! Life mocks me and cheats me. Nothing can be made good to me again. . . . Why shouldn't I save what I can? I can't save myself without her. . . ."

I remember myself—as a sort of anti-climax to that—rather tediously asking my way home. I was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Holland Park. . . .

It was then between one and two. I felt that I could go home now without any risk of meeting Margaret. It had been the thought of returning to Margaret that had sent me wandering that night. It is one of the ugliest facts I recall about that time of crisis, the intense aversion I felt for Margaret. No sense of her goodness, her injury and nobility, and the enormous generosity of her forgiveness, sufficed to mitigate that. I hope now that in this book I am able to give something of her silvery splendour, but all through this crisis I felt nothing of that. There was a triumphant kindliness about her that I found intolerable. She meant to

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be so kind to me, to offer unstinted consolation, to meet my needs, to supply just all she imagined Isabel had given me.

When I left Tarvrille's, I felt I could anticipate exactly how she would meet my homecoming. She would be perplexed by my crumpled shirt-front, on which I had spilt some drops of wine; she would overlook that by an effort, explain it sentimentally, resolve it should make no difference to her. She would want to know who had been present, what we had talked about, show the alertest interest in whatever it was—it didn't matter what. . . . No, I couldn't face her.

So I did not reach my study until two o'clock.

There, I remember, stood the new and very beautiful old silver candlesticks that she had set there two days since to please me—the foolish kindliness of it! But in her search for expression, Margaret heaped presents upon me. She had fitted these candlesticks with electric lights, and I must, I suppose, have lit them to write my note to Isabel. "Give me a word—the world aches without you," was all I scrawled, though I fully meant that she should come to me. I knew, though I ought not to have known, that now she had left her flat, she was with the Balfes—she was to have been married from the Balfes—and I sent my letter there. And I went out into the silent square and posted the note forthwith, because I knew quite clearly that if I left it until morning I should never post it at all.

§ 3. I had a curious revulsion of feeling that morning of our meeting. (Of all places for a clandestine encounter she had chosen the bridge opposite Buckingham Palace!) Overnight I had been full of self-pity, and eager for the comfort of Isabel's presence. But the ill-written scrawl in which she had replied had been full of the suggestion of her own weakness and misery. And when I saw her, my own selfish sorrows were altogether swept away by a wave of pitiful tenderness. Something had happened to her that I did not understand. She was manifestly ill. She came towards me wearily, she who had always borne herself so bravely; her shoulders seemed bent, and her eyes were tired, and her face white and drawn. All my life has been a narrow self-centred life; no brothers nor sisters nor children nor weak things had ever yet made any intimate appeal to me, and suddenly—I verily believe for the first time in my life!—I felt a great passion of protective ownership; I felt that here was something that I could die to shelter, something that meant more than joy or pride or splendid ambitions or splendid creation to me, a new kind of hold upon me, a new power in the world. Some sealed fountain was opened in my breast. I knew that I could love Isabel broken, Isabel beaten, Isabel ugly and in pain, more than I could love any sweet or delightful or glorious thing in life. I didn't care any more for anything in the world but Isabel, and that I should protect her. I trembled as I came near her, and could scarcely speak to her for the emotion that filled me. . . .

"I had your letter," I said.

"I had yours."

"Where can we talk?"

I remember my lame sentences. "We'll have a boat. That's best here."

I took her to the little boat-house, and there we hired a boat, and I

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rowed in silence under the bridge and into the shade of a tree. The square grey stone masses of the Foreign Office loomed through the twigs, I remember, and a little space of grass separated us from the pathway and the scrutiny of passers-by. And there we talked.

"I had to write to you," I said.

"I had to come."

"When are you to be married?"

"Thursday week."

"Well?" I said. "But—can we?"

She leant forward and scrutinised my face with eyes wide open. "What do you mean?" she said at last in a whisper.

"Can we stand it? After all?"

I looked at her white face. "Can you?" I said.

She whispered. "Your career?"

Then suddenly her face was contorted—she wept silently, exactly as a child tormented beyond endurance might suddenly weep. . . .

"Oh! I don't care," I cried, "now. I don't care. Damn the whole system of things! Damn all this patching of the irrevocable! I want to take care of you, Isabel! and have you with me."

"I can't stand it," she blubbered.

"You needn't stand it. I thought it was best for you. . . . I thought indeed it was best for you. I thought even you wanted it like that."

"Couldn't I live alone—as I meant to do?"

"No," I said, "you couldn't. You're not strong enough. I've thought of that. I've got to shelter you."

"And I want you," I went on. "I'm not strong enough—I can't stand life without you."

She stopped weeping, she made a great effort to control herself, and looked at me steadfastly for a moment. "You don't know all. I was going to kill myself," she whispered. "I was going to kill myself quietly—somehow. I meant to wait a bit and have an accident. I thought—you didn't understand. You were a man, and couldn't understand. . . ."

"People can't do as we thought we could do," I said. "We've gone too far together."

"Yes," she said, and I stared into her eyes.

"The horror of it," she whispered. "The horror of being handed over. It's just only begun to dawn upon me, seeing him now as I do. He tries to be kind to me. . . . I didn't know. I felt adventurous before. . . . It makes me feel like all the women in the world who have ever been owned and subdued. . . . It's not that he isn't the best of men; it's because I'm a part of you. . . . I can't go through with it. If I go through with it, I shall be left—robbed of pride—outraged—a woman beaten. . . ."

"I know," I said, "I know."

"I want to live alone. . . . I don't care for anything now but just escape. If you can help me. . . ."

"I must take you away. There's nothing for us but to go away together."

"But your work," she said; "your career! Margaret! Our promises!"

"We've made a mess of things, Isabel—or things have made a mess of

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us. I don't know which. Our flags are in the mud, anyhow. It's too late to save those other things! They have to go. You can't make terms in a rout. I thought it was Margaret needed me most. But it's you. And I need you. I didn't think of that either. I haven't a doubt left in the world now. We've got to leave everything rather than leave each other. I'm sure of it. Now we have gone so far. We've got to go right down to earth and begin again. . . . Dear, I *want* disgrace with you. . . ."

So I whispered to her as she sat crumpled together on the faded cushions of the boat, this white and weary young woman who had been so valiant and careless a girl. "I don't care," I said. "I don't care for anything, if I can save you out of the wreckage we have made together."

§ 4. The next day I went to the office of the *Blue Weekly* in order to get as much as possible of its affairs in working order before I left London with Isabel. I just missed Shoesmith in the lower office. Upstairs I found Britten amidst a pile of outside articles, methodically reading the title of each and sometimes the first half-dozen lines, and either dropping them in a growing heap on the floor for a clerk to return, or putting them aside for consideration. I interrupted him, squatted on the window-sill of the open window, and sketched out my ideas for the session.

"You're far-sighted," he remarked at something of mine which reached out ahead.

"I like to see things prepared," I answered.

"Yes," he said, and ripped open the envelope of a fresh aspirant.

I was silent while he read.

"You're going away with Isabel Rivers," he said abruptly.

"Well!" I said, amazed.

"I know," he said, and lost his breath. "Not my business. Only——"

It was queer to find Britten afraid to say a thing.

"It's not playing the game," he said.

"What do you know?"

"Everything that matters."

"Some games," I said, "are too hard to play."

There came a pause between us.

"I didn't know you were watching all this," I said.

"Yes," he answered, after a pause, "I've watched."

"Sorry—sorry you don't approve."

"It means smashing such an infernal lot of things, Remington."

I did not answer.

"You're going away then?"

"Yes."

"Soon?"

"Right away."

"There's your wife."

"I know."

"Shoesmith—whom you're pledged to in a manner. You've just picked him out and made him conspicuous. Every one will know. Oh! of course—it's nothing to you. Honour——"

"I know."

"Common decency."

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I nodded.

"All this movement of ours. That's what *I* care for most. . . It's come to be a big thing, Remington."

"That will go on."

"We have a use for you—no one else quite fills it. No one. . . . I'm not sure it will go on."

"Do you think I haven't thought of all these things?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and rejected two papers unread.

"I knew," he remarked, "when you came back from America. You were alight with it." Then he let his bitterness gleam for a moment. "But I thought you would stick to your bargain."

"It's not so much choice as you think," I said.

"There's always a choice."

"No," I said.

He scrutinised my face.

"I can't live without her—I can't work. She's all mixed up with this—and everything. And besides, there's things you can't understand. There's feelings you've never felt. . . . You don't understand how much we've been to one another."

Britten frowned and thought.

"Some things one's *got* to do," he threw out.

"Some things one can't do."

"These infernal institutions——"

"Some one must begin," I said.

He shook his head. "Not *you*," he said. "No!"

He stretched out his hands on the desk before him, and spoke again.

"Remington," he said, "I've thought of this business day and night too. It matters to me. It matters immensely to me. In a way—it's a thing one doesn't often say to a man—I've loved you. I'm the sort of man who leads a narrow life. . . . But you've been something fine and good for me, since that time, do you remember? when we talked about Mecca together."

I nodded.

"Yes. And you'll always be something fine and good for me anyhow. I know things about you—qualities—no mere act can destroy them. . . . Well, I can tell you, you're doing wrong. You're going on now like a man who is hypnotised and can't turn round. You're piling wrong on wrong. It was wrong for you two people ever to be lovers."

He paused.

"It gripped us hard," I said.

"Yes!—but in your position! And hers! It was vile!"

"You've not been tempted."

"How do you know? Anyhow—having done that, you ought to have stood the consequences and thought of other people. You could have ended it at the first pause for reflection. You didn't. You blundered again. You kept on. You owed a certain secrecy to all of us. You didn't keep it. You were careless. You made things worse. This engagement and this publicity——! Damn it, Remington!"

"I know," I said, with smarting eyes. "Damn it!—with all my heart! It came of trying to patch. . . . You *can't* patch."

"And now, as I care for anything under heaven, Remington, you two

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ought to stand these last consequences—and part. You ought to part. Other people have to stand things! Other people have to part. You ought to. You say—what do you say? It's loss of so much life to lose each other. So is losing a hand or a leg. But it's what you've incurred. Amputate. Take your punishment—— After all, you chose it."

"Oh, damn!" I said, standing up and going to the window.

"Damn by all means. I never knew a topic so full of justifiable damns. But you two did choose it. You ought to stick to your undertaking."

I turned upon him with a snarl in my voice. "My dear Britten!" I cried. "Don't I *know* I'm doing wrong? Aren't I in a net? Suppose I don't go! Is there any right in that? Do you think we're going to be much to ourselves or any one after this parting? I've been thinking all last night of this business, trying it over and over again from the beginning. How was it we went wrong? Since I came back from America —I grant you that—but *since*, there's never been a step that wasn't forced, that hadn't as much right in it or more, as wrong. You talk as though I was a thing of steel that could bend this way or that and never change. You talk as though Isabel was a cat one could give to any kind owner. . . . We two are things that change and grow and alter all the time. We're so interwoven that being parted now will leave us just misshapen cripples. . . . You don't know the motives, you don't know the rush and feel of things, you don't know how it was with us, and how it is with us. You don't know the hunger for the mere sight of one another; you don't know anything."

Britten looked at his finger-nails closely. His red face puckered to a wry frown. "Haven't we all at times wanted the world put back?" he grunted, and looked hard and close at one particular nail.

There was a long pause.

"I want her," I said, "and I'm going to have her. I'm too tired for balancing the right and wrong of it any more. You can't separate them. I saw her yesterday. . . . She's—ill. . . . I'd take her now, if death were just outside the door waiting for us."

"Torture?"

I thought. "Yes."

"For her?"

"There isn't," I said.

"If there was?"

I made no answer.

"It's blind Want. And there's nothing ever been put into you to stand against it. What are you going to do with the rest of your lives?"

"No end of things."

"Nothing."

"I don't believe you are right," I said. "I believe we can save something——"

Britten shook his head. "Some scraps of salvage won't excuse you," he said.

His indignation rose. "In the middle of life!" he said. "No man has a right to take his hand from the plough."

He leant forward on his desk and opened an argumentative palm. "You know, Remington," he said, "and I know, that if this could be fended off for six months—if you could be clapped in prison, or got out of the way

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somehow—until this marriage was all over and settled down for a year, say—you know then you two could meet, curious, happy, as friends. Saved! You *know* it."

I turned and stared at him. "You're wrong, Britten," I said. "And does it matter if we could?"

I found that in talking to him I could frame the apologetics I had not been able to find for myself alone.

"I am certain of one thing, Britten. It is our duty not to hush up this scandal."

He raised his eyebrows.

"It's our duty," I went on, "to smash now openly in the sight of every one. I've got that as clean and plain—as prison whitewash. I am convinced that we have got to be public to the uttermost now—I mean it—until every corner of our world knows this story, knows it fully, adds it to the Parnell story and the Ashton Dean story and the Carmel story and the Witterslea story, and all the other stories that have picked man after man out of English public life, the men with active imaginations, the men of strong initiative. To think this tottering old-woman-ridden Empire should dare to waste a man on such a score! You say I ought to be penitent——"

Britten shook his head and smiled very faintly.

"I'm boiling with indignation," I said. "I lay in bed last night and went through it all. What in God's name was to be expected of us but what has happened? I went through my life bit by bit last night, I recalled all I've had to do with virtue and women, and all I was told and how I was prepared. I was born into cowardice and debasement. We all are. Our generation's grimy with hypocrisy. I came to the most beautiful things in life—like Peeping Tom of Coventry. I was never given a light, never given a touch of natural manhood by all this dingy, furtive, canting, humbugging English world. Thank God! I'll soon be out of it! The shame of it! The very savages in Australia initiate their children better than the English do to-day. Neither of us was ever given a view of what they call morality that didn't make it show as shabby subservience, as the meanest discretion, an abject submission to unreasonable prohibitions! meek surrender of the mind and body to the dictation of pedants and old women and fools. We weren't taught—we were mumbled at!"

"Yes," said Britten. "That's all very well——"

I interrupted him. "I know there's a case—I'm beginning to think it a valid case—against us; but we never met it! There's a steely pride in self-restraint, a nobility of chastity, but only for those who see and think and act—untrammelled and unafraid." I put my foot in a chair, and urged my case upon him. "This is a dirty world, Britten, simply because it is a muddled world, and the thing you call morality is dirtier now than the thing you call immorality. Why don't the moralists pick their stuff out of the slime if they care for it, and wipe it?—damn them! I am burning now to say, 'Yes, we did this and this,' to all the world. All the world! . . . I will!"

Britten rubbed the palm of his hand on the corner of his desk. "That's all very well, Remington," he said. "You mean to go."

He stopped and began again. "If you didn't know you were in the wrong you wouldn't be so damned rhetorical. You're in the wrong.

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It's as plain to you as it is to me. You're leaving a big work, you're leaving a wife who trusted you, to go and live with your jolly mistress. . . . You won't see you're a statesman that matters, that no single man, maybe, might come to such influence as you in the next ten years. You're throwing yourself away and accusing your country of rejecting you."

He swung round upon his swivel at me. "Remington," he said, "have you forgotten the immense things our movement means?"

I thought. "Perhaps I *am* rhetorical," I said.

"But the things we might achieve! If you'd only stay now—even now. Oh! you'd suffer a little socially, but what of that? You'd be able to go on—perhaps all the better for hostility of the kind you'd get. You know, Remington—you *know*."

I thought and went back to his earlier point. "If I am rhetorical, at any rate it's a living feeling behind it. Yes, I remember all the implications of our aims—very splendid, very remote. But just now it's rather like offering to give a freezing man the sunlit Himalayas from end to end in return for his camp-fire. When you talk of me and my jolly mistress, it isn't fair. That misrepresents everything. I'm not going out of this —for delights. That's the sort of thing men like Snuffles and Keyhole imagine—that excites them! When I think of the things these creatures think! Ugh! But *you* know better? You know that physical passion that burns like a fire—ends clean. I'm going for love, Britten—if I sinned for passion. I'm going, Britten, because when I saw her the other day she *hurt* me. She hurt me damnably, Britten. . . . I've been a cold man—I've led a rhetorical life—you hit me with that word!—I put things in a windy way, I know, but what has got hold of me at last is her pain. She's ill. Don't you understand? She's a sick thing—a weak thing. She's no more a goddess than I'm a god. . . . I'm not in love with her now; I'm *raw* with love for her. I feel like a man that's been flayed. I have been flayed. . . . You don't begin to imagine the sort of helpless solicitude. . . . She's not going to do things easily; she's ill. Her courage fails. . . . It's hard to put things when one isn't rhetorical, but it's this, Britten—there are distresses that matter more than all the delights or achievements in the world. . . . I made her what she is—as I never made Margaret. I've made her—I've broken her. . . . I'm going with my own woman. The rest of my life and England, and so forth, must square itself to that."

For a long time, as it seemed, we remained silent and motionless. We'd said all we had to say. My eyes caught a printed slip upon the desk before him, and I came back abruptly to the paper.

I picked up this galley proof. It was one of Winter's essays. "This man goes on doing first-rate stuff," I said. "I hope you will keep him going."

He made no answer. He sat back in his chair with his chin in his collar and his hands deep in his trouser pockets.

§ 5. I have a letter Margaret wrote me within a week of our flight. I cannot resist transcribing some of it here, because it lights things as no words of mine can do. It is a string of nearly inconsecutive thoughts written in pencil in a fine, tall, sprawling hand. Its very inconsecutiveness

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is essential. Many words are underlined. It was in answer to one from me; but what I wrote has passed utterly from my mind. . . .

"Certainly," she says, "I want to hear from you, but I do not want to see you. There's a sort of abstract *you* that I want to go on with. Something I've made *out* of you. . . . I want to know things about you —but I don't want to see or feel or imagine. When some day I have got rid of my intolerable sense of proprietorship, it may be different. Then perhaps we may meet again. I think it is even more the loss of our political work and dreams that I am feeling than the loss of your presence. Aching loss. I thought so much of the things we were *doing* for the world—had given myself so unreservedly. You've left me with nothing to *do*. I am suddenly at loose ends. . . .

"We women are trained to be so dependent on a man. I've got no life of my own at all. It seems now to me that I wore my clothes even for you and your schemes. . . .

"After I have told myself a hundred times why this has happened, I ask again, 'Why did he give things up? Why did he give things up?' . . .

"It is just as though you were wilfully dead. . . .

"Then I ask again and again whether this thing need have happened at all, whether if I had had a warning, if I had understood better, I might not have adapted myself to your restless mind and made this catastrophe impossible. . . .

"Oh, my dear! why hadn't you the pluck to hurt me at the beginning, and tell me what you thought of me and life? You didn't give me a chance; not a chance. I suppose you couldn't. All these things you and I stood away from. You let my first repugnances repel you. . . .

"It is strange to think after all these years that I should be asking myself, do I love you? have I loved you? In a sense I think I *hate* you. I feel you have taken my life, dragged it in your wake for a time, thrown it aside. I am resentful. Unfairly resentful, for why should I exact that you should watch and understand my life, when clearly I have understood so little of yours? But I am savage—savage at the wrecking of all you were to do.

"Oh, why—why did you give things up?

"No human being is his own to do what he likes with. You were not only pledged to my tiresome, ineffectual companionship, but to great purposes. They *are* great purposes. . . .

"If only I could take up your work as you leave it, with the strength you had—then indeed I feel I could let you go—you and your young mistress. . . . All that matters so little to me. . . .

"Yet I think I must indeed love you yourself in my slower way. At times I am mad with jealousy at the thought of all I hadn't the wit to give you. . . . I've always hidden my tears from you—and what was in my heart. It's my nature to hide—and you, you want things brought to you to see. You are so curious as to be almost cruel. You don't understand reserves. You have no mercy with restraints and reservations. You are not really a *civilised* man at all. You hate pretences—and not only pretences but decent coverings. . . .

"It's only after one has lost love and the chance of loving that slow people like myself find what they might have done. Why wasn't I bold

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and reckless and abandoned? It's as reasonable to ask that, I suppose, as to ask why my hair is fair. . . .

"I go on with these perhapses over and over again here when I find myself alone. . . .

"My dear, my dear, you can't think of the desolation of things—— I shall never go back to that house we furnished together, that was to have been the laboratory (do you remember calling it a laboratory?) in which you were to forge so much of the new order. . . .

"But, dear, if I can help you—even now—in any way—help both of you, I mean. . . . It tears me when I think of you poor and discredited. You will let me help you if I can—it will be the last wrong not to let me do that. . . .

"You had better not get ill. If you do, and I hear of it—I shall come after you with a troupe of doctors and nurses. If I am a failure as a wife, no one has ever said I was anything but a success as a district visitor. . . ."

There are other sheets, but I cannot tell whether they were written before or after the ones from which I have quoted. And most of them have little things too intimate to set down. But this oddly penetrating analysis of our differences must, I think, be given.

"There are all sorts of things I can't express about this and want to. There's this difference that has always been between us, that you like nakedness and wildness, and I, clothing and restraint. It goes through everything. You are always *talking* of order and system, and the splendid dream of the order that might replace the muddled system you hate, but by a sort of instinct you seem to want to break the law. I've watched you so closely. Now *I* want to obey laws, to make sacrifices, to follow rules. I don't want to make, but I do want to keep. You are at once makers and rebels, you and Isabel too. You're bad people—criminal people, I feel, and yet full of something the world must have. You're so much better than me, and so much viler. It may be there is no making without destruction, but it seems to me sometimes that it is nothing but an instinct for lawlessness that drives you. You remind me—do you remember?—of that time we went from Naples to Vesuvius, and walked over the hot new lava there. Do you remember how tired I was? I know it disappointed you that I was tired. One walked there in spite of the heat because there was a crust; like custom, like law. But directly a crust forms on things, you are restless to break down to the fire again. You talk of beauty, both of you, as something terrible, mysterious, imperative. *Your* beauty is something altogether different from anything I know or feel. It has pain in it. Yet you always speak as though it was something I ought to feel and am dishonest not to feel. *My* beauty is a quiet thing. You have always laughed at my feeling for old-fashioned chintz and blue china and Sheraton. But I like all these familiar *used* things. My beauty is *still* beauty, and yours is excitement. I know nothing of the fascination of the fire, or why one should go deliberately out of all the decent fine things of life to run dangers and be singed and tormented and destroyed. I don't understand. . . ."

§ 6. I remember very freshly the mood of our departure from London, the platform of Charing Cross with the big illuminated clock overhead, the bustle of porters and passengers with luggage, the shouting of newsboys

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and boys with flowers and sweets, and the groups of friends seeing travellers off by the boat train. Isabel sat very quiet in the compartment, and I stood upon the platform with the door open, with a curious reluctance to take the last step that should sever me from London's ground. I showed our tickets, and bought a handful of red roses for her. At last came the guards crying, "Take your seats," and I got in and closed the door on me. We had, thank Heaven! a compartment to ourselves. I let down the window and stared out.

There was a bustle of final adieux on the platform, a cry of "Stand away, please, stand away!" and the train was gliding slowly and smoothly out of the station.

I looked out upon the river as the train rumbled with slowly gathering pace across the bridge, and the bobbing black heads of the pedestrians in the footway, and the curve of the river and the glowing great hotels, and the lights and reflections and blacknesses of that old, familiar spectacle. Then with a common thought, we turned our eyes westward to where the pinnacles of Westminster and the shining clock-tower rose hard and clear against the still, luminous sky.

"They'll be in Committee on the Reformatory Bill to-night," I said, a little stupidly.

"And so," I added, "good-bye to London!"

We said no more, but watched the south-side streets below—bright gleams of lights and movement—and the dark, dim, monstrous shapes of houses and factories. We ran through Waterloo Station, London Bridge, New Cross, St. John's. We said never a word. It seemed to me that for a time we had exhausted our emotions. We had escaped, we had cut our knot, we had accepted the last penalty of that headlong return of mine from Chicago a year and a half ago. That was all settled. That harvest of feelings we had reaped. I thought now only of London, of London as the symbol of all we were leaving and all we had lost in the world. I felt nothing now but an enormous and overwhelming regret. . . .

The train swayed and rattled on its way. We ran through old Bromstead, where once I had played with cities and armies on the nursery floor. The sprawling suburbs with their scattered lights gave way to dim tree-set country under a cloud-veiled, intermittently shining moon. We passed Cardcaster Place. Perhaps old Wardingham, that pillar of the old Conservatives, was there, fretting over his unsuccessful struggle with our young Toryism. Little he recked of this new turn of the wheel and how it would confirm his contempt of all our novelties. Perhaps some faint intimation drew him to the window to see behind the stems of the young fir-trees that bordered his domain the little string of lighted carriage windows gliding southward. . . .

Suddenly I began to realise just what it was we were doing.

And now, indeed, I knew what London had been to me, London where I had been born and educated, the slovenly mother of my mind and all my ambitions, London and the Empire! It seemed to me we must be going out to a world that was utterly empty. All our significance fell from us—and before us was no meaning any more. We were leaving London; my hand, which had gripped so hungrily upon its complex life, had been forced from it, my fingers left their hold. That was over. I should never have a voice in public affairs again. The inexorable un-

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written law which forbids overt scandal sentenced me. We were going out to a new life, a life that appeared in that moment to be a mere shrivelled remnant of life, a mere residuum of sheltering and feeding and seeing amidst alien scenery and the sound of unfamiliar tongues. We were going to live cheaply in a foreign place, so cut off that I meet now the merest stray tourist, the commonest tweed-clad stranger with a mixture of shyness and hunger. . . . And suddenly all the schemes I was leaving appeared fine and adventurous and hopeful as they had never done before. How great was this purpose I had relinquished, this bold and subtle remaking of the English will! I had doubted so many things, and now suddenly I doubted my unimportance, doubted my right to this suicidal abandonment. Was I not a trusted messenger, greatly trusted and favoured, who had turned aside by the way? Had I not, after all, stood for far more than I had thought; was I not filching from that dear great city of my birth and life some vitally necessary thing, a key, a link, a reconciling clue in her political development, that now she might seek vaguely for in vain? What is one life against the State? Ought I not to have sacrificed Isabel and all my passion and sorrow for Isabel, and held to my thing—stuck to my thing?

I heard as though he had spoken it in the carriage Britten's "It *was* a good game. No end of a game." And for the first time I imagined the faces and voices of Crupp and Esmeer and Gane when they learnt of this secret flight, this flight of which they were quite unwarned. And Shoesmith might be there in the House—Shoesmith who was to have been married in four days—the thing might hit him full in front of any kind of people. Cruel eyes might watch him. Why the devil hadn't I written letters to warn them all? I could have posted them five minutes before the train started. I had never thought to that moment of the immense mess they would be in; how the whole edifice would clatter about their ears. I had a sudden desire to stop the train and go back for a day, for two days, to set that negligence right. My brain for a moment brightened, became animated and prolific of ideas. I thought of a brilliant line we might have taken on that confounded Reformatory Bill. . . .

That sort of thing was over. . . .

What indeed wasn't over? I passed to a vaguer, more multitudinous perception of disaster, the friends I had lost already since the campaign of scandal began, the ampler remnant whom now I must lose. I thought of people I had been merry with, people I had worked with and played with, the companions of talkative walks, the hostesses of houses that had once glowed with welcome for us both. I perceived we must lose them all. I saw life like a tree in late autumn that had once been rich and splendid with friends—and now the last brave dears would be hanging on doubtfully against the frosty chill of facts, twisting and tortured in the universal gale of indignation, trying to evade the cold blast of the truth. I had betrayed my party, my intimate friend, my wife, the wife whose devotion had made me what I was. For awhile the figure of Margaret, remote, wounded, shamed, dominated my mind, and the thought of my immense ingratitude. Damn them! they'd take it out of her too. I had a feeling that I wanted to go straight back and grip some one by the throat, some one talking ill of Margaret. They'd blame her for not keeping me, for letting things go so far. . . . I wanted the whole world to know how fine

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she was. I saw in imagination the busy, excited dinner tables at work upon us all, rather pleasantly excited, brightly indignant, merciless.

Well, it's the stuff we are! . . .

Then suddenly, stabbing me to the heart, came a vision of Margaret's tears and the sound of her voice saying, "Husband mine! Oh! husband mine! To see you cry!" . . . .

I came out of a cloud of thoughts to discover the narrow compartment, with its feeble lamp overhead, and our rugs and hand-baggage swaying on the rack, and Isabel, very still in front of me, gripping my wilting red roses tightly in her bare and ringless hand.

For a moment I could not understand her attitude, and then I perceived she was sitting bent together with her head averted from the light to hide the tears that were streaming down her face. She had not got her handkerchief out for fear that I should see this, but I saw her tears, dark drops of tears, upon her sleeve. . . .

I suppose she had been watching my expression, divining my thoughts.

For a time I stared at her and was motionless, in a sort of still and weary amazement. Why had we done this injury to one another? Why? Then something stirred within me.

"Isabel!" I whispered.

She made no sign.

"Isabel!" I repeated, and then crossed over to her and crept closely to her, put my arm about her, and drew her wet cheek to mine.

THE END

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The Month

THE ban of the Lord Chamberlain upon Mr. Laurence Housman's entirely innocent Georgian play is the one comic note in a month of European tragedy. Above the blasts of democratic insurgency sweeping across Europe it stands as a "joy for ever," like the immortal Pecksniff. There can be little wrong with England when such things are done. The date is 1910—three centuries after the cycle of Shakespeare's historical dramas; a passenger airship has actually flown into London from Paris in six hours, and here in the same city the theatrical "draw" of the season is the play, with the trial scene, of *Henry VIII.*, whom even public-school boys know to have been the decapitator of not a few wives, vividly represented by Mr. Bourchier in a real square-cut beard.

A REAL Tudor growth and trim, mark you, no Clarkson assistance there! This astonishing *pronunciamento* upon the liberty, the art, the culture, and the common sense of England takes place with Tappertitian gravity, yet with the exception of a few meetings of protest, a few letters to the press, a few stray oaths and condemnations, the censorship is upheld by the Beefeaters of British Philistinism, while the *Bad Girl of the Family* celebrates her three-hundredth West-End appearance and *Our Miss Gibbs* shows no signs of even wishing to take a three weeks' holiday. What a happy, insular, merry-go-round family we are, superb, as a Frenchwoman once said of us, "in our ridiculousness"! And this Chinese pomander of a censorship is tolerated by the greatest literary people in the world, while across the bay the House of Braganza is swept into the waters and the boy-king of Portugal, with his mother, his grandmother, and his uncle, are hurled from the sovereignty of empire and people

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as the result of what must be called a toy revolution, which is the way that modern revolutions will go.

THE contrast is worth attention. Looking around upon the face of Europe, so calm apparently on the surface, we find serious unrest and disturbance everywhere, the subterranean rumblings of universal labour upheaval. In Portugal, of course, the revolution was inevitable, had been inevitable for the last five years, and no one was surprised when it came. It is essentially an anti-Catholic movement, as is the agnostic Republican agitation in Spain: the revolt of men against doctrinaire suppression and domination which have grown to be both effete and destructive. The Republic took its place overnight with a minimum loss of blood and disaster, and has been accepted by Europe generally, as things that are inevitable are accepted. Thus the House of Braganza bids farewell to history; thus another Latin race shakes off the yoke of Rome.

BUT it was no military *coup d'état;* its roots went deep down into the soul of the Portuguese people. The monarchy had long been divorced from the people. Government was absolutely corrupt; scandal succeeded scandal; politicians sank from one morass into another; the finances of the country grew more and more hopeless; the end was caused by the desperate attempt of the Camarilla, the clericals, and reactionaries to form a league of safety round the dignity of the throne, which was, in reality, in defence of their own interests. An inquisitorial class terror began, with all the machinery of the Inquisition. Men were lodged in prison and kept there months at a time without cause or explanation. Domiciliary visits became the order of the day. The idea of revolution grew naturally, and was already ripe at the time of the last elections.

TO-DAY we see a Portugal new-born, quiet, and hopeful. At the head of the Government an Areopagus of the native

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intellect sits in authority, with a programme epochal in the history of the non-French Catholic countries. Laicisation of instruction, of religion; development of the national defences; decentralisation; colonial autonomy; guarantee of the liberty of the individual; expulsion of all the congregations; liberty of belief; separation of Church and State; democratisation of the professions, &c.—in short, a Republican programme such as, if realised, will almost inevitably cause the Republican party in Spain to fight and win to the same privileges and conditions and to the suppression and exclusion of Papal power.

People who know the Spains find it difficult even now to believe in the accomplishment. A few months ago we pointed out in this Review the rejuvenation of idea and ideal rapidly taking place among the Spanish peoples, the motive force of which, as it was recently in France, being the determination of thinking men to free themselves from Rome. That is, in fact, the central force to-day in all the Latin Catholic countries. It is due largely to the wooden conservatism of the Vatican; to the discovery by the people that so long as education rests in the power of the priests the people will remain sterile and uneducated; to the goad of poverty, which is the mother of all rebellion. This elutriation of the Spanish mind has been of slow process. It began, as a force, in Spain with the loss of her colonies, and it has gone on ever since, till now, as we have seen, the priests are chivied from their monasteries and the nuns from their convents, and the Portuguese people, the most illiterate in Europe west of Russia, now stand before the world as confessed agnostics. But precisely the same evolution is taking place in Spain, only there authority, the forces of tradition, and Catholicism are stronger, while poverty is not so crushing. But this is a certainty. The example of Portugal has lit a candle in the Spains that no secular power of Rome can now extinguish. The moment disaffection in the army is ripe enough to bear the strain the fabric of Catholic Spain will fall, as the House of Braganza in Portugal, with all its traditions and glory, and it is a contingency we will be well advised to anticipate.

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To us, of course, the change in Portugal is of no international consequence. It is one of our finest principles as a nation that we do not interfere in the domestic affairs of other peoples, and so, while we gladly welcome the deposed king among us and offer him a home, we yet acknowledge the Republic of Portugal as yesterday we acknowledged Braganza. Portugal is strategically of vital importance to us. Things will go on as before. Whether Portugal is ruled by a king or a positivist is no concern of ours. She has a great task before her, complicated not a little by the extreme ignorance of the people. But the Portuguese are naturally singers, a happy people. They will, no doubt, find that great wrongs are committed in the blessed name of liberty, that if every way now no longer leads to Rome, there are some that lead in still further directions of disaster. We can but wish them success in their new endeavour. We can but wish the young king welcome to the happy playground of England.

Now look at Germany and observe what has been taking place there. Actually fighting in the streets of Berlin, with almost as many injured as in the whole Portuguese revolution. Not since 1848 has anything at all like it occurred. For the first time for decades working men have attacked and defied the police in what was admittedly an organised revolt, and in Bremen there has been a somewhat similar attack, both of them characterised by extreme brutality on the part of police and strikers. Isolated cases of disturbance will, of course, occur, but in Germany it is many years since any such riot was witnessed. It points to a sense of embitterment and exasperation both significant and symptomatic. Following on the militant declarations of the recent German Socialist Congress and immediately preceding the railway strike in Paris, it jars, as a sign of the times.

It is the first time since organised Social Democracy captured the votes of the people that the people have broken away from the discipline imposed by the party and the injunction, hitherto rigidly adhered to by all, to avoid force except in the last instance.

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One of the chief boasts of the Socialist party has been the remarkable observance of order, the avoidance of all conflict with the police, the military enforcement of party obedience. That the workmen took the law into their own hands at Moabit testifies to the slackening of the party hold on the people since the virtual retirement of Bebel from the leadership, as to the spirit of unrest which is now making itself felt over Europe generally. In Germany this is the case concomitantly with the widespread growth of luxury and pleasure and that other new factor, which is the growing lack of respect now paid to the Hohenzollerns, as may be observed any day by a mere cursory glance at the German comic press. Side by side with the militarism of Teutonic ambition the force of democratic ideals widens and sharpens the gulf between authority and the masses, so that at this moment in Germany among all political factions and parties the dominant cry is for order at any price and for a Parliamentary opposition, Socialist-Radical or Social Democratic, strong enough to be an opposition in practice as well as in theory. It is not too much to say that the labour unrest in the Fatherland has now become the engrossing care of politicians. Beneath it, they well know, lies the smouldering fire of rebellion.

Across the Vosges we find the same unrest, and the world is astounded at the sudden stoppage of France's railway system, as the result of a strike which nearly became a revolution. The French never do these things by unheroic methods. Within a few hours France was confronted with anarchy, and had it not been for M. Briand, who proved himself the Aristides of the hour, the country might have been plunged in economic and political chaos. It was *la bonne Bourgeoisie* and the national spirit of the "woollen stocking" that saved the situation, so that all M. Briand had to do was that difficult thing in the hour of need, to act promptly and decisively. The moment the French people, as the strikers, realised that a general strike on the railways paralysed the arteries of the country, the strike was at an end. "Ah, *mais non. Ça, c'est trop fort!*" was the

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general comment. And that finished it. The famous *tricoteuses* did not knit woollen stockings in vain.

All the same, viewed dispassionately, the men merely struck for the ordinary demands of labour, which have been many times promised and always denied them. Every one in France will tell you the same story. It was the directors who were to blame—the old tale of shareholders and pinchbeck economy. We, who seem to grow more and more afraid of liberty and free speech, have heard very little about the French view of the strike, what it was all about and who was to blame, but the real fact is that the directors are solely responsible for it, and, having now been thoroughly frightened, will no doubt grant the men's demands. The French strike failed like the Swedish general strike; but it accomplished in a few hours what few people would have thought possible—it shut off France from the world, and it needed a mobilisation order to quell it. Here, again, this is no affair of ours; but its flag-signal is unmistakable and pertinent even to us.

For we seem to be drifting along not at all unlike the directors of the French railway system. As was pointed out in these pages last month, we have in the Osborne judgment the potential makings of Socialist class warfare. Serious newspapers still talk grandiloquently about the rights of minorities, while admitting that the country is being "shamed" into the payment of its Parliamentary representatives; and while the red ties stalk the country with jubilation, neither Conservatives nor Liberals seem at all to be aware of the serious nature of the pother. The article that we print this month by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald reads like a poignant cry of distress. Attacked now virulently by doctrinaire Socialists, Labour Members, such as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who would keep class Socialism out of the country, find themselves virtually at the brink of failure. Through his article a note of pain rings with all the force of honest conviction—it is the note of a despairing man. The law of the Law Lords has grafted the virus of class antagonism in our midst (1) by

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breaking the power of Trade Unionism as a political arm, (2) by depriving Labour Members of their means of subsistence, (3) by throwing the entire eminently rational and peaceful Trade-Union movement in this country into political chaos, (4) and by reverting to the *status quo* of the unions before 1876 has thereby written failure upon the whole movement.

To ban a play by the sensitive spirit who was joint author of *Prunella* is good British sport enough, but to ban Labour from Parliament, to make it illegal for workmen to use the money paid into the Unions to support a score or so of eminently worthy and painstaking Members of Parliament, is both foolish and dangerous. And that is, apart from the nebulous rights of workmen's minorities and the technicality of the legal decision, the practical question at stake. It is no good pitting Tariff Reform *versus* Free Trade here. The plain fact is that in Osborne the country is placed before a class issue. It is not popular to say so, but those who can see a little higher than the mere party and partisan aspects of politics will have to support Mr. Sidney Webb in this matter, who is certainly a man of order and integrity, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose main object is to keep the class warfare of international Socialism out of the country.

We are not Socialists. We agree with Marx that Socialism is a class movement. We admit that, not belonging by the fortuity of birth to the manual classes, it is not to our interests to support or foster the movement. But we do recognise the fundamental laws of humanity, and we do recognise the rights of the masses as against the minority rights of the classes. And it is because we feel that on this question a capital blunder has been committed that we venture to appeal to all who can see the issue as a whole to assist in bringing about the necessary and obvious remedy. Payment of Members is no remedy. Separate political funds are no remedy to the real question before Labour, for with the disruption of the Unions as a politico-economic organisation, the back of the whole Trade-Union

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movement in this country is broken. The alternative is Socialism —the Socialism of class hatred and implacable opposition like the movements in France and Germany. It is the duty of the layman, of those who know anything about the conditions of class warfare in those countries, to make the politicians, intent on planting their own cabbages, see that here there must be no party cavilling or deception. This is not the age for self-deception. At this moment, when it is of all importance to England that democracy should face and join forces with Imperialism, and so step to a higher grasp of the noble heritage bequeathed to her, it is politically and economically unsound to stir up the antagonisms of class into an opposition alien to the national spirit and fatal to the whole conception of federated Empire. We stand probably before a new political ideal—that of Empire. But more potent than ideals in the struggle for life is the groundwork of life's economy. To allow the cry in England of "Cheques *versus* coppers" is disastrous to all the finer reasons of State, fatal to all rational and constructive Imperialism. It is the policy of the French railway directors.

In party politics we find things in a state of flux and chaos and a strange suspense. The "revolt" of the Tory bloods, under the captaincy, apparently, of Lord Willoughby de Broke, has found expression in a manifesto of policy which reads like some scroll of black magic, cast in romantic phraseology about "rills of social reform," "economic fly-wheels of Great Britain," &c., so nebulous in its general scope and policy that we would advise its redrafting in the office of the *Equinox*, where the symbols of Abracadabra are fluently and cheaply interpreted. If it means anything, it signifies that young Toryism is getting "fed up" with the Balfourian policy of perpetual negation, and intends to "speed up" his activities, but though it may be good fare for the sutlers of the party, it is not likely to do much harm either to Mr. Balfour or to the rest. The other Jack-in-the-box has been some quick-change business on the part of Mr. Redmond.

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THE MONTH

THE question of Imperialism is the statesman's problem of the day, the one upon which all Englishmen will have, sooner or later, to take thought and decision as the navel of our whole political and economic reason. Unfortunately, Jingoism has hitherto so blurred and besmirched it that the soul of Liberalism reluctant at the tinsel and music-hall trappings with which it has been associated, and the thing became a vulgarity. Equally regrettable is its party affiliation with the economic issue of Protection. But things are rapidly changing now, and with the progress of the democratic idea in this country must go, *pari passu*, the Imperial sense of responsibility. It was the absence of this sense that lost Holland her empire and Spain her empire, and that now witnesses the transformation of Portugal into a republic, while Brazil looks on and pats her whilom mother on the back. Whether Turgot was right or wrong when he said that colonies, like fruit, only cling till they ripen, the issue remains, every year now growing more complicated and earnest—the problem of England and of our English civilisation.

THE time has come to take it from the smoke of the music-hall and cleanse it with the light of reason. And the first thing is for Liberalism openly and warmly to welcome it. If Mr. Redmond meant what he is reported to have said about local autonomy in Ireland, Imperial federation, and a *rapprochement* between England and America—and very likely he did say something of the sort—then it was an utterance of which he may well be proud. That, at any rate, is a statesman's policy. Home Rule, we know, is now coquetted with by many of Mr. Gladstone's once fiercest opponents, and the informed are agreed that a material change for the better is coming over Ireland, as the result of the agrarian legislation. Ireland is, of course, part of any wise and constructive scheme of federal policy. Though borderland "patriotics" still inflame and obfuscate political minds, language, as Pan-Germans insist, is the real heart and bond of nationality in this age of science and enforced enlightenment, of cynicism and selfish competition, of barter and disillusion. The Empire that we have we must keep, as

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our very life's blood: but we must understand it. The real difficulty lies in our conception of its greatness, of its possibilities, of its business.

Its umbilical cord is the strength of the Home Defence, the Navy and the Army. That is why the absolute supremacy of our Navy over the navies of the two strongest possible combinations is, as it were, the life insurance of Imperial continuity. On that most of us are now agreed. The sole measure of the power necessary to safeguard those interests, allowing always a nice margin for the accident of war and circumstance, is the standard of force against us, actual and prospective, and that is why, bearing no feelings of resentment or hostility, we yet must meet the growing naval arm of Germany and Austria with the inflexible programme, which should be made automatic, of two keels to every capital ship laid down by them. The expense involved is deplorable, but it is not within our competence to alter it. Neither is it within our rights, unless we mean to enforce them, to question the justice of it. That is where Liberals, if they will but look upon the matter Imperially and not locally, can render the country noble service; by insisting that the Navy shall be placed above the rattle of the hustings and that Englishmen of all parties and all conditions shall on this point see singly, as one man.

We have said, we repeat, that it is now the solemn duty of both parties to place the Navy above party in the security of the law. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill have both made judicious but momentous utterances upon this matter, foreshadowing the floating of an emergency naval loan, and it would be a policy more decisive than the greatest victory and infinitely more economical, and might even induce Germany to come to a shipbuilding agreement. As we scrap six warships of the *Royal Sovereign* class, Austria decides upon a programme of nine *Dreadnoughts*, two of which, it is now known, will be in commission by March 1914. All that we need to place the naval question above the rancour and suspicion of party is to establish a fixed programme on the German model and to borrow

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the money needed. It is a policy which would be popular in the country. It is a policy that would receive national and Imperial support.

FAILURE to realise the gravity of the prospective danger threatening England must bring Liberalism to ruin. It is now admitted, even by those who a year or so ago scoffed at the idea, that the German fleet does constitute a danger; now that the Austrian fleet is rising in the Mediterranean, necessitating a serious displacement in the balance of our home-water defence, there can be few so blind as to dispute it. The thing is to act, to throw off the palsy of party tradition, and to meet the issue bravely. We know exactly what we have to build up against. There is virtually no excuse for parley or procrastination. If the Chancellor and Mr. Winston Churchill take the initiative in this matter they will have deserved well of their country. They have only to move and the country will follow them, as sure as failure to move will bring about their fall—a fall which will crush Liberalism for decades.

THAT is the situation. It is an opportunity which will never return. If Germany but sees that we are building two ships to every one of hers and Austria's, the game of the sea will be up; the common sense of Germans will prevail, the Hohenzollern shipbuilding race will end. This is the simple, unvarnished truth. A naval loan now, and the great war for the supremacy of the seas, for the fate of England and Empire, that hangs over our destiny will vanish like the sores of the leper before the healing virtue of the Nazarene. Another General Election fought over the Navy, and Liberalism will be overthrown. It is now or never; the grandest chance that Liberalism ever had hangs upon the grandest thing in all historical England—the Navy and the assurance of its supremacy.

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The Portuguese Revolution

By E. J. Dillon

Endlich blüht die Aloë,
Endlich trägt der Palmbaum Früchte.

"Of all modern revolutions none were so humane as those of Brazil and Portugal." This remark was made to me a few days ago by Senhor Theophilo Braga, Poet, Positivist, and President of the newest European republic. "How do you explain that?" I asked. "Partly," he replied, "by the temper of the two nations that shook off the monarchist yoke; they are both Portuguese, but largely because they were permeated with republican and, in our country, with positivist ideas which first produced a revolution in the souls of the young generation and of the leaders of thought, then suddenly translated themselves into acts and are now about to crystallise into institutions." The President then went on to unfold to me the characteristic traits of the national character, in which, he maintains, the Celtic element predominates, and to show how they manifested themselves in the revolution. Without calling this theory in question, I may say that the proximate causes of the upheaval, which I was enabled to study at close quarters, make it clear to the dullest apprehension why the old fabric of monarchical government could be pulled down almost without an effort.

The murder of King Carlos and his heir in February 1908 seemed to me the overture of a revolutionary movement which would go on steadily gaining strength until it culminated in a catastrophe. My grounds for this opinion were many and cogent. I had been informed that the motive of the murder was not so much to put an end to the political dictatorship of Joao Franco as to hinder the purification of the administration which Franco was about to carry out without ruth. And as the only parties

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who indulged in jobbery, and despoiled the people for the behoof of their own political partisans, were the two groups of monarchists who alternately enjoyed the sweets of office, it could be taken for granted that they were implicated in the violent death of their Sovereign. Events bore out this deduction. For neither party when in power would open an impartial inquiry into the assassination of the king or seek to bring the regicides to justice. It was fair to conclude, therefore, that so long as the monarchists continued in power, there would be no surcease of misery for the Portuguese people, whose only hope was in a republic. For if the so-called monarchists were capable of sacrificing their monarch for the privilege of continuing to treat the Portuguese people as their milch-cow, they would never spontaneously undertake the cleansing of the Augean stables. In truth there were no longer any real monarchists in political life since the retirement of Joao Franco in February 1908, and although there were many in the army who would gladly draw the sword for their king, they would fight only for a king who stood his ground and encountered risks, not for a fugitive. And, lastly, the two regiments which were known to have given active sympathy and probably something more to the regicides were allowed to remain on in the capital, as were also the marines, without whom a successful insurrection was deemed inconceivable.

Concluding that the revolution could not be far off, I repaired to Lisbon in September, and, guided by what I knew of things political in that capital, I went straight to the group of men who, after having worked for years to clear the ground for a republic, were at that very moment hatching the plot which was to have been executed this autumn, but at a later date than October. Of all the republicans, and I may add of all the political men in Portugal, those who belonged to the *A Lucta* * group are far and away the most serious, and chief among them were Drs. Brito Camacho, Bombarda, and Joao de Menezes. Every night I came in contact with the chiefs of this group of republicans, heard their indictment against the Monarchy,

* *A Lucta* (" The Struggle ") is the name of the best republican organ and most respectable journal in Portugal. Its editor-in-chief, Brito Camacho, is one of the finest characters one could find among political men in any country.

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expressed my doubts as to the truth of the charges levied against it, and was shown printed and written documents bearing out the very worst allegations. I was convinced, and I told them so. They then asked me to state their case to the British public, so that our Government might recognise the republic without difficulty. They assured me that their foreign policy would be directed not only to the maintenance of the alliance with Great Britain, but to such reforms of the army, navy, and finances as would render Portugal a worthy, a real ally, which under the monarchy she never had been. I accordingly wrote a series of telegrams, describing the state of things in the country, and announcing an impending revolution and the probable establishment of a republic. I was then informed that the authorities would not allow the telegrams to go. Then I decided to go to England myself to publish the facts there and to return. The day after my arrival in London the news arrived there that the republic had been proclaimed in Lisbon, the hands of the conspirators having been forced by the action of the Government.

Before leaving the Portuguese capital I had questioned my republican friends very closely as to the seriousness of the revolutionary work and its chances of success. And their answers were as frank as they could be under the circumstances. They assured me, for instance, that King Manuel's present Cabinet would also prove his last, and that its duration would be extremely short. When I objected that the Prime Minister, Teixeira de Sousa, had told me repeatedly that he was master of the situation and that the republicans had not the ghost of a chance my friends remarked: "The Premier's words recall those of Guizot to the British Ambassador on the very eve of the Revolution. *On the very eve.*" Those words impressed me, and I asked: "Shall I have time to go to London and return hither before the *dénouement?*" "Yes, ample time," was the reply. I then put to Drs. Brito Camacho and Joao de Menezes this question, which to my mind contained the essence of the matter: "Have you the army with you? If not, your calculations are miscalculations; for nowadays no revolution is possible against the army." "Yes, we have a considerable portion of the army on our side." "Will it merely join you when you go into the streets of Lisbon

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or will it take the initiative?" There was a pause before I received a reply to this query, and then it came in this form: "Naval officers are burning to take the initiative. It will not, therefore, be necessary that the army officers should do it. But several of them also are eager."

The naval officers then constituted the nucleus of the revolutionary movement. They were its mainstay. So long as they remained in the capital the republicans had no reason to fear any emergency. But this fact was known also to the monarchist Cabinet, who now and again seemed about to utilise it. One day, for instance, Dr. Camacho said to me: "When next you are talking to our Prime Minister kindly put this question to him: 'Why did you give orders that the warships were to leave the Tagus on September 14?'* For the moment the ships went the hopes of the republicans would go with them. And this danger grew imminent. For one day Dr. Bombarda, one of the chiefs of the group with which I was in close daily contact, was assassinated by one of his patients, a madman, whom, on Dr. Camacho's recommendation, he had taken under his care a twelvemonth before, although the case was hopeless. To the republican party the loss of a popular figure like Bombarda, who was also one of their fourteen deputies, was serious. The common people, who in Lisbon were disaffected to the Crown, grew excited. Tumults were feared by the Government. It was alleged and believed by the lower orders that the assassination of Bombarda was the work of reactionaries who had put up a madman to do the deed. My friends of the *A Lucta*, however, disdained to make capital out of the occurrence. They narrated in their paper the real facts. None the less, popular passion waxed stronger, becoming almost ungovernable. Secret meetings were being held all over the city. Army officers met at night and discussed the situation. Naval officers advocated a rising quite openly at mess, without any attempt at secrecy.

Affairs were precipitated in consequence of information received by the Revolutionary Committee that the Government had decided to remove the warships from the Tagus. For the

* The insurrection had originally been planned for that date. It was baulked by the Premier, who ordered away the ships for twenty-four hours.

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naval officers declared that they would not go, that they would raise barricades and proclaim the republic rather than quit Lisbon. And the committee, feeling that the departure of the warships would entail the indefinite postponement of the revolution, ordained that the rising should break out at one o'clock A.M. in the night of Monday to Tuesday. Preparations were hastily made. Signals were agreed upon. Cartridges were distributed. The plan was drawn up by Admiral Candido dos Reis, one of the most intelligent officers of the navy, who was worshipped by his men. Reis was a magnetic nature. He drew almost every one whom he met within the sphere of his influence. His very name was a clarion to the republicans. He too belonged to the group of *A Lucta*. He had one fault, however, which well-nigh proved fatal to the revolution, depriving it of his services and of those of large numbers of others at the most critical moment. His sense of personal honour was morbidly exaggerated, quixotic. He looked upon himself as personally responsible for each and every one of the details of the plan of insurrection. And when at the moment for decisive action some of his fellow-conspirators failed him, and their defection appeared to turn the scale in favour of the monarch, he felt that he could not survive the disaster.

The attitude of the Government during the three days preceding the outbreak, and, indeed, during the thirty hours' struggle with the republicans, is psychologically interesting. They watched and waited, but did nothing. Never once did they attempt to prevent the onslaught that was obviously coming nor to defend the royalist cause by dispersing its enemies. They remained strictly on the defensive—a defensive so quiescent that outspoken royalists have identified it with deliberate treachery. In that view I am unable to concur. The members of the Cabinet simply lacked the moral courage to withstand the attack of the republicans, which they might have beaten back with ease almost at every phase of the combat. They probably had a semi-conscious feeling that the game was not worth the candle. Even if monarchism had won the day could it have continued for long? They must have felt that even intelligent brigands could easily improve upon their *régime*, and that no likely change

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would be for the worse. What could the monarchists offer the nation? The republicans had already answered that question. Portugal, they said, with less than six million inhabitants, has a debt of 177 million pounds sterling, so that every subject of King Manuel owes thirty-three pounds sterling. Now in all Europe no citizen or subjects can be found to have such a rate per head. On the other hand, Brazil, with twenty-two million inhabitants, owes only 195 millions, a debt which works out at no more than £10 per head of the population. Again, the President of Brazil receives yearly only six million reis * for all his expenses, those of representation included, whereas the King of Portugal had 667 millions besides supplements. Thus every Portuguese subject paid 121 reis for the support of his ruler, whereas the citizen of the Republic of Brazil contributes only three reis. The annual deficit in the Portuguese Budget is from six to eight thousand million reis, whereas the estimates of Brazil are balanced with a surplus of from eight to fifteen million pounds sterling. Advances illegally made to the royal family, not including those given to the Queen Maria Pia, amounted to 2,251,800,000 reis. The scandalous defalcations in connection with the large banking and agrarian institution—the Credits Predial—which was managed by the monarchists who happened to be in opposition, amounted to twenty million francs. The cost of the public services in Portugal is preposterously exorbitant. In Switzerland it amounts only to 6 francs per head of the population every year; in Great Britain to 10.5 francs; in Holland to 11.5 francs; in Austria to 14 francs; in Germany and in Belgium to 15; in Italy to 19.5 francs, and in France to 24 francs. This rate is looked upon in France as excessive. But it is surpassed in Portugal, where it attains the rate of 30 francs, of which the greater part is absorbed by personal expenses. On the other hand the population of Portugal amounts to 5,039,744, and the exact number of illiterates is 3,914,514. It would have been over five millions without the forty-five schools maintained by republicans at their own expense out of hard-earned wages. Was it worth while making a resolute stand at a heavy cost of human life against the

* One thousand reis is equal to 4*s.* 3*d.* approximately.

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men who were fighting to abolish this rotten royalist fabric? It was, I believe, the semiconscious feeling of the utter unfruitfulness of the combat, and even the victory, that paralysed the arm of the Government. Meanwhile events were moving rapidly, and the signs of the times growing plainer.

On Sunday, October 2, for example, Marshal Fonseca, the President-elect of the Republic of Brazil was in Lisbon, the guest of the king and the nation, and he was acclaimed enthusiastically by the people. Returning from a visit to Cintra, on arriving near the palace set apart for his use at Belem * he found the place blocked by a dense throng of people eager to see and welcome him. His carriage could not advance. Then my friend, Joao de Menezes, who had been presented to the President as one of the Republican deputies for Lisbon, said: "With your permission, I will say a word to the people, and they will at once open a wide avenue for your carriage to pass." But Marshal Fonseca, stepping down, took de Menezes' arm and said: "No, I had rather walk." And de Menezes escorted the nation's guest to his apartments. Returning a moment later, Dr. Menezes said to the crowd: "You now see how easy it is to instal a President of the Republic in a royal palace," whereupon vociferous cheering rent the air. That night Dr. Brito Camacho, in a speech he made to a republican assembly, recounted this incident and said: "One palace is already taken by the Republic. The others will be occupied with equal facility."

Evidently the time was come for trying the issue. The Monday night fixed upon for the meeting and the insurrection was a night of late-summer warmth and loveliness. Not a breath was stirring. The very stars in their courses were fighting for the republicans. The face of the broad Tagus was like the surface of a mirror. Lights were twinkling from windows of the houses on the hills. The traffic, which in Lisbon never wholly ceases throughout the night, was brisker than usual. Men hurried hither and thither, whispering as they went. The king, whose residence at this season is Cintra, a delightful place of woods and hills, some seventeen miles from the capital, had come into town to entertain his Brazilian guest, and was now reposing in the ill-omened palace of Necessidades. That royal

* It is known as the Paço de Belem.

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domicile had a mysterious way of bringing death or misfortune upon those who resided in it, and the authorities of Lisbon once besought King Louis I., for whose life they professed great anxiety, to quit it, which he at once did, escorted by thousands of people carrying torches. Prince John, who could not leave, died the next day. While King Manuel was reposing there, the Minister of War, who might be expected to know something of what was going on, lay fast asleep. The Minister of Justice was having his fling at a fashionable restaurant at Cascaes, a charming watering-place, about forty minutes from the capital. The Prime Minister had his eyes and ears open, but his arm was palsied. He dealt no blow to the insurgents. He presumably anticipated troubles of some kind—indeed he had been expecting them daily since the murder of Dr. Bombarda. He was watching and waiting, anxious but quiescent.

A number of established facts prove decisively that Bombarda's death did not hasten the revolution. Bombarda was killed at 11.30 A.M. on Monday, October 4. When mortally wounded he sent for de Menezes and Brito Camacho and said: "I expected to be potted one of these days, just as you still do. But, great heavens! not in this silly fashion." That expectation of his and of theirs was due to the fact that the date for the outbreak had already been fixed, and fixed—unwittingly, of course—by the Government. For it had been agreed upon, ever since September 14, by the republicans that if the authorities should issue orders to the warships to quit the Tagus, the date given by them for that departure should be the date of the rising. The time was therefore settled automatically. And before Bombarda was wounded, even before the day had dawned on which he was killed, orders had been promulgated that the ships were to leave the Tagus on October 4. That settled the question.*

* Since the above was written the Premier has allowed himself to be interviewed, and has given his own account of his action and inaction. And the impression made by this narrative in Lisbon is that it emanates either from a secret accomplice of the republicans or from an individual of weak mind. And Senhor Teixeira de Sousa is known as a clever man. He admits what I stated throughout—that he knew the date of the outbreak, and that he also informed the king. He adds that he was sure of crushing it. Yet he did not send for a single monarchist regiment from the provinces until the railway line was cut!

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Yet now was the time for the monarchists to act. If they but knew what a little exertion would have sufficed to checkmate their adversaries, and if they had had faith even as a grain of mustard seed in their own cause, they would have made the birth of the republic an abortion. Thus, three times they had it in their power to stamp out revolution, were it not that in this case revolution had a soul—as President Braga put it—which powder and ball cannot destroy: on the eve of the murder of King Carlos and his eldest son, if in lieu of arresting the leaders of the conspiracy which had been revealed to him, the dictator, Franco, had followed the advice given by his War Minister, made adequate preparations, allowed the mutineers to come into the streets and had blown them into space, the fabric of the monarchy which Franco was endeavouring to purify might have lingered on. And now throughout this fateful night and the next day the king and his Cabinet, if they had been willing to risk anything for their cause or their places, might have silenced republicanism with no greater effusion of blood than they paid for discomfiture. But there were no monarchists and no monarch. How easily, had there been both, they would have scored over their adversaries, will appear from the following incident:

A short time before the fateful hour of half-past one, the Minister of the Marine signalled to the ships in the Tagus asking the crews whether they were quite ready to enter into action against an armed rising should it become necessary, and adding that, if not, they were to prepare without a moment's delay. This message came like the bursting of a bomb. It seemed to indicate that the Government were aware of the plot and were adopting vigorous precautions to thwart it. Perhaps the leaders were already arrested? Possibly the soldiers of the Royal or Municipal Guard, who were devoted to the monarchy, body and soul, were posted on the heights? Nobody could tell. But the signals agreed upon were delayed, nor were they ultimately given aright. Dismay was in the souls of many of the conspirators.

Admiral Candido dos Reis, however, was serene and hopeful. It was his *rôle* to embark in a boat with some comrades, board the warship *San Raphael*, and then return to the city with a con-

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tingent of insurgents, who should take up their position in one of the streets while the naval artillery opened fire from the warship. But at the fateful moment his comrades drew back. They were apprehensive of harming the cause instead of furthering it. They thought they had good reasons for surmising that their plot had been discovered, and therefore baffled, and they were unwilling to sacrifice the lives of brave men to no purpose. He entreated them to be daring, but they were resolved to be prudent. Their obstinacy could not be shaken. Reis, thereupon, concluded that all was lost. If the very first step could not be taken, how could they march to victory? He felt that he ought to have allowed and provided for this contingency, and not having done so he had plunged the nation into an abyss of misery. He at least would not survive it. A few minutes later he lay lifeless on the floor. This in truth was the catastrophe of catastrophes. Men wept bitterly on learning it. For Reis was in truth indispensable to the insurrection. He knew every detail of the plan; he was acquainted with every man deputed to play a part in carrying it out. He possessed the valuable secret of drawing crowds towards and after him. His name was a charm, his presence was a pledge of success, and his death was an irreparable loss. Many conspirators hung their heads on learning that their leader was no more; the less intelligent among them inferred that he committed suicide only because he foresaw the failure of the plot. He would surely have lived so long as there was hope. One of the enterprising republican newsmongers placarded the walls with the news of Reis' death, heedless of the crushing effect it would produce on their prospects. And even the lion-hearted broke down and cried, "All is lost!" *

One man kept his head and initiative during this inner crisis. He summoned a few friends hurriedly, exposed to them the danger of yielding to vague apprehensions. "Do not let us be reasoned into defeat, seeing that we have not been beaten or even attacked. In my friend Reis we lost a hero whose best quality was that he made his services dispensable before he left us. No loss is irreparable when the cause is a nation's. The other side may have much worse luck. Suppose the King should flee,

* "Nomina sunt odiosa!"

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who will fight for a fugitive? And we may have windfalls. Suppose one of the regiments supposed to be royalist should join us? True, the average man will not reason thus; he will be crushed by the tidings that Reis is no more. It was a blunder to spread the news. We must deny it emphatically, immediately, everywhere." This man's advice was taken, placards and notices were posted and circulated throughout the city asserting that the news of Reis' death was groundless. The Admiral was living and doing splendid work, and hoped the people would second his endeavours. That man and his tactics saved the situation, and one day the republic will erect a statue to his memory.

About three-quarters of an hour after Reis' death the guns of the *San Raphael* boomed out, and the rising had begun. One half of the 16th Infantry Regiment mutinied. The colonel resisted energetically, and was killed on the spot. The mutineers then repaired to the 1st Artillery Regiment, who turned out and joined them, and both forces marched to the principal thoroughfare of Lisbon, Avenida, and took up a strong position on the summit. The Royalist (Municipal) Guard and the 5th Foot Chasseurs repaired to another street, the Rocio, where they were exposed to the republican fire. Called upon to surrender by the mutineers, they refused, and heavy firing went on until six o'clock in the morning, when it became desultory until noon. The prophecy of the optimist leader was fulfilled; a regiment on whose support the rebels had not counted joined them. One of the most important factors of that night was the meeting of the marines of the principal barracks of Alcantera.* Their second commander refusing to go with them, he was taken prisoner and paroled. On the Tagus, three warships—viz., *San Raphael*, *San Gabriel* and *Adamastor*—had hoisted the republican flag and were endeavouring to win over the fourth, *Don Carlos*, which held out obstinately for a time.

The king's slumbers were broken by the heavy firing. He arose, looked out of the windows and inquired: "Is it the revolution that has begun?" thus prejudging the issue and giving his own case away by the very form of his question. The answer being affirmative, he rose and dressed. Already grenades were

* It is about a mile and a half from Lisbon.

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bursting over the palace. He left that ill-omened domicile at about 4 A.M., and sought to put himself in communication with Queen Amelia, who was at Cintra. In this he was successful, thanks to the good offices of loyal friends. As soon as was feasible he repaired to his palace at Mafra, having been circuitously informed that, as a fugitive, the republic would connive at his escape, that the road northwards would be open, and that he would not be molested if he departed by sea, but that if he resisted he would be dealt with as an enemy. At Mafra many persons, it is said, sought out the king, and offered him their arms and their lives, but this offer evoked no other response than heartfelt thanks.

Meanwhile, the republicans were making headway. They had more than one pleasant surprise to make up for their bad beginning. They had the support of one naval officer named Machado Santos—with whom I had the pleasure of conversing on the subject—who worked marvels of organisation. Single-handed, he went from street to street, from barracks to barracks, enlisting volunteers in the ranks of the people's army, and soon his followers were numbered by thousands. He fixed his head-quarters on the Square of the Marques Pombal, and the population at once brought him oxen and sheep and goats and fruits and bread and wine, until the only difficulty experienced by his commissary was in distributing the food which came in plentifully and unceasingly. The active sympathy of the people of Lisbon stood the revolutionists in good stead.

Another "windfall" on which they had not counted appeared in the presence of the cadets of the Military School, who at the call of Santos broke bounds and joined the republican forces. They, too, fought splendidly, and one of them named Pimentel acquired a reputation for daring which is usually the prize of one or more hard-fought campaigns. Another man who rendered brilliant services was a simple private in the naval artillery. His precision in pointing the guns was so perfect that his comrades looked upon him with a feeling of awe. He had a way of announcing in advance the target at which he would point the gun, and a few seconds later it was struck. When perceiving the royal standard still waving from the palace

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he stated that he would blow it into space, and, having fulfilled his prediction, immediately afterwards he was cheered vociferously.

But the royalists, too, had ups as well as downs during their critical thirty hours, had there been any one to utilise them. Chief among these was the arrival of the second artillery regiment from Quelhiz. Its commander was Henriquez Conceiro, who had made a name in Africa as a clever strategist and in Portugal as a devoted royalist and a chivalrous gentleman. This man's presence seemed to turn the tide of battle. Planting his artillery in a park named after King Edward VII. of England, he opened fire on the infantry and artillery of the republicans, and made a strong impression on them. During a pause in the firing, they asked him to cease fighting for a king who had already acknowledged the republic. He refused the invitation and disbelieved the statement. But he sought out the monarch, he and his officers, in order to hearten him to resistance and to declare his intention, and that of his men, to make a resolute stand for the *régime*. On his arrival at the palace of Cintra, however, he was informed that the king was not there. "Where is he?" he asked. "He has fled in a yacht," was the answer. Then Commander Conceiro, who had never before been known to make use of a scurrilous word, uttered some of the foulest oaths that ever passed a trooper's lips in Portugal. Retracing his steps he repaired to the republican authorities and said: "I recognise the new *régime*, and will prove a loyal citizen. But I cannot offer my military services to the republic, so tender my resignation herewith." That was practically the end.

On Wednesday morning the 5th Chasseurs surrendered, and were followed by the Municipal Guards. The republic was proclaimed at the town hall, and the revolution was an accomplished fact. The total number of dead was found to be hardly more than one hundred, for although the firing was described as heavy and destructive, Providence proved merciful to the combatants. Later on the victors showed themselves on the whole very indulgent to the vanquished, and if we except the treatment of the monks and nuns, excesses were exceedingly rare. It seems to be an established fact that during the past fortnight of

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intense political excitement vulgar crimes against life and property have fallen far below the average.

The new Republican Government has now a formidable problem to cope with. It is less a work of reform than of creation out of nothing that they must endeavour to achieve. And the number of persons qualified for this arduous task is very much less than that of the men who were able and willing to lend a hand in pulling down the rotten old fabric of the monarchy. But the best men have remained in the background. By far the most serious, capable, and versatile politicians are those of the *A Lucta* group. And chief among these is Dr. Brito Camacho, whom I have known and appreciated as physician, journalist, and politician. So long as the country possesses men of the moral and mental calibre of Brito Camacho, and of the brilliancy of Joao de Menezes, and makes the most of their services, Republican Portugal can look into the future with serenity.

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The Trade Union Unrest

By J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.

In the last issue of The English Review Mr. Hyndman discussed his opinions on the unrest amongst the Trade Unions from the point of view of one who explains modern social agitation in terms of a class war. But it must not be assumed that that point of view is taken by any appreciable section of British Socialist leaders, or that it has inspired, or can explain, what is vaguely called the Labour movement in this country. Indeed, when the Labour movement is interpreted in such a way some of its most salient features are blurred, and when it is criticised in that spirit the result is a grotesque fabric of political futilities and impossibilities.

The Socialist movement was in the first instance Social Democratic, but, as it grew, dissatisfaction spread amongst its own ranks on the ground that it was "foreign" to British evolution and experience. That did not mean that we were insular in mind and in pride, but that the movement as it then existed had drawn its conceptions of social change from countries uprooted by the Napoleonic wars, governed by autocracies carved out of the Continent by conferences of autocrats, and still unstable and offering every inducement for revolutionary expectations. Phrases and policies fitting the conditions of these countries were taken for use here as though they were inspired gospels demanding a universal application; they became dogmas of absolute value; when facts could no longer be twisted to accommodate them, special esoteric meanings were attached to them, and the English language was strained in order that these precious phrases might be kept in current use; to words like "revolution" and "class" a new significance was given. The effect is written across the subsequent history of Socialism in Great Britain.

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The Social Democratic Federation, representing this unscientific and metaphysical propaganda, was alienated from the Trade Unions; it failed to keep in touch with the masses, and thereby incurred the censure of the two great fathers of modern Socialism, Marx and Engels; it had become impossible. Socialism required a new medium of expression, and the Independent Labour party was formed. Into the keeping of that party the custody of Socialist principles immediately passed. The old Socialist organisation ceased to count, and from that day to this it has been of no consequence either in politics or in Socialist propaganda. It allied itself for a brief year with the Labour party when that party was formed, but the companionship was uncongenial to it. Its representatives on the executive of the party reported that the party was dying and would never be of importance. The federation returned to its vacuum of meaningless dogmas and shibboleths, and it has dragged out a precarious existence ever since on peevish criticism which has drawn to its ranks a trickling stream of malcontents. In this position it stands to-day. For it, and for it alone, Mr. Hyndman speaks.

The class-war theory does not explain our British movement and gives no key to the present industrial unrest. When the Independent Labour party came into existence, not as an offshoot of the Social Democratic Federation, but as an independent creation of British Socialist thought, the Liberal party had worked out its old ideas. Political enfranchisement and industrial individualism were ceasing to be regarded as living issues. The interests—financial and intellectual—of the middle and capitalist classes had been proved by experience to be much narrower than national interests—to be, in fact, at some important points opposed to national interests. The sections enfranchised in 1832 had shown themselves to be as partial in their legislation and as exclusive in their ideas as those which ruled before the Reform Act. They had desired to be free to use their economic power as the owners of the means of production unfettered by the legislation of a past feudalism, but in due time the needs of a still lower stratum of society became pressing, and that stratum claimed that the State should recognise the rights of the classes which owned no means of production but which

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worked them and lived by wages. The ascendancy of the commercial classes no more secured the interests of the workers than did feudalism advance the interests of commerce. Political democracy, the faith of the unenfranchised middle class, was merging into Social Democracy, the faith of the enfranchised working class. A generation of transitional confusion followed, during which traditional political allegiance warred with newly formed ideas. Liberalism had to go through the exercise of putting new wine into old bottles and of seeing many of the old bottles burst. Home Rule, the South African War, the Budget of 1909 were such tests; the revival of Protection relieved the pressure of the new spirit, but the fermentation is still going on. This is not a class war with catastrophes; it is a steady evolution in national life with organic changes. On the surface it is a conflict of class; in reality it is the pains of national growth, and must be understood in its deeper significance.

Ever since workmen banded themselves together to secure collective action in industrial matters they have assumed that they had to use their political influence for industrial ends. The Chartists opposed the Corn Law Reformers and the Whigs; a working-class Radicalism, inspired by Trade-Union leaders, opposed the Liberals; the earliest Trade Union Congresses urged Trade Unions to take an active part in politics; the Reform Act of 1868 was made the occasion of an attempt to found a Trade-Union political party under the title of the Labour Representation Association, and, at the subsequent election, a body of Trade-Union candidates contested seats, and two of them were returned and maintained in Parliament by Trade-Union funds; as the theories of social co-operation and protection, known as Socialism, became familiar to the intelligent workman he turned, as he had always done before, to his Union as the wage-earners' organisation; another attempt was made to form a Labour party, and the resolution was carried by the Trade Union Congress at Plymouth in 1899, from which the existing Labour party sprang.

It will be seen from this survey that there was no break in Trade-Union policy or method. There was no capturing of the Unions by any section. The ancient policy and purposes of the

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Unions were maturing and were being ripened by circumstances. The source of the stream is far back in history, and its course can be traced in unbroken channels through the years.

Something did happen that appears critical in 1906. The movement returned thirty men to the House of Commons that year, and to a public that had been unaware of what had been going on the revelation was made suddenly. The Parliamentary Labour party disturbed the calm serenity of the "interests." The Reaction dreaded it. It had not been at Oxford; it did not come from the classes; its men had been caricatured in Society papers as walking into the House of Commons in hob-nails and corduroys. The Liberal party did not like it. It would not come to terms. It preferred to go on its own way. Its temper was uncertain, its action was incalculable, its support was temporary. It was an inconvenient group in Parliament and a menacing section in the country.

Thus, two forces were marching along converging roads to strike at the party. The frightened industrial interests and the menaced political interests were bound to meet and co-operate, and the Osborne decision gave them their opportunity. The Osborne decision was much more than a judicial interpretation of the definition clause of the Trade Union Act of 1876. It enshrined the private views of judges who expressed opinions as to what Parliament must have meant by various Acts passed from time to time, and these views had nothing to do with the judicial declarations of judges in their proper sphere, but were of precisely the same kind as the opinions one hears expressed in a first-class carriage on the railway, or at the fireside of a good club. They were coloured by a social medium of thought. In fact, the Osborne judgment had little that was judicial about it. What Parliament meant when it recognised Trade Unions in 1876 and assigned to them the function of regulating the relation between employers and employed, is from its very nature mixed up inextricably with what view the man of the club, who reads the *Times* and has a political past, thinks Parliament ought now to take of Trade-Union activity, and that opinion is of the debatable kind which has to be settled by legislators and not by judges. The Osborne judgment, therefore, is a pure example of

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what is called "judge-made law." It deals with matters which judges should let alone if law courts are to continue to be accepted as impartial.

This is seen most notably in the pronouncement of three judges—Lord Shaw, Lord Justice Farwell, and Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton. These pronouncements consisted in the main of *obiter dicta* regarding public policy, and included amongst other things views on the working of party government. Blackstone was quoted without a glimmering knowledge that the opinions he expressed in a general form were, in fact, criticisms of the actual conditions under which he lived; exception was taken to Parliamentary conduct and party precautions which every judge who had been in Parliament had not only followed himself, but knew that unless they were followed no Government could be carried on under modern conditions. The effect has been to weaken the assumption that the minds of the judges are not coloured by the social medium in which they live, and, in consequence, to disturb in the minds of workmen their general sense of security. People who do not mix intimately with the men holding the positions of non-commissioned officers in the Labour movement in the various localities cannot estimate the disturbing effect of such lapses on the part of our Bench. They throw men back upon the primitive method of getting justice done to them—that of fighting for it.

This sense of injustice, and the shattering of confidence which has resulted, has been intensified by the fact that the actions which the judgment proscribed received the approval of the most eminent lawyers on both sides of politics before they were entered upon. In order to make quite sure, as we thought, that no objection could be taken to Trade Unions paying the Labour party funds, legal advice was sought, and in order that there might be no political bias in it, opinions were got from men belonging to both parties. Though these counsel were unanimous in advising us that we were right, the judges have taken an opposite view. What can earnest and intelligent working men think? *

* After I wrote this my attention was drawn to the opinion of two eminent Scottish counsel—one now occupying an official position—advising that a non-registered

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This unsettlement happened to coincide with a vigorous display of coercive action on the part of capital. After several years' struggle with the Steel Workers' Union, the United States Steel Corporation succeeded in throwing off the Union control of its workshops. This fight has been waging in America in other departments of production, and I know from my own experience that American financiers and employers visiting this country have found their struggles with combined labour an acceptable topic of conversation. This has had an effect upon the minds of our own employers. Moreover, ever since the dispute in the engineering trade, employers, especially federated employers, have been growing bolder in their demands against the Unions. The Press has become more reliable in its support of capitalists right or wrong, and it has become safe to assume that in a labour dispute the employers' view will receive the backing of the whole of the Tariff Reform organs and of a not inconsiderable section of the Liberal Press. Labour cannot rely upon even the publication of an impartial statement of the facts of its case.

The demand for conciliation and arbitration—most welcome in itself—has also become, for the moment at any rate, an embarrassment for Labour. Proper courts have not yet been established, and the employers, by threats of lock-outs and other penalties, are forcing upon Labour agreements which it does not willingly accept because they are oppressive in their terms, and give rise to suspicions, for the reason, amongst others, that employers have not carried out their own obligations either in the letter or in the spirit of the awards of the arbitrators. Such has been the case with some of the railway companies and with the cotton employers. This will be overcome in time; but the experience is an important element in the present unsettlement.

Dominating, and giving volume and reality to these influences, is the feeling that, relatively to the organisation and power of capital, Trade Unions are not so strong as they were. Their legal position is doubtful. The Osborne judgment, following

Society did not come within the main prohibition of the Osborne judgment. The Typographical Society, however, fought an application for an injunction on the ground that it is a non-registered Society, but the judge decided against it!

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on the Taff Vale judgment, has had the effect of reducing what were believed to be substantial rights to mere shadows. The mobilisation of capitalist interests which meets every move of the Unions tends to cow the leaders of the men, who now find themselves faced by an army led, disciplined, and organised in a way they have never hitherto known. Capital is as ready with the weapon of the lock-out as Unions used to be ready with that of the strike, with the result that the strike has become almost obsolete. The Trade Disputes Act, attacked though it was by employers, had a powerful influence in settling the working class mind, partly because it restored confidence in Trade-Union action, but also partly because it held out a hope that political organisation was to restore the lost power of the Unions. But for some time men have begun to doubt that. Many of them indulged in extravagant expectations regarding the work that the Labour party could do immediately. Not a few imagined that its advent removed the flaming sword from the gate of Paradise. These delusions have had to go as all dreams go. Dull Parliamentary sessions have to come after eventful ones. In the midst of the hottest battles generals have to survey the field preparatory to new efforts. Nor has that been all. Readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW with any knowledge of politics will have read with some amazement the crude criticisms passed upon us by Mr. Hyndman in his article last month. After the Taff Vale judgment was reversed and Old Age Pensions secured "the Labour party seemed to lose all its initiative and vigour, bowed down to the old rules of debate specially formulated to crush out independent parties and capable men, caught the 'tone of the House'—for them a dangerous disease—and with the best possible intentions became little better than a portion of the Liberal party." This nonsense has been propagated from many platforms with a view to hide the failure of Mr. Hyndman and his friends, and it has had some little influence in forming Trade Union opinion.

Thus it happens that Labour approaches a panic unsettlement of nerves. It is losing its sense of security; it feels itself weakening; it is being forced back upon the condition and state of mind in which it was before 1868. The rank and file break away from

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Executives; in moments of blind disgust some join the ranks of the Social Democratic Party, only to be speedily disgusted again; many become detached centres of anarchy in their branches and districts.

If this summary of present unsettlement be accurate how are we to allay this suspicion and uneasiness? We may surely assume that strong Trade Unions are beneficial, if for no other reason than that they allow workmen to take calm and collected views of things. Workmen do not abuse power; they are foolish only when they are weak. And let us be clear as to what we mean by a Trade Union. It is not a Friendly Society wherein wage-earners have deposited money to insure themselves against sickness, unemployment, old age, or death. It is not a medium for conveying employers' decisions to masses of men. It is an industrial regiment of workmen watching, challenging, making terms of peace, fighting. Let us also be clear that workmen have a right to influence the conditions under which they are to work and the terms upon which they are to sell their labour power. Let us banish from our minds the erroneous notion that the capitalist alone has the right to say how his workpeople are to be employed. The ownership of brick walls and of machines must not carry with it the ownership of lives. The freedom that is necessary to cut down the price of things in order to get markets ought not to include the liberty to lower standards of life, and to put uneconomical burdens on the backs of the wage-earners. Industrial peace and contentment are the result of agreement between capital and labour, not the effect of autocratic action on the part of one of them. The economy of Trade Unionism, whether it has shown itself in shortened hours, increased wages, bettering factory conditions, averaging of standards, or representative bargaining, has been proved up to the hilt since the Industrial Revolution came to control the life of England. No good and enlightened employer will dispute this, but there is a temptation offered again and again to employers to claim the privileges of benevolent despots, and the public are too prone to take the view that industrial conditions must be accommodated to the needs of property, not to those of human flesh and blood. Let us accept the existence and the function of Trade Unions, and do not let us

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be afraid to endow them with the powers they require to fulfil these functions. A fully armed Labour is a reasonable and peaceful Labour.

In view of the Osborne decision it is essential that Parliament to-day should reaffirm the intention of the Parliaments of 1871 and 1876. For judges or any one else to say that these Parliaments were unaware of the fact that Trade Unions regarded political action as part of their armoury is absurd. So accustomed have Trade Unionists become to the use of politics that the vast majority of them are convinced that they are being deprived of this weapon for the reason that they are now being compelled to use it more than before. The financial burden of paying to political funds, the grievance of a dissentient minority, the alleged capture of Trade Unionism by the Socialists, are matters which for the time being give Trade Unionists little concern, because they are overshadowed by the other issue that the Osborne judgment destroys an essential part of Trade Union activity. Moreover, the suddenly developed concern for the minority man which is being expressed, especially by Liberals who profess their desire to do justice to the Unions, sounds less like a conscientious conviction than a revelation of a hesitancy to trust the Unions. Liberals were not so squeamish in this matter when Conservative miners in Wales tried to prevent Liberal Trade Unionists from imposing general levies for Liberal candidates. Not a single Liberal newspaper, and not a solitary Liberal leader, regretted the decision then given by the Court that the Conservative miner must be compelled to pay to Liberal funds. That kind of argument is, of course, no contribution to the question as to whether the Court was then right or wrong. I mention it because it is being generally used at the present moment and it is having considerable influence upon men's minds. The Unions, however, will be very ill-advised if they accept any conscience clauses of which individual members may take advantage. In the first place conscience clauses are an innovation the full effect of which no one can foresee. They introduce a new principle into Trade Union government which if extended would paralyse Trade Union action. In the second place, the only justification for reversing the Osborne

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judgment at all is that political action must be resorted to by Trade Unions, that it is as necessary for Trade Unionism as the strike itself, and that it is contemplated in the general purpose of Trade Unionism as defined by the Act of 1876. That being so, it is impossible to argue that a man who has joined a Union has a grievance if his Union performs its functions by methods voted upon by its whole membership, and that he, whilst accepting all the benefits of a given policy, is to be relieved by law from paying for it. Or the argument may be stated in this way. The minority claim is based upon the assumption that, after they have paid for Friendly Society benefits, it is unjust to deprive men of these benefits if they cannot accept a vote of their society in favour of political action with which they do not agree. But in no other respect are the Friendly Society claims of a member recognised. Parliament deliberately and with open eyes allowed Unions to open benefit funds, Friendly Society in their character, but not held under Friendly Society conditions. That has always been felt a grievance by the real Friendly Societies, and at least one of those organisations, started for the purpose of hampering Trade Unions still further than the Osborne judgment hampers them, has as an item on its programme a demand for legislation compelling Unions to separate their fighting from their benefit funds, and to place the latter on a sound actuarial basis. I, therefore, repeat that the Trade Unions would make a great mistake if they accepted from Parliament any legislation on the Osborne judgment which established the right of members subscribing for benefits of a Friendly Society character to treat the Unions as Friendly Societies and not as fighting organisations of labour. The Unions have never abused their powers. There have been awkward situations created sometimes. The case of minorities has often been apparently hard, but never harder than is the lot of minorities in other organisations.*

* For instance, the grievance of the minority man in a Trade Union is of the very same nature as the grievance of the minority man in a State who disagrees with a decided policy—Payment of Members—but who has to pay for it. The distinctions sought to be drawn from these two kinds of grievance have been based upon false views of what a Trade Union is. Lord Halsbury's conception of a Trade Union, for instance, is opposed to the conception which Parliament held when it passed the Trade Disputes Act in 1906.

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The only thing which could be regarded as a grievance was the levy from which Members of Parliament were paid, the grounds of the grievance being, first of all, that a Member of Parliament has responsibilities to a wider and different constituency than a Trade Union, and is, therefore, not the servant of a Trade Union; and, in the second place, that he has to deal with matters far outside the scope of Trade Union interests or action. The grievance, however, could not be obviated if there were to be Members of Parliament drawn from the working classes. It was only a grievance that had to be endured until the State was shamed into paying its own servants. Payment of Members is said to be well-nigh an accomplished fact, and with that will go the need for special levies, and consequently the opportunity and necessity for penalising the "conscientious objector." But because for the time being the Unions had to go out of their way to impose irksome burdens on their members, so that the negligence of the State might be overcome, this must not be made the excuse for putting fetters on the limbs of Trade Unionism ever afterwards.

I may be allowed to turn aside from my general argument and point out the effect of one of the proposals which are made as an alternative to our demand that the Osborne judgment be reversed. We are asked to create voluntary funds. The way out which a voluntary fund opens up does not remove the restrictions upon political action, which we claim to be a Trade Union necessity. We therefore decline to surrender Trade Union right. But that is not the point I wish to make here. The voluntary basis of Liberal and Tory organisations is made possible by the fact that very rich men are Liberals and Tories. It has been associated inevitably with such practice as the traffic of titles, and it has led to the local control of these parties not only by rich subscribers, but by "interests"—jerry builders, publicans, and so on. The Labour party has always striven to suppress narrow trade interests within itself. When Mr. Bell claimed that, as his paymasters were the railway servants, his duty as a Member of Parliament was to serve them and them only, we objected, and those who wished to damage us made him a martyr and us an Inquisition. But if he were to depend upon voluntary funds—assuming there

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is to be no payment of Members—the liberty of the Member would be substantially curtailed by the subscribers. The temptation which Mr. Balfour says will beset a paid Member will be a hundredfold greater if the Member is maintained from voluntary funds collected in a Trade Union.

Let us fully and generously restore their old liberties to the Unions. Let us show in them the same trust as Parliament did forty years ago, and the same results of comparative tranquillity will follow upon a sense of security. On the other hand, let employers continue to be deluded by the pompous enticements of American repressive methods and let legislators deal in a niggardly way with the Osborne judgment, then it is safe to foretell that there is ahead of us a time of serious industrial unsettlement and political wildness, when the doctrines of class wars and similar crudities will obtain a wide acceptance amongst the most intelligent and the most virile of our working classes. To strive against the natural development of functions, to try and confine the fighting organisations of Labour to antiquated methods, to refuse to them liberties of action which the capitalists are free to adopt under forms of which Labour cannot avail itself, is to force us into the paths of revolution and anarchy, to lay us open to the blandishments of the charlatans who offer us the attractive baits of Parliamentary impossibilism and social disintegration, and to undo those feelings of general security and confidence which have kept our political history progressive but unbroken, whilst that of other peoples has been full of gaps and sudden changes.

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Democracy and Empire

By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S.

No subject is more prominently before the British people to-day than that of the Empire and its consolidation. "Imperialism" is a term which has acquired a new application, and the rapid growth of our Colonial possessions has brought about a new interest and even a new political field. What does "Imperialism" mean to Democracy? The time is near when the significance of the term to the great mass of the people must form a pressing and inevitable question: a question whose importance has scarcely yet dawned upon the country. The great body of the British nation, which is making its voice more and more heard in national affairs, cannot long remain dormant in imperial matters, in view of the great horizon which the Empire has opened all around us.

But the possession of empire has not come from democratic elements—can it be fashioned thereto? Can imperialism be made democratic? Can democracy be made imperial? These are the questions which the present generation of empire-builders will have to consider, and if an affirmative reply cannot be found, it needs no prophet to exclaim that the Empire as a unity cannot be expected to endure. To every Briton who has a belief in his own race, who regards it as an agent for the advancement of the world, and who is inspired by the noble desire for social betterment, the belief in imperial unity and development will be strong and paramount. But he knows that the meaning of empire must be referred, sooner or later, to the great spirit of democracy, and upon its attitude will rest the result. Democracy must be fashioned to empire, and empire to democracy, or else "they labour in vain that would build it."

It is the urgent and most pressing task of Britain and her

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Colonies now to perform this fashioning. There are many hands working to bring about imperial unification. There are leagues, pageants, and resolutions innumerable before us. A powerful ruling and leisured class has made "empire" its occupation, and, so far, there is as much of nobility as of selfishness in it. It must be our concern to beware of setting up a mere buckram of empire-unity, unsustained by an enduring bond. The only bond of empire which can be enduring will be that which springs from the welfare of the people. The only principles of imperialism which can withstand destruction are those of worthiness and nobility: of benefit to the home and civilisation. All the empires of the past have suffered disintegration. Why? They were mainly the playthings of a ruling class, or were conducted for purposes of oppression, and, most fatal of all, were oblivious to the interests of their own democracies. They became broken toys, or were mere pages in social evolution.

So it is that the far-seeing Imperialist of to-day will ask what are the motives and principles which underlie the formation of the British Empire. Are they to provide an alluring pastime for the wealthy and clever, or are they to benefit the grey mass of life in whole which constitutes the democracy of Britain? This question will bring us to a concrete consideration of the Empire as it concerns the forty-five million people of these islands.

In the United Kingdom we are confronted by serious problems of insufficiency. The geographical and economic conditions of these relatively small islands are becoming too restricted for the inhabitants; conditions which are at the root of much we are suffering from now, whether it be labour unrest, the high cost of food and living, increasing taxation, or unemployment and destitution. These matters are bearing heavily upon all classes, and it is evident that the outlet for the activities of our people and the possibilities for their prosperity are insufficient. It is shown statistically that seven-tenths of the population come under the heading of "poor," that there are more than a million persons in London alone who have only sixpence a day to live on; that twenty-three in every thousand of the population of England are paupers; that twelve million people are "always on the verge of starvation," and that, at times, nearly a million

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persons are out of employment. We are called upon to pay enormous sums in taxes towards the maintenance of those who cannot support themselves. The Care Committees of the London and other County Councils, the constant appeals for the poor and homeless in our papers, the innumerable charitable societies, all attest the state of the homes and cupboards of the poor, and accentuate the existence of a permanent contingent of starving wretches in our city streets and slums. Above these unfortunate classes is the great element of "ratepayers"; a large proportion of whom are finding it increasingly difficult to live, and who cannot properly cover the expenses of rent, food, clothing, and the education of their children.

How is the idea of empire likely to appeal to these classes? Is it possible to arouse enthusiasm for an imperial ideal in a community overborne by immediate and personal difficulties? The pride of his race has always been strong in the Englishman, however poor; it is a natural heritage: but can this sentiment be stretched to include distant oversea States under the Union Jack, about which he knows little and in which he owns nothing? The ratepayer will not deny his citizenship in the Empire, but he is likely to heave a sigh and wish it brought him some relief from taxes, rent, and bills, whilst the workless and poverty-stricken will exclaim, in their own forcible way, that the waving of the Union Jack will not fill an empty belly or find them a job. Democracy will be prone under present circumstances to ask: "What use are these great possessions of Canada, Australia, Africa, &c., to us? What difference will it make to us if they go their own way? Do these rich and wonderful lands, forests, and mines we hear so much about, these great colonies which we manned navies and sent forth armies to protect, and spent our blood and treasure to secure, yield us any advantage? Do they increase our income, ease the struggle for existence in this overwrought island, provide better pay for our hopeless sweated workers, or work for the appalling army of unemployed that throngs our towns? What benefit do we draw from these great possessions? You may tell us that "the sun never sets" upon these magnificent dominions, but, as a matter of fact, the sun has never risen upon them yet, as far as we are concerned!"

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It would be difficult to dispute even so pessimistic a view under the present conditions; which are conducive to Socialism rather than Imperialism. If we are to hope to bring about a lasting unity with our Colonial possessions it is of urgent necessity to take steps to render these possessions of benefit to the people who primarily brought them to being, and whose heritage lies therein. Every British citizen, from the mere fact of being such, is entitled to some participation in the imperial resources; and the wisest imperial measure will be that which most quickly puts the opportunity of enjoying his heritage before him. For people to send up a bitter cry of "No room to live" in the heart of an empire owning nearly a quarter of the land surface of the globe, for men and women to be unable to obtain work when we have whole continents lying half empty for lack of workers, for men, women, and children to be starving when we have at our command every food product and every kind of raw material is something more than negligence—it is a crime, a national crime, and instead of asking if the Empire is likely to become consolidated under such circumstances we should rather ask if it deserves to exist whilst these evils remain without a remedy. Notwithstanding this magnificent heritage, no Government has ever arisen to apply its resources to the good of the people. Empire and democracy, as far as any common-sense organisation and enjoyment of the Empire for the community—especially the weaker part of it—are concerned, are as remote from each other as in the times of Belshazzar. Perhaps they are even more sundered in some respects, for the pastoral life of those times, when man could claim and cultivate the soil, has been replaced by a system of industrialism in which the land is neither seen, felt, nor enjoyed by the mass of the people. The system has brought to being a population of 43 million people on an island of little more than 50 million acres. The balance of Nature has been destroyed, and Nature at times calls terrible toll of trespass against her laws. War, famine, and pestilence are the penalties brought upon inflated conditions at times.

Thus it is that those in whose hands the building of the imperial structure now lies will, if they be wise, bring about measures to make the possession of empire of practical benefit to

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the community, and to provide it with that proper basis of self-interest and individual share without which it is idle to expect any human organisation to endure. *The time has come for the systematic and scientific development of the resources of the Empire in the interests of the people;* and this must be the motto under which alone democracy and Imperialism can be fashioned to each other. How can this be translated into tangible conditions of benefit for the people? By what method can the population be endowed with the possession of the imperial resources? At present the only direct benefits enjoyed are those of interchange of trade between Britain and her Colonies, and the field these offer for emigration. But these benefits are enjoyed by all the world. Alien immigrants are entering Canada at the rate of three to one of British race, and are acquiring the free homesteads which are a British heritage. This great birthright of the British people is being ruthlessly squandered by our Colonial kinsmen, who hold it in trust. It is being sold for a mess of pottage under the present system, and a halt should be called. Moreover, mere emigration alone will not permanently benefit the community of Britain. When all the Colonial lands are staked out and privately owned what will be the portion of the people who form the heart of the Empire in Great Britain? It will have vanished: and the conditions of the old world, from which democracy is suffering, will have been reproduced in the new.

It is time, therefore, to secure for the people of Great Britain a permanent and inalienable share in the imperial real estate in the Colonies, which is being so rapidly given over to private interests. This can be accomplished without any change of the existing Colonial régime, simply by timely action on the part of the home community itself. *Let the inhabitants of every city or municipal district in the United Kingdom acquire extensive areas of fertile territory in the Colonies, hold them in perpetuity for the community and develop them for their needs, creating new centres of industry and a field of activity and revenue upon them.*

This proposal, which the author has ventured to term a "New Imperial Doctrine of Empire-Ownership," * has been widely discussed, both at home and in the Colonies. It is to be

* In his address to the Royal Society of Arts, &c.

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recollected that there are enormous areas lying fallow for want of labour and capital. Without going into the question of the undoubted right of British municipalities or organisations of ratepayers to the free acquisition of such areas in the self-governing Colonies it is sufficient to say here that the Governments of some of these would be prepared to give such grants, in the interests of the development of their vacant lands, to say nothing of any desire to assist the Mother Country. As to the Crown Colonies, there need be no formalities about such an operation. In any case it is to be recollected that vacant Crown lands can be purchased, in both self-governing and Crown Colonies, at very low prices at present, ranging upwards from thirty cents per acre.

In some regions an astonishingly rapid rise in value is taking place, however, as in Western Canada; and it requires no great foresight to see that it is only a question of time before this rise will be shared by all our Colonial possessions. Thus, by acting now, in taking up large landed areas, our communities at home will have acquired *properties of great and growing value, simply by organising themselves into active associations, and reaching out for a share of what is their imperial heritage.* The "unearned increment" would go to the community, now and for ever.

The title to these lands should be vested in trustees for the community. Working capital for development and exploitation would be the next requisite; and this could be obtained by one of various methods, such as (*a*) voluntary taxation (*b*) a municipal loan, (*c*) the issuance to the ratepayers of shares, as in an ordinary industrial concern. To carry out the imperial purpose, however, every inhabitant of each municipality would be considered, *ipso facto*, a "shareholder" or part proprietor of the new property, which would be of course, from its very nature, inalienable. It is scarcely necessary to remind those who might raise obstacles against such a system that nobody would be despoiled in giving this new property to the community; it would be created out of unencumbered land: in return for which capital and labour would be given, and the Empire settled with people of British race.

The details of administration, settlement, and development

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in such a plan cannot be entered upon here. They have been worked out to some extent by the author and can be found in his book on the subject, *An Imperial Commonwealth*, just issued.* Efficient managers and engineers sent out from home would control the work. Agricultural lands would be prepared and let on proper tenure, not, of course, sold, and a system of co-operation would be inaugurated in order to obtain the best conditions of markets. But the work would not be confined to agriculture or cattle-raising; industries of all kinds arising from all the resources of the particular territory would be established, such as dairying, wood-pulp-making for paper, mining, lumbering, and timber export, weaving, distilling, smelting, &c., and all those manufactures to which the land gave rise. Roads and light railways would be laid out, town-sites established, and, in brief, new centres of industry brought to being, in which care would be taken not to reproduce the defects of the old world.

The settlement and working of these new properties would be carried out by all those who desired to emigrate from the home community, whether of the upper or lower classes; but whether they go or whether they remain they are all, *ipso facto*, "shareholders," enjoying, as it were, a tangible share in their Empire. This enjoyment would take the form, as the properties developed, of positive "dividends" upon the working of the enterprises, as in a well-managed industrial concern. These "dividends" might be expected to go against rates and taxes, and thus, in a sense, the Empire would begin to pay part of its own expenses.

Further, it must be recollected that the British ratepayer is paying more than 30 million pounds annually on poor rates and in the support of charitable institutions, and that this huge *dole* would tend to become eliminated and turned into an *investment*, because the unemployed would have been absorbed upon the properties, and every citizen would have had a field opened to him for remunerative work, with the added stimulus of co-operative benefit. As to the "unemployables" or incorrigibles, they will have to be treated in semi-penal establishments, whatever happens. But those who had only temporarily deteriorated

* Grant Richards, Ltd., 1910.

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through chronic lack of work—and this is a condition which is beginning to be recognised—would undergo a period of training and recuperation upon special training-farms upon the new estates. Here, moreover, " State children," and all other children it was desired to emigrate—and it is to be recollected that the emigration of children to the Colonies is being strongly advocated—would also receive training for an agricultural life.

By the bringing to being of these new offshoots of the home communities it is conceivable that a great system of " Imperial penetration " would be established, and social relations and culture kept up between the homeland and the Colonies, and a sense of possession grow and mutual benefit accrue such as under the present haphazard system of emigration and settlement is not possible. Such a system should prove the natural remedy for over-population and an " insurance " against unemployment by automatically providing a field of overflow with new centres of industry. Further, a stream of Empire-produced food products and raw material would be turned towards the people at home, positively from their own possessions.

The plan is capable of wide application. It is conceivable that great areas of our Colonial lands should be " earmarked " for or allotted to special purposes, such as the upkeep of national institutions—the navy, army, hospitals, scientific institutions, art galleries, old-age pensions, State insurance—although the plan of municipal ownership here advocated would probably have eliminated these last two items. Our Crown Colonies should also be brought into the sphere of close possession and development. Splendid public works have been carried out in India and Egypt for the benefit of their people—can we not reasonably ask that similar efforts be put forth in our Crown Colonies for the benefit of the overwrought British ratepayer and working classes ?

In brief, by a practical application of the resources of our great property overseas, we should ease the strain upon this small island and its people in a practical way. No other nation has such an opportunity, because no other nation possesses the enormous latent wealth of undeveloped lands, such as the British Empire contains. It remains now for the British ratepayer to

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take the opportunity before it is too late. The land in the self-governing Colonies is rapidly passing into the possession of private interests, and very greatly that of aliens of non-British birth, due to the huge influx of foreign immigrants who are entering the Dominions.

Whether the above plan were adopted as outlined, or by whatever methods it may be done, it should now be the work of all who care for the well-being of our people at home, and who are desirous of more closely drawing the Empire together, to demand a more systematic development of our limitless resources, for the advancement of our civilisation. We are failing to make adequate use of this great heritage. It is beginning to slip away from us. The time is a critical one in our history, and if our Empire is to endure we must show ourselves worthy of the heritage.

Initiative is now called for, and vertebrate action. The proposal has been made by the author * that a national association should be formed, of imperial scope, with an influential council whose members would be drawn from prominent public and business men of all parties, and representatives of our national and commercial institutions, including Imperialists, bankers, engineers, geographers, manufacturers, representatives of employers' federations and labour unions, chambers of commerce, and possibly of municipal bodies; a total such as might be expected to form an expert "Parliament." These representatives should be remunerated after the manner of paid Members of Parliament: and it is reasonable to suppose that an expert body of this nature would bring about practical and speedy measures for the utilisation of the imperial and national resources for the benefit of the community. It is to be recollected that under the existing system this national expert knowledge scarcely enters at all into the national governance, which is mainly carried out by politicians. A great working capital might then be raised by such an association, under public subscription, to be looked upon as imperial, dividend-earning scrip, forming conceivably an improved class of "Consols." The salient policy, however, would be in the positive enjoy-

* To the Royal Society of Arts.

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ment of the imperial landed and other resources by the community.

It will be by some such practical method as outlined, by which the citizen is enabled to share tangibly in the Colonial resources, that democracy and empire can be fashioned to each other. That day cannot be far distant when democracy will ask, " What is our portion in the Empire ? " And, if we are not ready with the reply, the great organisation brought about by the expenditure of British lives and money throughout the past may be expected to vanish like a dream, leaving only a series of separate —possibly friendly—English-speaking nations ; duplicates of the United States, but not under the British flag, and yielding no benefit to the inhabitants of these islands.

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Book Notices

BELLES-LETTRES

LEAVES FROM A GARDEN. By the Author of *Leaves from a Life*. Eveleigh Nash.

This book is distilled "small beer." Apparently some people must enjoy these long strings of dull commonplaces, this recital of the trivial incidents of an ordinary and innocent life, for it appears to be one of a series. It is like a parody of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, and those works which are also a recital of trivial incidents, but transfigured by the light of a distinguished mind and the magic of a style.

BIOGRAPHY

WALTER HEADLAM: HIS LETTERS AND POEMS. Edited, with a Memoir, by CECIL HEADLAM. London: Duckworth and Co. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

The sudden death of Walter Headlam just as he seemed to be entering the most productive period of his life was a blow to scholarship and to literature the force of which is only now beginning to be recognised. He was not the ordinary don who can at once name and classify any use of the optative mood you serve him. But he had a feeling for the Greek language, and as a direct consequence a perception of the emotional content of Greek poetry, which have probably never been surpassed. He was, perhaps, the first man qualified to apply emotion to the service of textual criticism, though he may not have been actually the first to suggest it as the ideal method of scholarship.

Teachers are just beginning to realise that the correct use of a language cannot be acquired by learning rules. The better one knows a language the less one knows of its grammar: just as an Alpine guide may be quite unable to read a map. The important point is that this feeling or faculty, which in Headlam amounted to genius, may be acquired and cultivated. Teachers now understand that a modern language may be learnt by conversation, habitual association, or residence in a foreign country. Idiom becomes instinct. And though Headlam objected to the use of the word instinct with reference to his own knowledge, and pointed out that his method was empiric, based on "observation," yet it is justified when the inference based on an inductive method becomes unconscious. By way of "observation," Headlam had everything written in the Greek language from the beginning down to the twelfth century after Christ: for the meaning of a word involves every association it suggests, and an appreciation of good Greek involves a knowledge of bad. More important was his discovery of the true metrical structure of the Greek lyric, the chief

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point of which is that it is based, not on feet, but on certain rhythmical "phrases," each of which had its definite emotional associations. The theory may be well illustrated by Wagner's use of *leit-motivs*, but Headlam was not always sufficiently careful to avoid a misleading confusion between music and linguistic rhythm.

It is good news that his editions of the Agamemnon and of Herodas are at last in the press, and they will it is hoped embody the knowledge of Greek life and Greek art which he was accumulating for twenty years. Meanwhile the very full bibliography compiled by Mr. Lawrence Haward for this volume will be invaluable, for with the exception of the *Book of Greek Verse*, which appeared just before his death, Headlam published nothing but scattered notes and papers in classical journals. His charming and curious figure, with his half-humorously adopted eccentricities, will not soon be forgotten in Cambridge. One figures him in his rooms in King's among a moraine of books, working days and nights, while the drift of papers covered first the floor and finally the table, burying dictionaries and cold cutlet-bones in a common oblivion: one sees him then emerging pink and ingenuous for a day's hunting; or seriously retiring to bed to read Shakespeare before he died—about once a term he would discover that he was doomed by some mysterious disease. All men of any personality have some accomplishment which has nothing to do with their work; but surely Dr. Headlam was the first editor of Æschylus to claim the honour of an obituary notice in the *Sporting Times*.

"I Myself." By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. Methuen and Co.

Delightfully feminine this "confession" of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, who has enjoyed life in many of its phases, from a spoilt child to the maturity of view from which she now writes. It is a personal book, whole-heartedly egotistical, as autobiographies should be, underlined with a note of pathos and a wee cry of self-pity, charmingly ingenuous and feminine—which puts one in good temper at once with the author and her peregrinations through the snares of life. The first part is so much the best that we would like to see a book on Southern American life from the same pen. *I Myself* will hold its own by the side of any of the recently published autobiographies.

Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan. By C. F. Graves. London, 1910. Macmillan. 10*s*. net.

Mr. Graves, whom we have all learnt to admire in the pages of Mr. Punch, has proved himself for the second time a master of the difficult art of biography. Many people will remember his Life of Sir George Grove. The very different figure of Alexander Macmillan cannot have been as easy to portray with justice and a due sense of proportion. Macmillan was the younger of the two brothers who founded the famous publishing house. Like many other successful men, he was the son of a Scotch crofter, and he seems to have possessed in a singularly attractive way the best qualities of his race—their shrewdness, high integrity, and deep sense of religion. But Macmillan had besides an inexhaustible fund of human kindliness which brought him the friendship of many famous Victorian men of letters; Maurice, Kingsley, Hughes were amongst his closest friends. Indeed, for a whole generation his shop at Cambridge seems to have been

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the source from which many young men drew the inspiration which carried them into the Christian-Socialist and Broad-Church movements of the day. And later Macmillan's house in Tooting, and the monthly dinners in Henrietta Street, where he was accustomed to entertain the staff of his magazine, brought together an extraordinarily interesting circle. Mr. Graves has handled his material very skilfully. He is brief—a rare virtue with biographers—and the many famous men and women who step in and out of these pages never tempt him out of due perspective. Altogether the author is to be congratulated on an interesting and valuable contribution to the history of English literature.

TOLSTOI: LATER YEARS. By AYLMER MAUDE. Constable.

Mr. Aylmer Maude completes in this bulky volume his life of Tolstoi, and, let us say it gratefully, he has given us not only the truest life, but the most coherent exposition of the views of Tolstoi published in our tongue. The biographer is, of course, a disciple, yet he manages to maintain his balance fairly evenly, even through the tortuous vagaries of Tolstoi's many changes upon life, religion, man and woman, marriage and politics, philosophy and sociology, and his moving creed of faith. In these two volumes we have an intelligent estimate of the man, his work and doctrines. We see him, a very Christ, battling with the economic conditions of Russia, battling always with himself. We see Tolstoi the supreme artist; Tolstoi the reformer; Tolstoi, finally, the Slav who, in the crisis of the very revolution he had devoted his life to foster, falls back into the fatalistic negation of his race, himself almost antagonistic to it. But Mr. Maude brings out finely the central force of the man—human love; he almost makes us believe in Tolstoi's consistency; he makes us adore the man. We who know comparatively so little of Tolstoi's works should read this book, which is both helpful and inspiring.

MADAME ROYALE, THE LAST DAUPHINE. By JOSEPH TURGUAN. Edited and translated by the LADY THEODORA DAVIDSON. T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

The last of any series is always a pathetic unit, and the life of Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte was full enough, in all conscience, of tragedy and disappointment, and misfortune. Born amid all the insensate luxury of the royal court, she was fifteen when her father and mother were beheaded, seventeen before she was liberated from the Temple, twenty when she married the sickly and simian Duc, thirty-six when she returned to France at the Restoration, fifty-two when she went into exile a second time with Charles X., and sixty-nine when, three years before her death, the Revolution put an end to the monarchy in France. Unfortunately, she was of the type whom experience does not teach. Her demeanour was haughty and insolent according to the rank of the person she addressed, and she knew the meaning neither of tact nor of money. A certain virility she had—Napoleon called her "the only man of the family"—but not enough to right her own mistakes or those of her lamentable relatives. M. Turguan, who writes an admirable study of her, does not seek to set her on a pinnacle.

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BOOK NOTICES

THE ROSE GODDESS AND OTHER SKETCHES OF MYSTERY AND ROMANCE. By LADY RUSSELL. Longmans, Green and Co. 21*s.* net.

This book consists mainly of sketches of persons and events connected, to some extent, with Lady Russell's family history. They range from Louise de Kéroualle to Grisel Cochrane, and they yield many tales well worth the retelling by the aid of such fresh information as the author is able to supply. One of the most interesting of her heroines is the Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick (" the Rose Goddess ") of whom we read in the Jane Welsh letters, and whom Lady Russell, on somewhat slender grounds, identifies as the Blumine of *Sartor Resartus*. Miss Kirkpatrick was a cousin of the young Bullers, to whom Carlyle for some time held the post of tutor, and he had no doubt been impressed by her charms (one need not include in this category the large fortune which helped to atone for her strain of Indian blood). The lady herself claimed in later life to be the real Blumine, and the author finds corroboration in the phrase " Orient light-bringer " applied to the *Sartor* heroine. It is part of the irony of things that the world to-day, neglecting Carlyle's philosophy, should be so interested in his mild love affairs.

FICTION

THE MUMMY MOVES. By MARY GAUNT. T. Werner Laurie. 6*s.*

We had thought that no one imitated Mr. Le Queux, save Mr. Le Queux himself. It would appear that we were wrong. For here is the authoress of *The Uncounted Cost*—a book which evidenced a literary conscience—marching under his banner, stumbling and strutting to his strains. Here we have the whole bag of detestable tricks. Every chapter is a cheap curtain. There are murders and maidens and a more than usually myopic detective. The mummy does not really move, and the story is static with it. Mrs. Gaunt should realise that a good detective story cannot be written as a sort of " giddy paragon," and, further, that the methods of the " feuilletoniste "—legitimate enough in their place—have nothing to say to the writer of the novel. If it is any satisfaction to the writer to have created the most boresome detective in the whole range of contemporary fiction, that satisfaction is justly hers.

THE LAW OF THE BOLO. By S. P. HYATT. T. Werner Laurie.

The *bolo* is the two-foot double-edged knife used by the natives and half-castes of the Philippines. This story is full of interesting, broadly brushed local colour: it centres round Felizards, a local brigand, who is, of course, a high heroic personage. The others' characters are also drawn, good and bad, male and female, on conventional frameworks, and move with rather mechanical stiffness; but the real pictures of Filipino life the book conveys lend it an interest of its own.

THE BRASSBOUNDER. By D. W. BONE. Duckworth.

In the immense crop of novels gathered every year there are few that are of more interest than those realistic experiences of sea and travel written, not by literary men, but by seamen and travellers: they form a class apart and are very distinct from the works of the same kind written

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by professional men of letters: and in their way they are almost the best contribution Realism has made to literature: vivid, direct, sincere, photographic presentments of life: they escape the worst fault of the realistic school, the reek of the literary lamp, the laboured strain of style. Mr. Bone's book is just the experiences of a boy as a "Brassbounder" apprenticed in an old-fashioned sailing ship which goes from Glasgow to San Francisco and back. Artless and at times crude, it is saturated with a briny flavour of the sea: and except when the writer tries his hand at fine writing it is all alive and fresh. It was originally produced for a daily paper: and it should be said by the way that this "descriptive" writing is mostly to be found in the best edited dailies and goes far to redeem journalism from the accusation of producing no literature. And this underworld of seafaring life is most curious: half lawless, for the national network of law and police cannot quite cover this fringe; ever dangerous, for there is no safety in dealing with the sea; and infinitely varied, for holidays are always in some new port. Unfortunately, there is little of the romance one might expect: heavy labours and violent brutality make up its life, which has a grim interest of its own.

THE GETTING OF WISDOM. By HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON. W. Heinemann. 6s.

The heroine who gets it is a rather forlorn little Australian country-bred maiden who at the age of twelve is projected into a large school in Melbourne. And the end of the book finds her "cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom" as Mr. Kipling would say, some four years older, with most of her ideals shattered, her idiosyncrasies squashed, and without any definite or cheerful views as to her future career.

The story revels in intimate detail of girl school life. As the writer is a man, it is safe to assume that his information is not obtained first-hand, for the book makes plain that such male teachers as, in the capacity of lecturers, musicians, and pastors, have access to these feminine domains do not penetrate beyond the fringe of the life that goes on there.

Mr. Richardson has fine insight and force, and the gift of expression. He will probably admit that it is just to assign him a place in that school of fiction writers whose birthplace is in France and whose leading exponent was Zola. But why refer us to Genesis li. 32 when there is no such chapter? Did he lack the courage of his conviction? Zola would certainly have given the right reference.

PONGO AND THE BULL. By HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P. Constable and Co.

This is a satirical novel, easy, brilliant, and amusing with pen photographs of some of our leading politicians, the whole being an entertaining skit on modern political life in England told in the author's well-known manner. It seems a pity that Mr. Belloc writes so fluently; but that is not our concern. Racy, good fun this latest work of his, and we recommend it.

HOPE By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Duckworth and Co.

Here is a book of stories, impressions, and atmospheric studies of a wonderful charm and distinction. Some of them have already appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW; all of them are good; not a few of them take

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rank beside the best things of Maupassant and the Russians. The author is one of our great stylists. He does with words what Debussy has done with sound—he provides us with an atmosphere so real and intense that the very sun of the Spains and of Morocco seems to burn in upon us from the pages. Mr. Cunninghame Graham is one of our rare realists, but he is transcendentally an artist His pictures are all studied from fact; there is no straw, no tinsel, no buckram display about them, and they are beautiful with truth. He is the finest writer of the real short story we possess. This volume stands out above the waste of the pseudo-romantic literature of our day like a blade of corn above the earth. Its great charm is distinction; it has both a soul and heart

MARY MAGDALENE. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. Methuen.

Religious subjects rarely make good plays, and it cannot be said that Maeterlinck has quite succeeded, even if, as a play, technically speaking, it comes nearer to the conventions of the theatre than any of his previous ones. The theme is the one used by Paul Heyse, that of the Magdalene who sacrifices her physical love for the ecstasy of the soul awakened in her by the revelation of the Preacher. On the stage the play should be effective; but the whole thing is more a state of mind than of action, and, in the absence of the poetic charm usually found in Maeterlinck's work, some people may be disappointed. Yet it is a noble work steeped with the real spirit of Christianity, a spirit which Maeterlinck has caught wonderfully. In a few touches it gives us the reality and beauty of the Christ. In Mary, Maeterlinck has evidently found a soul, and he has succeeded in making her plausible. As usual, the atmosphere of Roman-Judaic civilisation and of the spirit of uncertainty as to the meaning and reality of the Christ is wonderfully portrayed; but Mary rather fades away into a mystic at the end, quite divorced from the Magdalene of the flesh. It is a notable experiment, this play, and especially interesting in its drastic realism and simplicity of treatment. The Stage Society would do a public service in staging it.

CLAYHANGER. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Methuen and Co. 6*s*.

It is interesting when a real book appears to read the reviews on it and note how utterly at sea many of the reviewers are. One review took half a column to tell me that it was a long book, and the story in it would be finished in two more volumes, the first of which would appear in 1911. Another review left me with the impression that the book was tedious, a commonplace record of commonplace lives. Nevertheless, having been profoundly impressed by *The Old Wives' Tale* I took up *Clayhanger* in the proper spirit, and gave myself to its spell, for it seemed to me possible that, coming from Arnold Bennett, it might be a masterpiece. And now having read it, I can only say that, if it isn't a masterpiece, it is very like one. It is as good as *The Old Wives' Tale*, better conceived as a story, indeed, if lacking the poignant contrast supplied in the earlier book by life in Paris as against life in the Five Towns.

In *Clayhanger*, Mr. Arnold Bennett has woven a love-story of singular and intimate personal charm into the realistic framework of ordinary

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middle-class life as life is lived in the Potteries. The curious part of the business is that both hero and heroine are astonishing people; the hero a sort of unconscious genius and saint, the heroine, a girl of peculiar personality and intelligence, who jilts the hero at a moment's notice without rhyme or reason to marry some one else of whom at first we know nothing. We are told later that he becomes a criminal, and is doing a "stretch" of five or seven years, but we are left in ignorance of his crime and his personality: in fact, we don't know why the heroine married him or what manner of man he is. This first volume is, therefore, merely an introduction; the real interest of the story is reserved for the next volume, and yet I have read *Clayhanger* with infinite pleasure. Judgment, however, even on this first volume, must be suspended till one has read the whole book: all I can say is, the porch is noble, very spacious and lofty; and I hope devoutly that the temple may justify its grandiose proportions.

SIR PULTENEY: A FANTASY. By E. D. WARD. Methuen and Co., Ltd.

It was hopeless for the author of *Sir Pulteney* to endeavour to mislead us with an *alias;* for the men capable of producing a *jeu d'esprit* so neat in humour, so clear and convincing in parody, so ironic in outlook, could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Add to that the clue of the Christian name, and certain pieces of internal evidence, and the field is narrowed down to the point of indisputable identification. One fails to see the reason for dissimulation at all, unless it be a frank expression of opinion on a piece of Court etiquette which, to say truth, merits every word written of it. The personalities, which are numerous and lively and include a delightful chapter devoted to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, are of the airiest and adroitest sort, so that the victims may laugh with the best of us. But the whole story of the Suicide Meadow of the Hotel Great Emprise is a masterpiece of whimsical satire.

HISTORICAL

THE POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN, 1867–1909. By G. OYEHARA. Constable.

A Western work in Western shape on that country which has only so very lately emerged from a purely Asiatic condition, by a native of that country, would be sufficiently valuable. There could be no greater or more characteristic a symptom of that change than the rather dry review of events and institutions in Japan since 1867. Change the names and this might be a constitutional text-book, a historical primer of English or French history. Of course, there is much valuable information about the actual working of the Japanese constitution: this has a high human interest, for the adoption by Asiatics of modern Liberal institutions is almost the most remarkable historical phenomenon of this generation, and one must feel a good deal of interest as to their operation: they seem to have given the same amount of satisfaction as they do elsewhere when newly imported. But what is far more interesting is to note what a thin varnish, this European civilisation: at most the author remains bitterly contemptuous of it. Talking of the surrender of their feudal privileges by Daimios of Japan: "This meant the voluntary and unconditional surrender of all the feudal possessions which

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they had inherited from their ancestors: and yet no one called it confiscation, whereas if the State of America were to ask Mr. Hill or Mr. Harriman to surrender their railways, it would be spoken of by certain individualists as confiscation." So much for our rich; now for our poor. "How happy is Japan that she never had, as an integral part of her population, a stock of white race bred in the slums of the large cities of Europe and America." He remains profoundly Oriental: "The great majority of the people are still very anxious to preserve the dignity of the Sovereign and do not wish his frequent appearance in Paris." The Mikado may be surrounded by official dignitaries of the German type, but he is still as sacred and remote as ever. So the impression we get from the book is that the Jap may wear a bowler hat and make speeches, but he is still very far from us.

LITERATURE

THE SILENT ISLE. By A. C. BENSON. Smith, Elder and Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

This new Benson book stirs a memory of a story told against a native of California, who, when asked what was the mean temperature of the State, replied: "Stranger, there ain't no mean temperature hereabouts—it's always delightful." So one may take up this *Silent Isle* and find continual delight, rather than a mean of excellence in its author's expression of "some details of life, seen from a simple plane enough, and with no desire to conform it to a theory"—to use his own words. There is matter in the book for every mood, and it is essentially a book to keep and re-read, if one can find pleasure in studying some aspects of the mind of a many-sided man.

There is, however, somewhat less of the delightfully unstudied work which made *From a College Window* a book to remember. In *The Silent Isle* the author is more present, more evident—sometimes he stands before his work to an extent which obscures its value. There is cause, at times, to forget the book and remember the Benson.

If it is unlikely that the author of *The Silent Isle* will ever achieve any great literary work, he has, in this book, achieved a thing of beauty.

SIX ESSAYS ON JOHNSON. By WALTER RALEIGH. Oxford University Press. 5*s.* net.

On Johnson, with deference to the Professor, we can find only five; seven or eight would not have been too many. Some disappointment attaches also to the essay "Johnson without Boswell," the name of which wakes expectations gratified so delightfully in parts of the performance that certain pages devoted palpably to Boswell without Johnson rouse us almost to impatience; not to impatience with their contents indeed—for Professor Raleigh is hardly capable of dullness—but with their author for being content to charm merely, when sterner effort makes his charm more irresistible. Even among Professor Raleigh's writings it would not be easy to find a more finished or a more suggestive piece of criticism than the Leslie Stephen lecture, printed as the first essay in this volume. The opening tribute to Leslie Stephen is perfect in tone, a model of graceful and accurate expression. In the portrait of Boswell, which follows immediately, every sentence, every clause tells. And no small part of the restful, the remunerative quality which distinguishes the treatment of Johnson comes of the fact that Boswell, when he has had just recognition, is laid aside:

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Johnson and Professor Raleigh have it to themselves, and they go well together. There is a sense, indeed, in which it can be said that there is rather too much of Johnson. The value of Professor Raleigh's work can be gauged by the attitude of mind which his readers instinctively assume towards it. Johnson's review of Soame Jenyns, of which he quotes two pages and more, is good; but we could have taken Professor Raleigh's word for that, and as we read it we reflect jealously that we are being robbed. It is the same when Professor Raleigh repeats himself. The more memorable an utterance and the more skilfully related to its setting, the less susceptible is it of effective repetition. Professor Raleigh knows how to give individuality to the most commonplace details; and to find him twice stating between the same pair of covers that the *Lives* were Johnson's greatest work, that they were written at the age of seventy, and so forth, is quite bewildering. Nowhere in this volume (except among the "Early Lives") do we lose sight of that ideal presentment of Dr. Johnson which it only misses by a hair's-breadth, by an accident of form. Professor Raleigh writes for more than his contemporaries; and his contemporaries may, therefore, claim from him what their successors ought not to miss: the final synthesis of these admirable studies.

FROM A LITTLE TOWN GARDEN, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By the HON. MRS. CUST. Smith, Elder and Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

A foreword by the authoress states that the greater number of these sketches were contributed to the *Guardian*, prior to their present appearance in book form. The statement is entirely unnecessary, for the fact is obvious. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant little book, and in two of the subjects treated, "Children of the Poor" and "When Winter Comes," there are suggestions of real practical value. The chapters on Faenza, Montreuil, and Verona combine scraps of history with information which may be of use to other travellers, while Langley Church library and the rood screen of Trimingham Church are described in a way which indicates antiquarian interest. The sixteen sketches, of which the book is composed, make up a whole of unemotional descriptiveness, rather than of vitality.

PEERS AND BUREAUCRATS: TWO PROBLEMS OF ENGLISH GOVERNMENT. By RAMSAY MUIR, Professor of Modern History of the University of Liverpool. Constable and Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

In the matter of bureaucracy, the chief danger which Professor Muir diagnoses is not the increase of officials—which, in the present mood, is bound to go on increasing, Socialism or no Socialism—but the inefficient control of those officials by Parliament. An uncontrolled bureaucracy is the worst kind of autocracy, and though the author speaks plainly he does not overstate the seriousness of the case. His main contribution to the consideration of the House of Lords problem is an argument that a Reformed Upper Chamber should be elected on the system of proportional representation by the single vote in large constituencies returning numerous Members. This plan would ensure that candidates (canvassing and personal acquaintance in the case of vast constituencies being impossible) would be more of high general reputation, that the House would reflect even more closely than the Commons the opinions of the country, and that party distinctions would be to a large extent eliminated. Altogether, a very

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thoughtful and suggestive study of points which are apt to be forgotten in the clash of party politics.

PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY: FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A PSYCHOLOGIST. By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, M.D., Ph.D., LITT.D, LL.D., Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. T. Fisher Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Professor Münsterberg must be both a trial and a tonic to America. He is in perpetual opposition. Whenever his compatriots do or think one thing, you find him doing or thinking the other. He pours scorn—good-natured, well-mannered, philosophical scorn—on fashionable American ideas as to temperance, spelling reform, world language, scholarship, spiritualism, and—most daring of all—health. For it is the rooted idea of America that it is more neurotic than any other nation ever has been, and Professor Münsterberg frankly laughs in its face. "Why should you have 'nerves'?" he asks. "Life is immensely simplified for you. What is the use of railways, telephones, and all the appurtenances of civilisation, if not to make life easier? Your lives and property are secure: you suffer neither from plagues nor civil wars, as your ancestors did. Why, therefore, worry?" Which is all very plausible: but the Professor omits to take account of the fact that those very simplifications have also made it necessary for a man to get through much more work in the same time. The result is that, while the mechanism of life is simpler, the work of man is more exacting, and it is quality, not quantity, of work that causes nerve degeneration.

POETRY

A COUNTRY BOY AND OTHER POEMS. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. London: The Adelphi Press, Ltd. 1*s.* net.

Mr. Goldring gives us a delightful little collection of poems and rhymes and impressions: he is young, has fresh senses and a feeling for something beyond them. In the first few poems, which give their name to the collection, we are rather troubled by memories of Mr. A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad."

Mr. Goldring is happy in his impressions of places and in the temporal songs of a light and windy love, while in the three elegiac poems, "The Singer's Journey," he is very successful in a more solemn manner.

THE CHAINED TITAN. By W. G. HOLE. G. Bell and Sons. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

At times Mr. Hole reaches brilliant heights in this small volume, and always he evinces the possession of the poet's mind. The subject is set forth in certain little paragraphs at the commencement of each "book" into which the work is divided, and that the author himself should deem such explanations of "the argument" necessary is a proof of some one thing lacking in the work. And, viewed calmly, it appears somewhat unreasonable, even in a poet, to expect that the story of the chaining of Prometheus, together with an outline of modern economic conditions and the disabilities under which the poor exist, can be given in a hundred pages of large-print verse. The poetry is of a high order—the same cannot be said of the author's logic. Lack of a sense of proportion, and, perhaps, the consciousness of having attempted too much, prevent this little book from being a great work.

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A Voice from the Trees. By Charles Herbert. London: Privately printed for the Author by A. C. Fifield. 1910.

A sermon in trees is here expounded by Mr. Herbert in rather arbitrary blank verse: arbitrary, that is, because we are not convinced that the author's thoughts would not have been equally well delivered, as most sermons are, in prose. The contemplation of nature in general and trees in particular fills Mr. Herbert (like the rest of us) with a cosmic emotion. Poetry, said somebody, probably Wordsworth, is the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion. But the writer's emotion is not sufficient. Poetry is an arrangement of words, suggested by an experienced emotion, which "somehow" communicates a similar emotion to the reader.

Poetically, we do not believe in Mr. Herbert.

TRAVEL

A Voice from the Congo; Comprising Stories, Anecdotes, and Descriptive Notes. By Herbert Ward. W. Heinemann.

No man to-day knows the inner life of savage Africa so well as Mr. Ward, who has caught the fascination, not so much of the continent as of the people. This enthusiasm for the negro (almost a shamefaced enthusiasm, for he is the first to admit that "their manners are vile and their habits are beastly") is so rare a thing as to lend quite unusual interest to this unpretentious collection of jottings about their lives and customs. The book contains much that is terrible; much, too, to encourage the hopes which the author expresses for their emancipation and progress. Their faults are those of primitive peoples—cruelty, superstition, blood-thirstiness: they are at the stage of racial development where, like a boy, they pull the legs off the fly to see how they are stuck on. This book is valuable for its information, but still more for its sympathy and understanding.

African Game Trails: An Account of the African Wanderings of an American Hunter-Naturalist. By Theodore Roosevelt. John Murray. 18s. net.

This is just such a book as might have been expected, interesting much more by reason of the personality of its writer than of the events narrated. Mr. Roosevelt overwhelmed the African wild as he overwhelmed, and to-day overwhelms, American politics. He is one of the overwhelming type, and, with an overwhelming rifle, he (with the aid of his son, Kermit) put together an overwhelming bag of 512 head of various sorts of game. He had the usual adventures, saw more than the usual sights (for the officials were well disposed), was charged by the usual rhinoceros, and was photographed for the frontispiece in the attitude of the conqueror over one of his big lions. It was, in its way, a remarkable feat, and one more instance, if any were wanted, of the amazing dynamic power of the man. He must have had a fellow feeling for the herd of buffaloes when they charged—his own favourite mode of locomotion.

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